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POEMS

OF

JOHN DONNE.

DR. JOHN DONNE,

FROM A PORTRAIT ASCRIBED TO CORNELIUS JANSEN, IN THE DYCE COLLECTION, SOUTH KENSINGTON MUSEUM.

POEMS
OF
JOHN DONNE

52779

EDITED BY
E. K. CHAMBERS.

WITH AN INTRODUCTION BY
GEORGE SAINTSBURY.

VOL. I.

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PREFACE.

JOHN DONNE'S *Poems* were originally undertaken for *The Muses Library* by Dr. Brinsley Nicholson. They were handed over to me shortly after his death in 1891. I have had the advantage of the material which Dr. Nicholson had brought together; but for the book as it stands, with the exception of the *Introduction*, which Mr. Saintsbury has kindly contributed, I am alone responsible.

The bulk of the text is based upon the principal seventeenth-century editions, those of 1633, 1635, 1650 and 1669. No one of these is of supreme authority, and therefore I have had no choice but to be eclectic. But at the same time I have endeavoured to give all variants, other than obvious misprints, in the footnotes. Here and there one or other of the innumerable MS. copies has been of service. I have modernized the spelling and corrected the exceptionally chaotic punctuation of the old

editions. And so, though much remains obscure, I trust that I have provided a more intelligible version of the *Poems* than any that has yet appeared.

It should be understood that a reading attributed to any one of the printed editions in the footnotes is retained in the later editions, unless it is otherwise stated.

My thanks are due for various help to Dr. Grosart, to Mr. J. T. Brown of Edinburgh, and to Mr. A. H. Bullen. Dr. Nicholson's notes contain abundant evidence of the similar debt which he owed to Mr. J. M. Thomson of Edinburgh.

E. K. C.

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INTRODUCTION.

JOHN DONNE.

THERE is hardly any, perhaps indeed there is not any, English author on whom it is so hard to keep the just mixture of personal appreciation and critical measure as it is on John Donne. It is almost necessary that those who do not like him should not like him at all; should be scarcely able to see how any decent and intelligent human creature can like him. It is almost as necessary that those who do like him should either like him so much as to speak unadvisedly with their lips, or else curb and restrain the expression of their love for fear that it should seem on that side idolatry. But these are not the only dangers. Donne is eminently of that kind which lends itself to sham liking, to coterie worship, to a false enthusiasm; and here is another weapon in the hands of the infidels, and another stumbling-block for the feet of the true believers. Yet there is always

something stimulating in a subject of this kind and a sort of temptation to attempt it.

To write anything about Donne's life, after Walton, is an attempt which should make even hardened *écrivailleurs* and *écrivassiers* nervous. That the good Izaak knew his subject and its atmosphere thoroughly; that he wrote but a very few years after Donne's own death; and that he was a writer of distinct charm, are discouraging things, but not the most discouraging. It is perhaps only those who after being familiar for years with Donne's poems, of which Walton says very little, make subsequent acquaintance with Walton's presentment of the man, who can appreciate the full awkwardness of the situation. It is the worst possible case of *pereant qui ante nos.* The human Donne whom Walton depicts is so exactly the poetical Donne whom we knew, that the effect is uncanny. Generally, or at least very frequently, we find the poet other than his form of verse: here we find him quite astoundingly akin to it.

The attempt however has to be made, and it shall be made with as little expenditure of art on matter[1] as possible. John Donne, the son of a London merchant and a lady, who was the

[1] It should be observed that the matter is still to a great extent inaccessible. The dates and facts in the next three pages have been kindly corrected by the Editor, in accordance with researches later than Walton's. G. S.

daughter of John Heywood, and of the house of Sir Thomas More, was born in or about the year 1573. It is thought, but not certainly known, that all his secular poetry, satiric and erotic, was written before the end of the century, and probably most of it before he was five-and-twenty. His education, both in secular and religious matters, appears to have been peculiar. His family were of the old faith, and it is said to have been for this reason that he took no degree at either Oxford or Cambridge, though he was a member of both Universities, entering Hart Hall at Oxford in his eleventh year, and, so Walton tells us, removing to Cambridge in his fourteenth. His father soon died, and he, inheriting no inconsiderable portion, was transferred to Lincoln's Inn, perhaps after an experience of foreign travel. Walton will have it that before he was twenty, he, having never actually professed the Romish faith, argued himself out of his tendency to it by study. But this is perhaps rather questionable. What is certain, though vaguely certain, is, that he was for some years a traveller and a man of pleasure, if not actually a soldier. He went with Essex to Cadiz in 1596, and visited the Azores, journeying also in Italy, and in Spain. He is thought to have spent his fortune in these wanderings.

The institution of great men's households, which then prevailed, provided a kind of additional liberal profession for men of parts and gentle but not distinguished birth; and Donne, on his return to England, joined the household of Chancellor Sir Thomas Egerton, afterwards Lord Ellesmere. Here he met Anne More, Lady Egerton's niece and daughter of Sir George More, Lieutenant of the Tower. A clandestine marriage (1601) followed, with the result of great wrath on Sir George's part, the dismissal of Donne from Egerton's service, and his incarceration with his two friends, Samuel and Christopher Brooke (both poets, and the first afterwards Master of Trinity), who had helped his love-affairs. These troubles he won through, and at last was re-united to his wife with Sir George's blessing, but none of his money. So the pair had to take up their abode with a certain Francis Wolley of Pirford, at whose death, after a short residence at Peckham and Mitcham, Donne transferred his family to the house of Sir Robert Drury in London. He also accompanied Sir Robert on an embassy to France. It is this journey in reference to which a famous apparition story is told. There is no positive evidence to show why Donne, whose strong theological leanings must have been obvious to everybody, and who had, ac-

cording to Walton, received in the middle of his troubles the offer of a considerable preferment from Dean, afterwards Bishop, Morton, did not take orders earlier. But he told Morton that the irregularities of his early life prevented him, and the tenor both of his sacred and profane works makes it probable that this was a *vera causa*. Still there are other facts which show that he had not abandoned the hope of secular office, legal or other, until he reached middle life. At any rate it was not till 1615 that the express desire of the king (coupled with his sacred Majesty's equally express refusal, even at Somerset's desire, to make him anything else) induced him to take orders. James at once made him his chaplain, but for a time did not confer any benefice on him; and the heaviest calamity of his life, the death of his wife, to whom he was passionately attached, fell on him in 1617. But Lincoln's Inn made him its preacher (Cambridge had conferred the degree of D.D. on him two years earlier), and he again went on a diplomatic expedition, this time with Lord Hay to Germany. At last, in Nov. 1621, he was made Dean of St. Paul's, and other preferments falling in, he became a comparatively rich man. But he held these offices not quite ten years, and died, after a long illness (in the course of which he had the strange but characteristic

fancy of being painted in his shroud), on March 31, 1631. Broken health, the loss of his wife, the bitterness to a man who must have known himself to be one of the greatest intellects of the age, of hopes delayed till long past middle life, and no doubt also sincere repentance for and reaction from youthful follies, will account for much of the almost unparalleled melancholy which appears in his later works, and seems to have characterized his later life. But a considerable residue remains for natural idiosyncrasy, and for the influence of the Renaissance, the peculiar pessimism of which was perfectly different from that of classical times, and from that of our own day, and can only be paralleled by the spirit of *Ecclesiastes*.

The circumstances of his life however do not greatly concern us here; nor does that part —an eminent and admirable part—of his work which is not in verse. But it does concern us that there is a strange, though by no means unexampled, division between the two periods of his life and the two classes of his work. Roughly speaking, almost the whole of at least the secular verse belongs to the first division of the life, almost the whole of the prose to the second. Again, by far the greater part of the verse is animated by what may be called a spiritualized worldliness and sensuality, the

whole of the prose by a spiritualism which has left worldliness far behind. The conjunction is, I say, not unknown: it was specially prevalent in the age of Donne's birth and early life. It has even passed into something of a commonplace in reference to that Renaissance of which, as it slowly passed from south to north, Donne was one of the latest and yet one of the most perfect exponents. The strange story which Brantôme tells of Margaret of Navarre summoning a lover to the church under whose flags his mistress lay buried, and talking with him of her, shows, a generation before Donne's birth, the influence which in his day had made its way across the narrow seas as it had earlier across the Alps, and had at each crossing gathered gloom and force if it had lost lightness and colour. Always in him are the two conflicting forces of intense enjoyment of the present, and intense feeling of the contrast of that present with the future. He has at once the transcendentalism which saves sensuality and the passion which saves mysticism. Indeed the two currents run so full and strong in him, they clash and churn their waves so boisterously, that this is of itself sufficient to account for the obscurity, the extravagance, the undue quaintness which have been charged against him. He was "of the first order of poets"; but he was

not of the first amongst the first. Only Dante perhaps among these greatest of all had such a conflict and ebullition of feeling to express. For, as far as we can judge, in Shakespeare, even in the Sonnets, the poetical power mastered to some extent at the very first the rough material of the poetic instinct, and prepared before expression the things to be expressed. In Dante we can trace something of the presence of slag and dross in the ore; and even in Dante we can perhaps trace faintly also the difficulty of smelting it. Donne, being a lesser poet than Dante, shows it everywhere. It is seldom that even for a few lines, seldomer that for a few stanzas, the power of the furnace is equal to the volumes of ore and fuel that are thrust into it. But the fire is always there—over-tasked, over-mastered for a time, but never choked or extinguished; and ever and anon from gaps in the smouldering mass there breaks forth such a sudden flow of pure molten metal, such a flower of incandescence, as not even in the very greatest poets of all can be ever surpassed or often rivalled.

For critical, and indeed for general purposes, the poetical works of Donne may be divided into three parts, separated from each other by a considerable difference of character and, in one case at least, of time. These are the Satires, which are beyond all doubt very early; the

Elegies and other amatory poems, most of which are certainly, and all probably, early likewise; and the Divine and Miscellaneous Poems, some of which may not be late, but most of which certainly are. All three divisions have certain characteristics in common; but the best of these characteristics, and some which are not common to the three, belong to the second and third only.

It was the opinion of the late seventeenth and of the whole of the eighteenth century that Donne, though a clever man, had no ear. Chalmers, a very industrious student, and not such a bad critic, says so in so many words; Johnson undoubtedly thought so; Pope demonstrated his belief by his fresh "tagging" of the Satires. They all to some extent no doubt really believed what they said; their ears had fallen deaf to that particular concord. But they all also no doubt founded their belief to a certain extent on certain words of Dryden's which did not exactly import or comport what Mr. Pope and the rest took them to mean. Dryden had the knack, a knack of great value to a critic, but sometimes productive of sore misguiding to a critic's readers—of adjusting his comments solely to one point of view, to a single scheme in metric and other things. Now, from the point of view of the scheme

which both his authority and his example made popular, Donne *was* rather formless. But nearly all the eighteenth-century critics and criticasters concentrated their attention on the Satires; and in the Satires Donne certainly takes singular liberties, no matter what scheme be preferred. It is now, I believe, pretty well admitted by all competent judges that the astonishing roughness of the Satirists of the late sixteenth century was not due to any general ignoring of the principles of melodious English verse, but to a deliberate intention arising from the same sort of imperfect erudition which had in other ways so much effect on the men of the Renaissance generally. Satiric verse among the ancients allowed itself, and even went out of its way to take, licences which no poet in other styles would have dreamt of taking. The Horace of the impeccable odes writes such a hideous hexameter as—

"Non ego, namque parabilem amo Venerem facilemque,

and one of the Roman satirists who was then very popular, Persius, though he could rise to splendid style on occasion, is habitually as harsh, as obscure, and as wooden as a Latin poet well can be. It is not probable, it is certain, that Donne and the rest imitated these licences of malice prepense.

But it must be remembered that at the time when they assumed this greater licence, the normal structure of English verse was anything but fixed. Horace had in his contemporaries, Persius and Juvenal had still more in their forerunners, examples of versification than which Mr. Pope himself could do nothing more "correct"; and their licences could therefore be kept within measure, and still be licentious enough to suit any preconceived idea of the ungirt character of the Satiric muse. In Donne's time the very precisians took a good deal of licence: the very Virgils and even Ovids were not apt to concern themselves very greatly about a short vowel before *s* with a consonant, or a trisyllable at the end of a pentameter. If therefore you meant to show that you were *sans gêne*, you had to make demonstrations of the most unequivocal character. Even with all this explanation and allowance it may still seem probable that Donne's Satires never received any formal preparation for the press, and are in the state of rough copy. Without this allowance, which the eighteenth century either did not care or did not know how to give, it is not surprising that they should have seemed mere monstrosities.

The satiric pieces in which these peculiarities are chiefly shown, which attracted the attention

of Pope, and which, through his recension, became known to a much larger number of persons than the work of any other Elizabethan Satirist, have the least share of Donne's poetical interest. But they display to the full his manly strength and shrewd sense, and they are especially noticeable in one point. They exhibit much less of that extravagant exaggeration of contemporary vice and folly which makes one of their chief contemporaries, Marston's *Scourge of Villainy*, almost an absurd thing, while it is by no means absent from Hall's *Virgidemiarum*. We cannot indeed suppose that Donne's satire was wholly and entirely sincere, but a good deal in it clearly was. Thus his handling of the perennial subjects of satire is far more fresh, serious, and direct than is usual with Satirists, and it was no doubt this judicious and direct quality which commended it to Pope. Moreover, these poems abound in fine touches. The Captain in the first Satire—

> "Bright parcel-gilt with forty dead men's pay—"

the ingenious evildoers in the second—

> "for whose sinful sake,
> Schoolmen new tenements in hell must make—"

the charming touch at once so literary and so natural in the fifth—

"so controverted lands
'Scape, like Angelica, the striver's hands,"

are only a few of the jewels five words long that might be produced as specimens. But it is not here that we find the true Donne: it was not this province of the universal monarchy of wit that he ruled with the most unshackled sway. The provinces that he did so rule were quite other: strange frontier regions, uttermost isles where sensuality, philosophy, and devotion meet, or where separately dwelling they rejoice or mourn over the conquests of each other. I am not so sure of the *Progress of the Soul* as some writers have been—interesting as it is, and curious as is the comparison with Prior's *Alma*, which it of necessity suggests, and probably suggested. As a whole it seems to me uncertain in aim, unaccomplished in execution. But what things there are in it! What a line is—

"Great Destiny, the Commissary of God!"

What a lift and sweep in the fifth stanza—

"To my six lustres almost now outwore!"

What a thought that—

"This soul, to whom Luther and Mahomet were
Prisons of flesh!"

And the same miraculous pregnancy of thought

and expression runs through the whole, even though it seems never to have found full and complete delivery in artistic form. How far this curious piece is connected with the still more famous 'Anniversaries,' in which so different a stage of "progress" is reached, and which ostensibly connect themselves with the life and death of Mrs. Elizabeth Drury, is a question which it would be tedious to argue out in any case, and impossible to argue out here. But the successive stages of the 'Anatomy of the World' present us with the most marvellous poetical exposition of a certain kind of devotional thought yet given. It is indeed possible that the union of the sensual, intellectual, poetical, and religious temperaments is not so very rare; but it is very rarely voiceful. That it existed in Donne's pre-eminently, and that it found voice in him as it never has done before or since, no one who knows his life and works can doubt. That the greatest of this singular group of poems is the 'Second Anniversary,' will hardly, I think, be contested. Here is the famous passage—

> "Her pure and eloquent blood
> Spoke in her cheeks and so distinctly wrought,
> That one might almost say her body thought"—

which has been constantly quoted, praised, and imitated. Here, earlier, is what I should choose if I undertook the perilous task of

singling out the finest line in English sacred poetry—

"so long
As till God's great *Venite* change the song—"

a *Dies Iræ* and a *Venite* itself combined in ten English syllables.

Here is that most vivid and original of Donne's many prose and verse meditations on death, as—

"A groom
That brings a taper to the outward room."

Here too is the singular undernote of "she" repeated constantly in different places of the verse, with the effect of a sort of musical accompaniment or refrain, which Dryden (a great student of Donne) afterwards imitated on the note "you" in *Astræa Recluse*, and the *Coronation*. But these, and many other separate verbal or musical beauties, perhaps yield to the wonder of the strange, dreamy atmosphere of moonlight thought and feeling which is shed over the whole piece. Nowhere is Donne, one of the most full-blooded and yet one of the least earthly of English poets, quite so unearthly.

The Elegies, perhaps better known than any of his poems, contain the least of this unearthliness. The famous 'Refusal to allow his young wife to accompany him as his page,' though a very charming poem, is, I think, one

of the few pieces of his which have been praised enough, if not even a little overpraised. As a matter of taste it seems to me indeed more open to exception than the equally famous and much "fie-fied" 'To his mistress going to bed,' a piece of frank naturalism redeemed from coarseness by passion and poetic completeness. The Elegies again are the most varied of the divisions of Donne's works, and contain next to the Satires his liveliest touches, such as—

"The grim, eight-foot-high, iron-bound, serving-man,
That oft names God in oaths, and only than"
(*i. e.* then)—

or as the stroke—

"Lank as an unthrift's purse."

In Epithalamia Donne was good, but not consummate, falling far short of his master, Spenser, in this branch. No part of his work was more famous in his own day than his 'Epistles' which are headed by the 'Storm' and 'Calm,' that so did please Ben Jonson. But in these and other pieces of the same division, the misplaced ingenuity which is the staple of the general indictment against Donne, appears, to my taste, less excusably than anywhere else. Great passion of love, of grief, of philosophic meditation, of religious awe, had the power to

master the fantastic hippogriff of Donne's imagination, and make it wholly serviceable; but in his less intense works it was rather unmanageable. Yet there are very fine things here also; especially in the Epistle to Sir Henry Goodyere, and those to Lucy Countess of Bedford, and Elizabeth Countess of Huntingdon. The best of the 'Funeral Elegies' are those of Mrs. Boulstred. In the Divine Poems there is nothing so really divine as the astonishing verse from the 'Second Anniversary' quoted above. It must always however seem odd that such a poet as Donne should have taken the trouble to tag the Lamentations of Jeremiah into verse, which is sometimes much more lamentable in form than even in matter. The epigram as to Le Franc de Pompignan's French version, and its connection, by dint of Jeremiah's prophetic power, with the fact of his having lamented, might almost, if any Englishman had had the wit to think of it, have been applied a century earlier to parts of this of Donne. The 'Litany' is far better, though it naturally suggests Herrick's masterpiece in divine song-writing; and even the 'Jeremiah' ought not perhaps to be indiscriminately disapproved. The opening stanzas especially have a fine melancholy clang not unknown, I think, as a model to Mr. Swinburne.

But to my fancy no division of Donne's poems —the 'Second Anniversary' always excepted — shows him in his quiddity and essence as do the Lyrics. Some of these are to a certain extent doubtful. One of the very finest of the whole, 'Absence, hear thou my protestation,' with its unapproached fourth stanza, appeared first in Davison's *Poetical Rhapsody* unsigned. But all the best authorities agree (and for my part I would almost go to the stake on it) that the piece is Donne's. In those which are undoubtedly genuine the peculiar quality of Donne flames through and perfumes the dusky air which is his native atmosphere in a way which, though I do not suppose that the French poet had ever heard of Donne, has always seemed to me the true antitype and fulfilment by anticipation of Baudelaire's

> "Encensoir oublié qui fume
> En silence à travers la nuit."

Everybody knows the

> "Bracelet of bright hair about the bone"

of the late discovered skeleton, identifying the lover: everybody the perfect fancy and phrase of the exordium—

> "I long to talk with some old lover's ghost,
> Who died before the god of Love was born."

But similar touches are almost everywhere. The enshrining once for all in the simplest words of a universal thought—

> "I wonder by my troth what thou and I
> Did till we loved?"

The selection of single adjectives to do the duty of a whole train of surplusage—

> "Where can we find two better hemispheres
> Without *sharp* north, without *declining* west?"—

meet us, and tell us what we have to expect in all but the earliest. In comparison with these things, such a poem as 'Go and catch a falling star,' delightful as it is, is perhaps only a delightful quaintness, and 'The Indifferent' only a pleasant quip consummately turned. In these perversities Donne is but playing *tours de force*. His natural and genuine work re-appears in such poems as 'Canonization,' or as 'The Legacy.' It is the fashion sometimes, and that not always with the worst critics, to dismiss this kind of heroic rapture as an agreeable but conscious exaggeration, partly betrayed and partly condoned by flouting-pieces like those just mentioned. The gloss does not do the critic's knowledge of human nature or his honesty in acknowledging his knowledge much credit. Both moods and both expressions are true; but the rapture is the truer. No one who sees in

these mere literary or fashionable exercises, can ever appreciate such an *aubade* as 'Stay, O Sweet, and do not rise,' or such a midnight piece as 'The Dream,' with its never-to-be-forgotten couplet—

> "I must confess, it could not choose but be
> Profane to think thee anything but thee."

If there is less quintessence in 'The Message,' for all its beauty, it is only because no one can stay long at the point of rapture which characterizes Donne at his most characteristic, and the relaxation is natural—as natural as is the pretty fancy about St. Lucy—

> "Who but seven hours herself unmasks"—

the day under her invocation being in the depths of December. But the passionate mood, or that of mystical reflection, soon returns, and in the one Donne shall sing with another of the wondrous phrases where simplicity and perfection meet—

> "So to engraft our hands as yet
> Was all our means to make us one,
> And pictures in our eyes to get
> Was all our propagation."

Or in the other dwell on the hope of buried lovers—

> "To make their souls at the last busy day,
> Meet at this grave, and make a little stay."

I am not without some apprehension that I

shall be judged to have fallen a victim to my own distinction, drawn at the beginning of this paper, and shown myself an unreasonable lover of this astonishing poet. Yet I think I could make good my appeal in any competent critical court. For in Donne's case the yea-nay fashion of censorship which is necessary and desirable in the case of others is quite superfluous. His faults are so gross, so open, so palpable, that they hardly require the usual amount of critical comment and condemnation. But this very peculiarity of theirs constantly obscures his beauties even to not unfit readers. They open him; they are shocked, or bored, or irritated, or puzzled by his occasional nastiness (for he is now and then simply and inexcusably nasty), his frequent involution and eccentricity, his not quite rare indulgence in extravagances which go near to silliness; and so they lose the extraordinary beauties which lie beyond or among these faults. It is true that, as was said above, there are those, and many of them, who can never and will never like Donne. No one who thinks *Don Quixote* a merely funny book, no one who sees in Aristophanes a dirty-minded fellow with a knack of Greek versification, no one who thinks it impossible not to wish that Shakespeare had not written the Sonnets, no one who wonders what on earth Giordano Bruno

meant by *Gli eroici Furori*, need trouble himself even to attempt to like Donne. "He will never *have done* with that attempt," as our Dean himself would have unblushingly observed, for he was never weary of punning on his name.

But for those who have experienced, or who at least understand, the ups-and-downs, the ins-and-outs of human temperament, the alternations not merely of passion and satiety, but of passion and laughter, of passion and melancholy reflection, of passion earthly enough and spiritual rapture almost heavenly, there is no poet and hardly any writer like Donne. They may even be tempted to see in the strangely mixed and flawed character of his style, an index and reflection of the variety and the rapid changes of his thought and feeling. To the praise of the highest poetical art he cannot indeed lay claim. He is of course entitled to the benefit of the pleas that it is uncertain whether he ever prepared definitely for the press a single poetical work of his; that it is certain that his age regarded his youth with too much disapproval to bestow any critical care on his youthful poems. But it may be retorted that no one with the finest sense of poetry as an art, could have left things so formless as he has left, that it would have been intolerable pain and grief to any such till he had got them, even in MS., into shape. The retort

is valid. But if Donne cannot receive the praise due to the accomplished poetical artist, he has that not perhaps higher but certainly rarer, of the inspired poetical creator. No study could have bettered—I hardly know whether any study could have produced—such touches as the best of those which have been quoted, and as many which perforce have been left out. And no study could have given him the idiosyncrasy which he has. *Nos passions*, says Bossuet, *ont quelque chose d'infini*. To express infinity no doubt is a contradiction in terms. But no poet has gone nearer to the hinting and adumbration of this infinite quality of passion, and of the relapses and reactions from passion, than the author of 'The Second Anniversary' and 'The Dream,' of 'The Relique' and 'The Ecstasy.'

GEORGE SAINTSBURY.

BIBLIOGRAPHICAL NOTE.

THERE is no doubt that, during his lifetime, John Donne enjoyed an extraordinary reputation as a poet. Nevertheless it does not appear that, with the exception of the *Anatomy of the World*, the *Elegy on Prince Henry*, and two or three sets of commendatory and other verses, any of his poetry was printed before the posthumous quarto of 1633. I am aware that Dr. Grosart has a mare's-nest theory of one or perhaps two, earlier "now-missing privately-printed" collections, but this theory is built on the flimsiest of evidence. Dr. Grosart quotes in support of it—

(*a*) The entry of "Jhone Done's Lyriques" among the books read by Drummond of Hawthornden in 1613 (*Archaeologia Scotica*, vol. iv.).

(*b*) An epigram of Freeman's published in 1614, of which he says, "Freeman in 1614, in his *Rubbe and a Great Cast*, has an epigram to Donne, in which he celebrates his *Storme* and *Calme*, and two 'short' satires." As a matter of fact, the epigram is in *Runne and a Great Cast*, which is the second part, as *Rubbe and a Great Cast* is the first, of Freeman's book, and it does not speak of two short Satires, but of Satires which are too short, a very different thing.

Ep. 84.

TO JOHN DUNNE.

"The *Storm* described hath set thy name afloat;
Thy *Calm* a gale of famous wind hath got;
Thy *Satires* short, too soon we them o'erlook;
I prithee, Persius, write a bigger book."

(*c*) The well-known lines from Ben Jonson's *Epigrams* (1616), entitled *To Lucy, Countess of Bedford, with Mr. Donne's Satires*, and beginning—

"Lucy, you brightness of our Sphere, who are
Life of the Muses' day, their morning Star."

(*d*) A letter by Donne to his friend George Garrard, dated April 14, 1612, in which, speaking of the *Anniversaries*, he says: "Of my *Anniversaries*, the fault that I acknowledge in myself is to have descended to print anything in verse, which, though it have excuse even in our times, by men who profess and practise much gravity; yet I confess I wonder how I declined to it, and do not pardon myself" (Alford, vol. vi. p. 353). Almost precisely similar expressions occur in two other letters written about the same date. One of these has no heading (Alford, vol. vi. p. 338); the other is headed "To Sir G. F." (Alford, vol. vi. p. 333).

To my mind the clear implication of these letters is, not that there were "other things printed" of Donne's besides the *Anniversaries*, but that the *Anniversaries* were in 1612 the only things he had printed. With regard to Dr. Grosart's three other pieces of evidence, there is nothing to show that they refer to anything but verses circulated in manuscript. It is quite clear that manuscript "books" or collections of Donne's pieces, as distinguished from scattered poems, were in existence. And amongst Donne's letters is one to Sir Robert Karr, written in 1619 (Alford, vol. vi. p. 373), in which he sends him a copy of his poems, together with "another book," the *Biathanatos*, which he definitely states had not been and was not to be published. A short MS., probably resembling that which Freeman saw, is to be found in Queen's College, Oxford (MS. 216, f. 198). It contains only the first five *Satires*, the *Storm* and *Calm*, and one lyrical poem, *The Curse*, there called *Dirae*.

I come now to a point which Dr. Grosart has altogether overlooked. In a letter to Sir Henry Goodyere, written just before Donne took orders, and dated Vigilia St. Thomas, December 20, 1614 (Alford, vol. vi. p. 367), occurs the following passage—

"One thing more I must tell you; but so softly, that

I am loth to hear myself: and so softly, that if that good lady were in the room, with you and this letter, she might not hear. It is, that I am brought to a necessity of printing my poems, and addressing them to my Lord Chamberlain. This I mean to do forthwith; not for much public view, but at mine own cost, a few copies. I apprehend some incongruities in the resolution; and I know what I shall suffer from many interpretations; but I am at an end, of much considering that; and, if I were as startling in that kind, as I ever was, yet in this particular, I am under an unescapable necessity, as I shall let you perceive when I see you. By this occasion I am made a rhapsodist of mine own rags, and that cost me more diligence, to seek them, than it did to make them. This made me ask to borrow that old book of you, which it will be too late to see, for that use, when I see you: for I must do this as a valediction to the world, before I take orders. But this is it, I am to ask you: whether you ever made any such use of the letter in verse, *à nostre comtesse chez vous*, as that I may not put it in, amongst the rest to persons of that rank; for I desire it very much, that something should bear her name in the book, and I would be just to my written words to my Lord Harrington to write nothing after that. I pray tell me as soon as you can, if I be at liberty to insert that: for if you have by any occasion applied any pieces to it, I see not, that it will be discerned, when it appears in the whole piece. Though this be a little matter, I would be sorry not to have an account of it, within as little after New Year's-tide, as you could."

This letter is, I think, sufficient proof that Donne had not printed his poems before the end of 1614; in the absence of any extant copy it is probable that his intention to print them then was never realized. Just such another intention, indeed, he must already have had in 1601, when he wrote the *Epistle* to his *Progress of the Soul.* That is evidently intended to follow the portrait-frontispiece of a printed book. It begins, "Others at the porches and entries of their buildings set their arms; I, my picture." But it is still more unlikely that he printed them after he had taken orders. As to this we have the evidence both of Ben Jonson and of Walton. Ben Jonson said to Drummond in 1618-19 (*Conversations*,

ed. Laing, Shakespeare Society, p. 9), that Donne, "since he was made Doctor, repenteth highly and seeketh to destroy all his poems." Walton perhaps in his *Life* (ed. 1640) represents Donne's state of mind more accurately. He writes—

"The recreations of his youth were poetry, in which he was so happy as if Nature and all her varieties had been made only to exercise his sharp wit and high fancy; and in those pieces which were facetiously composed and carelessly scattered—most of them being written before the twentieth year of his age—it may appear by his choice metaphors that both Nature and all the arts joined to assist him with their utmost skill. It is a truth that in his penitential years, viewing some of those pieces that had been loosely—God knows, too loosely—scattered in his youth, he wished they had been abortive, or so short-lived that his own eyes had witnessed their funerals; but, though he was no friend to them, he was not so fallen out with heavenly poetry as to forsake that; no, not in his declining age, witnessed then by many divine sonnets, and other high, holy and harmonious composures."

But if Donne's poems were not printed, they had at any rate a wide circulation in MSS. among the wits and literary men of the age. This is evident, firstly, from his letters, many of which accompanied a copy of verses to some friend or patron; secondly, from the frequent and admiring mention of his contemporaries; and, thirdly, from the commonplace-books of the period, in which he figures very prominently. One result of this popularity appears to have been the ascription to him of a number of poems really by other men. If the author of a particular poem was unknown, it came very naturally to the compiler of a commonplace-book to append to it the initials J. D. (See the *Appendices* to this edition, *passim.*) There is an apparent allusion to this esoteric reputation, which Donne enjoyed, in Drayton's Epistle to Henry Reynolds, *Of Poets and Poesy* (published in 1627, but perhaps written earlier). After giving a catalogue, which includes nearly all the writers of the day except Donne, Drayton continues—

"For such whose poems, be they ne'er so rare,
In private chambers that encloister'd are,

And by transcription daintily must go,
As though the world unworthy were to know
Their rich composures, let those men that keep
These wondrous relics in their judgment deep,
And cry them up so, let such pieces be
Spoke of by those that shall come after me,
I pass not for them."

I am afraid that Drayton was not allowed to have a copy.

The passage from Walton's *Life* which I have quoted above is of service also in helping to determine the date of Donne's work in the field of poetry. As here too Dr. Grosart has gone wrong, it is worth while to put together some additional testimony of Walton and others on the matter. It all points to the fact that on the whole, although they overlap considerably, the secular are earlier in date than the sacred poems.

(*a*) There are the lines by Walton, printed beneath the portrait frontispiece by Marshall to the *Poems* of 1635. The portrait is dated "Anno Dⁿⁱ 1591, aetatis suae 18."

"This was, for youth, strength, mirth, and wit, that time
Most count their golden age; but 'twas not thine.
Thine was thy later years, so much refined
From youth's dross, mirth, and wit, as thy pure mind
Thought (like the angels) nothing but the praise
Of thy Creator in those last best days.
Witness this book, thy Emblem, which begins
With Love; but ends with sighs and tears for sins."

(*b*) There is the following passage in Walton's *Elegy*, written April 7, 1631, first printed together with the *Life* in the *LXXX Sermons* of 1640.

"Did his youth scatter poetry, wherein
Lay Love's philosophy? was every sin
Pictured in his sharp satires, made so foul,
That some have fear'd sin's shapes, and kept their soul
Safer by reading verse; did he give days,
Past marble monuments, to those whose praise
He would perpetuate? Did he—I fear
Envy will doubt—these at his twentieth year?

But, more matured, did his rich soul conceive
And in harmonious holy numbers weave
A crown of sacred sonnets, fit to adorn
A dying martyr's brow, or to be worn
On that blest head of Mary Magdalen,
After she wiped Christ's feet, but not till then;
Did he—fit for such penitents as she
And he to use—leave us a Litany,
Which all devout men love, and doubtless shall,
As times grow better, grow more classical?
Did he write hymns, for piety and wit,
Equal to those great grave Prudentius writ?"

(*c*) Drummond of Hawthornden made the following note of a remark of Ben Jonson's to him, in 1618-19 (*Conversations*, ed. Laing, p. 8)—

"He esteemeth John Done the first poet in the world in some things: his verses of the Lost Chain he hath by heart; and that passage of the Calm, *That dust and feathers doe not stirr, all was so quiet.* Affirmeth Done to have written all his best pieces ere he was 25 years old."

(*d*) The evidence of Walton and Jonson is supported by John Chudleigh in his *Elegy*, printed with the *Poems* of 1650.

"Long since this task of tears from you was due,
Long since, O Poets, he did die to you,
Or left you dead, when wit and he took flight
On divine wings, and soar'd out of your sight.
Preachers, 'tis you must weep; the wit he taught
You do enjoy; the Rebels which he brought
From ancient discord, Giant faculties,
And now no more religious enemies;
Honest to knowing, unto virtuous sweet,
Witty to good, and learned to discreet,
He reconciled, and bid the usurper go;
Dullness to vice, religion ought to flow;
He kept his loves, but not his objects; wit
He did not banish, but transplanted it,
Taught it his place and use, and brought it home
To Piety, which it doth best become;
He shew'd us how for sins we ought to sigh,
And how to sing Christ's Epithalamy:"

Donne was born in 1573, so that if we take Walton's "twentieth year" and Jonson's "twenty-five years" literally, we get 1593 or 1598 as the date before which most of his secular poetry was written. It will be seen, however, from the few poems which I have been able to give a date to in the notes, that no inconsiderable portion even of this division of his work belongs to periods later than 1600. I have not, however, been able to find that any of it, with the exception of one or two *Funeral Elegies* which can barely be called secular, is subsequent to his ordination in 1615. On the other hand, the ascertained dates of the sacred poetry entirely confirm the statement that this was written during the latter part of his life, for these range from 1607 to 1631. Considering the whole matter, I have come to the following probable conclusion. The *Satires* and the *Love-Poems* (*Songs and Sonnets* and *Elegies*) belong to the beginning of his life. But even here, I think, it is possible to detect an earlier stratum of cynicism and ethical laxity, and a later stratum marked by intenser and more constant emotions, and by a growing spirituality of thought. I see no reason why we should not date the change from the years which separated his first acquaintance with Anne More (1596?) from his marriage with her in 1601. The *Divine Poems*, as has been said, come last. The *Verse Letters*, *Funeral Elegies* and *Epithalamia*, both in date and in subject-matter, bridge the gulf between the two. Some of the *Verse Letters*, such as the *Storm* and the *Calm*, belong to the earlier period, but a good many of them belong to 1610 or thereabouts, and in many ways they show Donne's poetic powers at their ripest.

The first edition of the *Poems* was entered thus upon the Stationers' Registers (Arber, vol. iv.)—

13° Septembris, 1632.

John Marriott. Entered for his copy under the hands of Sir Henry Herbert and both the Wardens, *a book of verse and Poems* (the five Satires, the first, second, tenth, eleventh and thirteenth Elegies being excepted), and these before excepted to be his, when he brings lawful authority. vj^d^.

written by Doctor John Dunn.

Upon a subsequent date, October 31 of the same year, the allowance of the *Satires* was noted, but no further mention is made of the excepted *Elegies*. The book was issued in 1633. It is a small quarto, and has the following title-page—

> POEMS | BY J. D. | WITH | ELEGIES | ON THE AUTHOR'S DEATH. | LONDON : | Printed by M. F. for John Marriot, | and are to be sold at his shop in St. Dunstan's | Churchyard in *Fleet-Street*, 1633.

This is followed by the *Printer to the Understanders* and the *Hexastichon Bibliopolae*. The poems are printed without much attempt at arrangement. Eight *Elegies*, numbered, come together on pages 44, *sqq*. Four other *Elegies* appear in other parts of the volume, but I suspect that the five mentioned in the Stationers' Registers entry were five of those added in 1635, and that Marriott did not get authority for them in time for publication in 1633. The *Elegies* on the author's death at the close of the volume are by H[enry] K[ing], Thos. Browne, Edw. Hyde, Doctor C[orbet] B[ishop] of O[xford], Hen. Valentine, Iz. W[alton], M. Tho. Carie [Carew], Sir Lucius Carie, M. Mayne, Arth. Wilson, M. R. B. [Anon ; Epitaph], Endy. Porter.

The second edition, which, like the subsequent ones, is an octavo, appeared in 1635. There is a portrait engraved by Marshall ; the *Hexastichon ad Bibliopolam* is added to the prefatory matter, and the poems are arranged in sections beginning with the *Songs and Sonnets* and ending with the *Divine Poems*. These changes are retained in the later editions. The title-page is the same as that of 1633. The third edition of 1639 is almost identical with that of 1635.

In the meantime, it appears by a document in the Record Office, dated Dec. 16, 1637, and printed by Dr. Grosart, that legal steps had been taken by the younger Donne to recover certain rights over the *Poems* which he alleged John Marriott had disregarded. The dispute does not seem to have interfered with the publication of the edition of 1639 ; indeed it would appear that the conflicting parties came to terms, for the fourth edition, that of 1650, was clearly published under the superintend-

ence of the younger Donne himself. It has the following title-page—

> POEMS | BY J. D. | WITH | ELEGIES | ON THE AUTHOR'S DEATH. | TO WHICH | *Is added divers copies under his own hand* | *never before in print.* | LONDON. | Printed for *John Marriot*, and are | to be sold by *Richard Marriot* at his shop | by *Chancery* Lane end over against the Inner | Temple gate, 1650.

The *Printer to the Understanders* is replaced by the dedication to Lord Craven; and this is followed by the *Hexastichon Bibliopolae*, the *Hexastichon ad Bibliopolam*, and Ben Jonson's lines beginning "Donne, the delight of Phoebus and each Muse." At the end of the *Divine Poems* is inserted a kind of appendix, containing, besides some additional poems, two other sets of verses on Donne from Ben Jonson's *Epigrams* of 1616, a prose sketch entitled *News from the very Country*, already printed in the sixth edition of Sir Thomas Overbury's *Characters* (1615), a burlesque Latin *Catalogus Librorum* (see Appendix D), and what appears to be a Latin address to Convocation. Mr. Hazlitt, in the first series of his *Collections*, catalogues a copy of this edition, with the date 1649, and the same date is given by Anthony Wood in his *Athenae* (s. v. DONNE).

In this and the two following editions the *Elegy* by Tho. Browne was omitted, and three were added, signed respectively by Daniel Darnelly, Sidney Godolphin, and J. Chudleigh. The fifth edition of 1654 resembles that of 1650, except that it is "Printed by *J. Flesher*, and are to be sold by *John Sweeting* at the Angel in Popeshead Alley, 1654."

The sixth and last of the seventeenth-century editions is that of 1669. This again has a new title-page, on which the author's name appears for the first time in full—

> POEMS, etc. | BY | JOHN DONNE, | *late Dean of* St. Pauls | WITH | ELEGIES | ON THE | AUTHOR'S DEATH. | To which is added | Divers Copies under his own hand, | Never before printed. | *In the SAVOY*, | Printed by *T. N.* for *Henry Herringman*,

at the Sign of | the *Anchor*, in the lower-walk of the | *New Exchange*, 1669.

Mr. Hazlitt (*Handbook*) states that pages 95 to 98 of this edition, containing Elegies XIX. and XX., were suppressed. All the editions contain, as well as the poems, thirteen prose letters, of which eight are to Sir Henry Goodyere, one to La[dy] G[oodyere?], one to the Countess of Bedford, and three to Mr. G[eorge] G[arrard].

The book evidently underwent considerable revision in 1635, 1650, and again in 1669. Not only were additional poems printed from time to time, but also there exists great divergence of reading between the various copies. Even the editions of 1639 and 1654, though they differ very slightly from those of 1635 and 1650 respectively, cannot be said to be altogether identical with them. These variations, which are especially noticeable in the *Songs and Sonnets* and in the *Satires*, are not merely due to the printers. In all probability most of Donne's poems existed in several more or less revised forms, and it was something a matter of chance which form was used for printing a particular edition. Nor can it be said that any one edition always gives the best text; even for a single poem, sometimes one, sometimes another is to be preferred, though, as a rule, the edition of 1633 is the most reliable, and the readings of 1669 are in many cases a return to it.

Certain unpublished poems of Donne's, together with others which are not really his, were collected by Waldron in his *Collection of Miscellaneous Poetry* (1802), and by Sir John Simeon in one of the Philobiblon Society's tracts (1856). A few others may be gathered from various printed and manuscript sources. These will be found in the appendices to this edition. The eighteenth-century and modern editions are mostly of little value. That by Dr. Grosart, privately printed in the Fuller Worthies Library, 1873, is a work of much zeal, industry and learning. I have derived benefit from it in many ways. But in contains many inaccuracies, and the text is spoilt throughout by being taken from bad MSS. instead of from the printed copies.

E. K. C.

THE PRINTER

TO

THE UNDERSTANDERS.[1]

FOR this time I must speak only to you: at another, *Readers* may perchance serve my turn; and I think this a way very free from exception, in hope that very few will have a mind to confess themselves ignorant.

If you look for an Epistle, as you have before ordinary publications, I am sorry that I must deceive you; but you will not lay it to my charge, when you shall consider that this is not ordinary, for if I should say it were the best in this kind, that ever this kingdom hath yet seen; he that would doubt of it must go out of the kingdom to inform himself, for the best judgments within it take it for granted.

You may imagine (if it please you) that I could endear it unto you, by saying, that impor-

[1] From the edition of 1633.

tunity drew it on; that had it not been presented here, it would have come to us from beyond the seas (which perhaps is true enough); that my charge and pains in procuring of it hath been such, and such. I could add hereto, a promise of more correctness or enlargement in the next edition, if you shall in the meantime content you with this But these things are so common, as that I should profane this piece by applying them to it; a piece which whoso takes not as he finds it, in what manner soever, he is unworthy of it, sith a scattered limb of this author hath more amiableness in it, in the eye of a discerner, than a whole body of some other; or (to express him best by himself)—

> "A hand, or eye,
> By Hilyard drawn, is worth a history
> By a worse painter made——"

If any man (thinking I speak this to inflame him for the vent of the impression) be of another opinion, I shall as willingly spare his money as his judgment. I cannot lose so much by him as he will by himself. For I shall satisfy myself with the conscience of well-doing, in making so much good, common.

Howsoever it may appear to you, it shall suffice me to inform you, that it hath the best

warrant that can be, public authority, and private friends.

There is one thing more wherein I will make you of my counsel, and that is, that whereas it hath pleased some, who had studied and did admire him, to offer to the memory of the author, not long after his decease, I have thought I should do you service in presenting them unto you now; only whereas, had I placed them in the beginning, they might have served for so many encomiums of the author (as is usual in other works, where perhaps there is need of it, to prepare men to digest such stuff as follows after), you shall find[1] them in the end, for whosoever reads the rest so far, shall perceive that there is no occasion to use them to that purpose; yet there they are, as an attestation for their sakes that knew not so much before, to let them see how much honour was attributed to this worthy man, by those that are capable to give it. *Farewell.*

[1] 1635, *here find*

TO THE RIGHT HONOURABLE

WILLIAM LORD CRAVEN,

BARON OF HAMPSTED-MARSHAM.[1]

MY LORD,

Many of these poems have, for several impressions, wandered up and down, trusting (as well they might) upon the author's reputation; neither do they now complain of any injury but what may proceed either from the kindness of the printer, or the courtesy of the reader; the one by adding something too much, lest any spark of this sacred fire might perish undiscerned, the other by putting such an estimation upon the wit and fancy they find here, that they are content to use it as their own: as if a man should dig out the stones of a royal amphitheatre to build a stage for a country show. Amongst all the monsters this unlucky age has teemed with, I find none so prodigious as the poets of these later times, wherein men, as if they would level understandings too as well as estates, acknowledging no inequality of parts and judgments,

[1] From the edition of 1650.

pretend as indifferently to the chair of wit as to the pulpit, and conceive themselves no less inspired with the spirit of poetry than with that of religion: so it is not only the noise of drums and trumpets which have drowned the Muses' harmony, or the fear that the Church's ruin will destroy their priests likewise, that now frights them from this country, where they have been so ingenuously received; but these rude pretenders to excellencies they unjustly own, who profanely rushing into Minerva's temple, with noisome airs blast the laurel which thunder cannot hurt. In this sad condition these learned sisters are fled over to beg your lordship's protection, who have been so certain a patron both to arts and arms, and who in this general confusion have so entirely preserved your honour, that in your lordship we may still read a most perfect character of what England was in all her pomp and greatness, so that although these poems were formerly written upon several occasions, and to several persons, they now unite themselves, and are become one pyramid to set your lordship's statue upon, where you may stand like armed Apollo the defender of the Muses, encouraging the poets now alive to celebrate your great acts by affording your countenance to his poems that wanted only so noble a subject.

My Lord,

Your most humble servant,

JOHN DONNE.

HEXASTICHON BIBLIOPOLAE.[1]

I see in his last preach'd and printed book,
His picture in a sheet; in Paul's I look,
And see his statue in a sheet of stone,
And sure his body in the grave hath one;
Those sheets present him dead; these if you buy,
You have him living to eternity.

JO. MAR[RIOT].

HEXASTICHON AD BIBLIOPOLAM.
INCERTI.[2]

In thy impression of Donne's poems rare,
For his eternity thou hast ta'en care:
'Twas well, and pious; and for ever may
He live; yet show I thee a better way;
Print but his sermons, and if those we buy,
He, we, and thou shall live t' eternity.

[1] From the edition of 1633.
[2] From the edition of 1635.

TO JOHN DONNE.[1]

Donne, the delight of Phœbus, and each Muse,
Who, to thy one, all other brains refuse;
Whose every work, of thy most early wit,
Came forth example, and remains so, yet;
Longer a knowing, than most wits do live;
And which no'n affection praise enough can give!
To it, thy language, letters, arts, best life,
Which might with half mankind maintain a strife;
All which I mean to praise, and yet, I would;
But leave, because I cannot as I should.

B. JONSON.

[1] From the edition of 1650.

SONGS AND SONNETS.

THE FLEA.

MARK but this flea, and mark in this,
How little that which thou deniest me is;
It suck'd me first, and now sucks thee,
And in this flea our two bloods mingled be.
Thou know'st that this cannot be said
A sin, nor shame, nor loss of maidenhead;
Yet this enjoys before it woo,
And pamper'd swells with one blood made of two;
And this, alas! is more than we would do.

O stay, three lives in one flea spare,
Where we almost, yea, more than married are.
This flea is you and I, and this
Our marriage bed, and marriage temple is.

l. 3. 1669, *Me it suck'd first and now it sucks thee,*
l. 5. 1669, *Confess it. This*
l. 6. 1669, *or shame. . . . or* l. 9. 1669, *could*
l. 11. 1669, *nay*

Though parents grudge, and you, we're met,
And cloister'd in these living walls of jet.
Though use make you apt to kill me,
Let not to that self-murder added be,
And sacrilege, three sins in killing three.

Cruel and sudden, hast thou since
Purpled thy nail in blood of innocence?
Wherein could this flea guilty be,
Except in that drop which it suck'd from thee?
Yet thou triumph'st, and say'st that thou
Find'st not thyself nor me the weaker now.
'Tis true; then learn how false fears be;
Just so much honour, when thou yield'st to me,
Will waste, as this flea's death took life from thee.

l. 22. 1669, *that blood*

THE GOOD-MORROW.

I WONDER, by my troth, what thou and I
Did, till we loved? were we not wean'd till then?
But suck'd on country pleasures, childishly?
Or snorted we in the Seven Sleepers' den?
'Twas so; but this, all pleasures fancies be;
If ever any beauty I did see,
Which I desired, and got, 'twas but a dream of thee.

And now good-morrow to our waking souls,
Which watch not one another out of fear;
For love all love of other sights controls,
And makes one little room an everywhere.
Let sea-discoverers to new worlds have gone;
Let maps to other, worlds on worlds have shown;
Let us possess one world; each hath one, and is one.

My face in thine eye, thine in mine appears,
And true plain hearts do in the faces rest;
Where can we find two better hemispheres
Without sharp north, without declining west?
Whatever dies, was not mix'd equally;
If our two loves be one, or thou and I
Love so alike that none can slacken, none can die.

l. 3. 1669, *childish pleasures, sillily*
l. 4. 1669, *slumbered* l. 5. 1669, *but as*
l. 13. 1669, *to other worlds our world*
l. 17. 1635, *fitter* l. 19. 1669, *is not*
l. 20. 1635 *both thou and I*
Love just alike in all, none of these loves can die.

SONG.

Go and catch a falling star,
  Get with child a mandrake root,
Tell me where all past years are,
  Or who cleft the devil's foot,
Teach me to hear mermaids singing,
Or to keep off envy's stinging,
    And find
    What wind
Serves to advance an honest mind.

If thou be'st born to strange sights,
  Things invisible to see,
Ride ten thousand days and nights,
  Till age snow white hairs on thee,
Thou, when thou return'st, wilt tell me,
All strange wonders that befell thee,
    And swear,
    No where
Lives a woman true and fair.

If thou find'st one, let me know;
  Such a pilgrimage were sweet.
Yet do not, I would not go,
  Though at next door we might meet.

l. 3. 1669, *times past* l. 11. 1669, *go see*

Though she were true when you met her,
And last till you write your letter,
Yet she
Will be
False, ere I come, to two or three.

WOMAN'S CONSTANCY.

Now thou hast loved me one whole day,
To-morrow when thou leavest, what wilt thou say?
Wilt thou then antedate some new-made vow?
Or say that now
We are not just those persons which we were?
Or that oaths made in reverential fear
Of Love, and his wrath, any may forswear?
Or, as true deaths true marriages untie,
So lovers' contracts, images of those,
Bind but till sleep, death's image, them unloose? 10
Or, your own end to justify,
For having purposed change and falsehood, you
Can have no way but falsehood to be true?
Vain lunatic, against these 'scapes I could
Dispute, and conquer, if I would;
Which I abstain to do,
For by to-morrow I may think so too.

l. 27. 1669, *ere she come*

l. 8. So 1633, 1669; 1635, *For as*, lines 8-10 being in brackets.

THE UNDERTAKING.

I HAVE done one braver thing
Than all the Worthies did ;
And yet a braver thence doth spring,
Which is, to keep that hid.

It were but madness now to impart
The skill of specular stone,
When he, which can have learn'd the art
To cut it, can find none.

So, if I now should utter this,
Others—because no more
Such stuff to work upon, there is—
Would love but as before.

But he who loveliness within
Hath found, all outward loathes,
For he who colour loves, and skin,
Loves but their oldest clothes.

If, as I have, you also do
Virtue in woman see,
And dare love that, and say so too,
And forget the He and She ;

l. 18. So 1635 ; 1633, *Virtue attired in woman see*

And if this love, though placèd so,
From profane men you hide,
Which will no faith on this bestow,
Or, if they do, deride ;

Then you have done a braver thing
Than all the Worthies did ;
And a braver thence will spring,
Which is, to keep that hid.

THE SUN RISING.

BUSY old fool, unruly Sun,
Why dost thou thus,
Through windows, and through curtains, call on us ?
Must to thy motions lovers' seasons run ?
Saucy pedantic wretch, go chide
Late school-boys and sour prentices,
Go tell court-huntsmen that the king will ride,
Call country ants to harvest offices ;
Love, all alike, no season knows nor clime,
Nor hours, days, months, which are the rags of time.

l. 3. 1669. *look on us* l. 6. 1669, *or sour*

Thy beams so reverend, and strong
Why shouldst thou think?
I could eclipse and cloud them with a wink,
But that I would not lose her sight so long.
If her eyes have not blinded thine,
Look, and to-morrow late tell me,
Whether both th' Indias of spice and mine
Be where thou left'st them, or lie here with me.
Ask for those kings whom thou saw'st yesterday,
And thou shalt hear, "All here in one bed lay."

She's all states, and all princes I;
Nothing else is;
Princes do but play us; compared to this,
All honour's mimic, all wealth alchemy.
Thou, Sun, art half as happy as we,
In that the world's contracted thus;
Thine age asks ease, and since thy duties be
To warm the world, that's done in warming us.
Shine here to us, and thou art everywhere;
This bed thy centre is, these walls thy sphere.

l. 11. 1635,

Thy beams so reverend, and strong
Dost thou not think
I could eclipse and cloud them with a wink,
But that I would not lose her sight so long?

l. 18. 1635, *left them*

THE INDIFFERENT.

I CAN love both fair and brown;
Her whom abundance melts, and her whom want betrays;
Her who loves loneness best, and her who masks and plays;
Her whom the country form'd, and whom the town;
Her who believes, and her who tries;
Her who still weeps with spongy eyes,
And her who is dry cork, and never cries.
I can love her, and her, and you, and you;
I can love any, so she be not true.

Will no other vice content you? 10
Will it not serve your turn to do as did your mothers?
Or have you all old vices spent and now would find out others?
Or doth a fear that men are true torment you?
O we are not, be not you so;
Let me—and do you—twenty know;
Rob me, but bind me not, and let me go.
Must I, who came to travel thorough you,
Grow your fix'd subject, because you are true?

l. 3. 1669, *Her who loves lovers best, and her who sports and plays*

l. 12. 1669, *vices worn*

l. 17. So 1635; 1633 *travaile*

Venus heard me sigh this song;
And by love's sweetest part, variety, she swore,
She heard not this till now; it should be so no more.
She went, examined, and return'd ere long,
And said, "Alas! some two or three
Poor heretics in love there be,
Which think to stablish dangerous constancy.
But I have told them, 'Since you will be true,
You shall be true to them who're false to you.'"

LOVE'S USURY.

For every hour that thou wilt spare me now,
I will allow,
Usurious god of love, twenty to thee,
When with my brown my grey hairs equal be.
Till then, Love, let my body range, and let
Me travel, sojourn, snatch, plot, have, forget,
Resume my last year's relict; think that yet
We'd never met.

l. 19. 1669, *sing this song*
l. 20. 1669, *sweetest sweet*
l. 21. So 1635; 1633, *and that it*
l. 5. So 1635; 1633, *raigne*
l. 6. So 1633, 1669; 1635, *match, plot, have, forget*
l. 7. 1669, *relique*

Let me think any rival's letter mine,
And at next nine
Keep midnight's promise ; mistake by the way
The maid, and tell the lady of that delay ;
Only let me love none ; no, not the sport
From country grass to confitures of court,
Or city's *quelque-choses ;* let not report
My mind transport.

This bargain's good ; if when I'm old, I be
Inflamed by thee,
If thine own honour, or my shame and pain,
Thou covet most, at that age thou shalt gain.
Do thy will then ; then subject and degree
And fruit of love, Love, I submit to thee.
Spare me till then ; I'll bear it, though she be
One that love me.

l. 12. 1669, *her delay*
l. 15. So 1635 ; 1633, 1669 omit *not*
l. 19. 1669, *or pain*
l. 24. So 1635 ; 1633, 1669, *loves me*

THE CANONIZATION.

For God's sake hold your tongue, and let me love;
Or chide my palsy, or my gout;
My five grey hairs, or ruin'd fortune flout;
With wealth your state, your mind with arts improve;
Take you a course, get you a place,
Observe his Honour, or his Grace;
Or the king's real, or his stamp'd face
Contemplate; what you will, approve,
So you will let me love.

Alas! alas! who's injured by my love?
What merchant's ships have my sighs drown'd?
Who says my tears have overflow'd his ground?
When did my colds a forward spring remove?
When did the heats which my veins fill
Add one more to the plaguy bill?
Soldiers find wars, and lawyers find out still
Litigious men, which quarrels move,
Though she and I do love.

Call's what you will, we are made such by love;
Call her one, me another fly,
We're tapers too, and at our own cost die,
And we in us find th' eagle and the dove.

l. 3. So 1633, 1635, *true grey hairs;* 1669, *five . . fortunes*
l. 14. 1669, *reins*
l. 15. 1669, *one man*
l. 17. 1669, *whom*
l. 18. 1669, *While*

The phœnix riddle hath more wit
By us; we two being one, are it;
So, to one neutral thing both sexes fit.
We die and rise the same, and prove
Mysterious by this love.

We can die by it, if not live by love,
And if unfit for tomb or hearse
Our legend be, it will be fit for verse;
And if no piece of chronicle we prove,
We'll build in sonnets pretty rooms;
As well a well-wrought urn becomes
The greatest ashes, as half-acre tombs,
And by these hymns all shall approve
Us canonized for love;

And thus invoke us, "You, whom reverend love
Made one another's hermitage;
You, to whom love was peace, that now is rage;
Who did the whole world's soul contract, and drove
Into the glasses of your eyes;
So made such mirrors, and such spies,
That they did all to you epitomize—
Countries, towns, courts beg from above
A pattern of your love."

l. 29. So 1669; 1633, *tombs and*
l. 35. 1635, *those*
l. 45. So 1669; 1633, *our love*

THE TRIPLE FOOL.

I AM two fools, I know,
For loving, and for saying so
In whining poetry;
But where's that wise man, that would not be I,
If she would not deny?
Then as th' earth's inward narrow crooked lanes
Do purge sea water's fretful salt away,
I thought, if I could draw my pains
Through rhyme's vexation, I should them allay.
Grief brought to numbers cannot be so fierce,
For he tames it, that fetters it in verse.

But when I have done so,
Some man, his art and voice to show,
Doth set and sing my pain;
And, by delighting many, frees again
Grief, which verse did restrain.
To love and grief tribute of verse belongs,
But not of such as pleases when 'tis read.
Both are increasèd by such songs,
For both their triumphs so are published,
And I, which was two fools, do so grow three.
Who are a little wise, the best fools be.

l. 4. 1669, *the wiser man*
l. 10. 1669, *number* l. 13. 1669, *or voice*

LOVERS' INFINITENESS.

If yet I have not all thy love,
Dear, I shall never have it all;
I cannot breathe one other sigh, to move,
Nor can intreat one other tear to fall;
And all my treasure, which should purchase thee,
Sighs, tears, and oaths, and letters I have spent;
Yet no more can be due to me,
Than at the bargain made was meant.
If then thy gift of love were partial,
That some to me, some should to others fall,
Dear, I shall never have thee all.

Or if then thou gavest me all,
All was but all, which thou hadst then;
But if in thy heart since there be or shall
New love created be by other men,
Which have their stocks entire, and can in tears,
In sighs, in oaths, and letters, outbid me,
This new love may beget new fears,
For this love was not vow'd by thee.
And yet it was, thy gift being general;
The ground, thy heart, is mine; what ever shall
Grow there, dear, I should have it all.

l. 9. 1669, *was*
l. 11. 1635, *it all*
l. 12. 1669, *givest*
l. 17. 1635, *in letters*
l. 21. So 1633, 1669; 1635, *was mine*

Yet I would not have all yet.
He that hath all can have no more;
And since my love doth every day admit
New growth, thou shouldst have new rewards in store;
Thou canst not every day give me thy heart,
If thou canst give it, then thou never gavest it;
Love's riddles are, that though thy heart depart,
It stays at home, and thou with losing savest it;
But we will have a way more liberal,
Than changing hearts, to join them; so we shall
Be one, and one another's all.

SONG.

SWEETEST love, I do not go,
For weariness of thee,
Nor in hope the world can show
A fitter love for me;
But since that I
At the last must part, 'tis best,
Thus to use myself in jest
By feigned deaths to die.

l. 31. 1669, *will love* l. 32. 1669, *join us*
ll. 6-8. So 1635;
1633—*Must die at last, 'tis best,*
To use myself in jest
Thus by feign'd deaths to die.
1669—*Must die at last, 'tis best,*
Thus to use myself in jest
By feigned death to die.

Yesternight the sun went hence,
And yet is here to-day;
He hath no desire nor sense,
Nor half so short a way:
Then fear not me,
But believe that I shall make
Speedier journeys, since I take
More wings and spurs than he.

O how feeble is man's power,
That if good fortune fall,
Cannot add another hour,
Nor a lost hour recall;
But come bad chance,
And we join to it our strength,
And we teach it art and length,
Itself o'er us to advance.

When thou sigh'st, thou sigh'st not wind,
But sigh'st my soul away;
When thou weep'st, unkindly kind,
My life's blood doth decay.
It cannot be
That thou lovest me as thou say'st,
If in thine my life thou waste,
That art the best of me.

l. 15. 1669, *Hastier*
l. 25. 1635, *no wind*
l. 32. So 1635; 1633, *Thou art;* 1669, *Which art the life*

Let not thy divining heart
Forethink me any ill;
Destiny may take thy part,
And may thy fears fulfil.
But think that we
Are but turn'd aside to sleep.
They who one another keep
Alive, ne'er parted be.

THE LEGACY.

WHEN last I died, and, dear, I die
As often as from thee I go,
Though it be but an hour ago
—And lovers' hours be full eternity—
I can remember yet, that I
Something did say, and something did bestow;
Though I be dead, which sent me, I might be
Mine own executor, and legacy.

l. 36. So 1633, 1669; 1635, *make*
l. 38. 1669, *laid aside*
l. 1. So 1669; 1633, *I died last*
l. 7. So 1669; 1633, *I should be;* 1635, *which meant me, I should be*

I heard me say, "Tell her anon,
That myself," that is you, not I,
"Did kill me," and when I felt me die,
I bid me send my heart, when I was gone;
But I alas! could there find none;
When I had ripp'd, and search'd where hearts should lie,
It kill'd me again, that I who still was true
In life, in my last will should cozen you.

Yet I found something like a heart,
But colours it, and corners had;
It was not good, it was not bad,
It was entire to none, and few had part;
As good as could be made by art
It seemed, and therefore for our loss be sad.
I meant to send that heart instead of mine,
But O! no man could hold it, for 'twas thine.

l. 14. So 1635; 1633, *ripp'd me . . . did lie*
l. 22. So 1669; 1633, *losses sad*

A FEVER.

O! DO not die, for I shall hate
All women so, when thou art gone,
That thee I shall not celebrate,
When I remember thou wast one.

But yet thou canst not die, I know;
To leave this world behind, is death;
But when thou from this world wilt go,
The whole world vapours with thy breath.

Or if, when thou, the world's soul, go'st,
It stay, 'tis but thy carcase then;
The fairest woman, but thy ghost,
But corrupt worms, the worthiest men.

O wrangling schools, that search what fire
Shall burn this world, had none the wit
Unto this knowledge to aspire,
That this her fever might be it?

And yet she cannot waste by this,
Nor long bear this torturing wrong,
For more corruption needful is,
To fuel such a fever long.

l. 8. 1669, *in thy breath* l. 18. 1669, *endure*

These burning fits but meteors be,
Whose matter in thee is soon spent;
Thy beauty, and all parts, which are thee,
Are unchangeable firmament.

Yet 'twas of my mind, seizing thee,
Though it in thee cannot persever;
For I had rather owner be
Of thee one hour, than all else ever. 28

AIR AND ANGELS.

TWICE or thrice had I loved thee,
Before I knew thy face or name;
So in a voice, so in a shapeless flame,
Angels affect us oft, and worshipp'd be.
Still when, to where thou wert, I came,
Some lovely glorious nothing did I see.
But since my soul, whose child love is,
Takes limbs of flesh, and else could nothing do,
More subtle than the parent is
Love must not be, but take a body too; 10
And therefore what thou wert, and who,
I bid love ask, and now
That it assume thy body, I allow,
And fix itself in thy lips, eyes, and brow.

l. 22. 1669, *soon is* l. 24. 1669, *An*
l. 25. 1669, *And here as* l. 27. 1669, *Yet,*
l. 6. So 1669; 1633, *I did* l. 14. So 1669; 1633, *lip, eye*

Whilst thus to ballast love I thought,
And so more steadily to have gone,
With wares which would sink admiration,
I saw I had love's pinnace overfraught;
Thy every hair for love to work upon
Is much too much; some fitter must be sought;
For, nor in nothing, nor in things
Extreme, and scattering bright, can love inhere;
Then as an angel face and wings
Of air, not pure as it, yet pure doth wear,
So thy love may be my love's sphere;
Just such disparity
As is 'twixt air's and angels' purity,
'Twixt women's love, and men's, will ever be.

BREAK OF DAY.

STAY, O sweet, and do not rise;
The light that shines comes from thine eyes;
The day breaks not, it is my heart,
Because that you and I must part.
Stay, or else my joys will die
And perish in their infancy.

l. 19. So 1669; 1633, *Every thy*
l. 27. So 1669; 1633, *air*

[ANOTHER OF THE SAME.]

'Tis true, 'tis day; what though it be?
O, wilt thou therefore rise from me?
Why should we rise because 'tis light?
Did we lie down because 'twas night?
Love, which in spite of darkness brought us hither,
Should in despite of light keep us together.

Light hath no tongue, but is all eye;
If it could speak as well as spy,
This were the worst that it could say,
That being well I fain would stay,
And that I loved my heart and honour so,
That I would not from him, that had them, go.

Must business thee from hence remove?
O! that's the worst disease of love,
The poor, the foul, the false, love can
Admit, but not the busied man.
He which hath business, and makes love, doth do
Such wrong, as when a married man doth woo.

l. 6. So 1633, 1669; 1635, *spite*
l. 12. 1669, *from her*
l. 18. So 1633, 1669; 1635, *should woo*

THE ANNIVERSARY.

All kings, and all their favourites,
All glory of honours, beauties, wits,
The sun itself, which makes time, as they pass,
Is elder by a year now than it was
When thou and I first one another saw.
All other things to their destruction draw,
Only our love hath no decay;
This no to-morrow hath, nor yesterday;
Running it never runs from us away,
But truly keeps his first, last, everlasting day.

Two graves must hide thine and my corse;
If one might, death were no divorce.
Alas! as well as other princes, we
—Who prince enough in one another be—
Must leave at last in death these eyes and ears,
Oft fed with true oaths, and with sweet salt tears;
But souls where nothing dwells but love
—All other thoughts being inmates—then shall prove
This or a love increasèd there above,
When bodies to their graves, souls from their graves remove.

And then we shall be throughly blest;
But now no more than all the rest.

l. 3. So 1633, 1669; 1635, *as these pass*; 1650, *times*

Here upon earth we're kings, and none but we
Can be such kings, nor of such subjects be.
Who is so safe as we? where none can do
Treason to us, except one of us two.
True and false fears let us refrain,
Let us love nobly, and live, and add again
Years and years unto years, till we attain
To write threescore; this is the second of our reign.

A VALEDICTION OF MY NAME, IN THE WINDOW.

I.

My name engraved herein
Doth contribute my firmness to this glass,
Which ever since that charm hath been
As hard, as that which graved it was;
Thine eye will give it price enough, to mock
The diamonds of either rock.

II.

'Tis much that glass should be
As all-confessing, and through-shine as I;
'Tis more that it shows thee to thee,
And clear reflects thee to thine eye.
But all such rules love's magic can undo;
Here you see me, and I am you.

l. 23. 1669 omits *none* l. 24. 1669, *None are*
l. 12. 1669, *and I see you*

III.

As no one point, nor dash,
Which are but accessories to this name,
The showers and tempests can outwash
So shall all times find me the same ;
You this entireness better may fulfill,
Who have the pattern with you still.

IV.

Or if too hard and deep
This learning be, for a scratch'd name to teach,
It as a given death's head keep,
Lovers' mortality to preach ;
Or think this ragged bony name to be
My ruinous anatomy.

V.

Then, as all my souls be
Emparadised in you—in whom alone
I understand, and grow, and see—
The rafters of my body, bone,
Being still with you, the muscle, sinew, and vein
Which tile this house, will come again.

VI.

Till my return repair
And recompact my scatter'd body so,
As all the virtuous powers which are
Fix'd in the stars are said to flow
Into such characters as gravèd be
When these stars have supremacy.

VII.

So since this name was cut,
When love and grief their exaltation had,
No door 'gainst this name's influence shut.
As much more loving, as more sad,
'Twill make thee ; and thou shouldst, till I return,
Since I die daily, daily mourn.

VIII.

When thy inconsiderate hand
Flings ope this casement, with my trembling name,
To look on one, whose wit or land
New battery to thy heart may frame,
Then think this name alive, and that thou thus
In it offend'st my Genius.

l. 36. 1669, *those stars had* l. 48. 1669, *offends*

IX.

And when thy melted maid,
Corrupted by thy lover's gold and page,
His letter at thy pillow hath laid,
Disputed it, and tamed thy rage,
And thou begin'st to thaw towards him, for this,
May my name step in, and hide his.

X.

And if this treason go
To an overt act and that thou write again,
In superscribing, this name flow
Into thy fancy from the pane;
So, in forgetting thou rememb'rest right,
And unaware to me shalt write.

XI.

But glass and lines must be
No means our firm substantial love to keep;
Near death inflicts this lethargy,
And this I murmur in my sleep;
Impute this idle talk, to that I go,
For dying men talk often so.

l. 50. 1669, *or page*
l. 52. 1669. *Disputed thou it, and tame thy rage*
l. 53. 1669, *If thout to him begin'st to thaw*
l. 57. 1669, *my* l. 58. 1635, *pen* l. 64. 1635, *thus*

TWICKENHAM GARDEN.

BLASTED with sighs, and surrounded with tears,
  Hither I come to seek the spring,
And at mine eyes, and at mine ears,
  Receive such balms as else cure every thing.
  But O! self-traitor, I do bring
The spider Love, which transubstantiates all,
And can convert manna to gall;
And that this place may thoroughly be thought
True paradise, I have the serpent brought.

'Twere wholesomer for me that winter did
  Benight the glory of this place,
And that a grave frost did forbid
  These trees to laugh and mock me to my face;
  But that I may not this disgrace
Endure, nor yet leave loving, Love, let me
Some senseless piece of this place be;
Make me a mandrake, so I may grow here,
Or a stone fountain weeping out my year.

l. 4. 1635, *balm as else cures*
l. 6. 1669, *spider's Love*
l. 14. 1669, *since I cannot*
l. 15. 1635, *nor leave this garden*
l. 18. So 1633, 1669; 1635, *the year*

Hither with crystal phials, lovers, come,
And take my tears, which are love's wine,
And try your mistress' tears at home,
For all are false, that taste not just like mine.
Alas! hearts do not in eyes shine,
Nor can you more judge women's thoughts by tears,
Than by her shadow what she wears.
O perverse sex, where none is true but she,
Who's therefore true, because her truth kills me.

VALEDICTION TO HIS BOOK.

I'LL tell thee now (dear love) what thou shalt do
To anger destiny, as she doth us;
How I shall stay, though she eloign me thus,
And how posterity shall know it too;
How thine may out-endure
Sibyl's glory, and obscure
Her who from Pindar could allure,
And her, through whose help Lucan is not lame,
And her, whose book (they say) Homer did find, and name.

Study our manuscripts, those myriads
Of letters, which have past 'twixt thee and me;
Thence write our annals, and in them will be
To all whom love's subliming fire invades
Rule and example found;
There the faith of any ground
No schismatic will dare to wound,

That sees, how Love this grace to us affords,
To make, to keep, to use, to be these his records.

This book, as long-lived as the elements,
Or as the world's form, this all-gravèd tome
In cypher writ, or new made idiom;
We for Love's clergy only are instruments;
When this book is made thus,
Should again the ravenous
Vandals and the Goths invade us,
Learning were safe; in this our universe,
Schools might learn sciences, spheres music, angels verse.

Here Love's divines—since all divinity
Is love or wonder—may find all they seek,
Whether abstract spiritual love they like,
Their souls exhaled with what they do not see;
Or, loth so to amuse
Faith's infirmity, they choose
Something which they may see and use;
For, though mind be the heaven, where love doth sit,
Beauty a convenient type may be to figure it.

Here more than in their books may lawyers find,
Both by what titles mistresses are ours,
And how prerogative these states devours,
Transferr'd from Love himself, to womankind;

l. 20. 1635, *all-graved to me*; 1669, *all-graved tomb*
l. 30. 1650, *abstracted* l. 33. 1669, *infirmities*

Who, though from heart and eyes,
They exact great subsidies,
Forsake him who on them relies;
And for the cause, honour, or conscience give;
Chimeras vain as they or their prerogative.

Here statesmen—or of them, they which can read—
May of their occupation find the grounds;
Love, and their art, alike it deadly wounds,
If to consider what 'tis, one proceed.
In both they do excel,
Who the present govern well,
Whose weakness none doth, or dares tell;
In this thy book, such will there something see,
As in the Bible some can find out alchemy.

Thus vent thy thoughts; abroad I'll study thee,
As he removes far off, that great heights takes;
How great love is, presence best trial makes,
But absence tries how long this love will be;
To take a latitude
Sun, or stars, are fitliest view'd
At their brightest, but to conclude
Of longitudes, what other way have we,
But to mark when and where the dark eclipses be?

l. 53. So 1633, 1669: 1635, *their nothing*
l. 55. So 1633, 1669: 1635, *went*

COMMUNITY.

GOOD we must love, and must hate ill,
For ill is ill, and good good still;
  But there are things indifferent,
Which we may neither hate, nor love,
But one, and then another prove,
  As we shall find our fancy bent.

If then at first wise Nature had
Made women either good or bad,
  Then some we might hate, and some choose;
But since she did them so create,
That we may neither love, nor hate,
  Only this rests, all all may use.

If they were good, it would be seen;
Good is as visible as green,
  And to all eyes itself betrays.
If they were bad, they could not last;
Bad doth itself and others waste;
  So they deserve nor blame, nor praise.

But they are ours as fruits are ours;
He that but tastes, he that devours,
  And he that leaves all, doth as well;
Changed loves are but changed sorts of meat;
And when he hath the kernel eat,
  Who doth not fling away the shell?

l. 4. So 1635; 1633, *these are*
l. 12. 1669, *all men*

LOVE'S GROWTH.

I SCARCE believe my love to be so pure
As I had thought it was,
Because it doth endure
Vicissitude, and season, as the grass;
Methinks I lied all winter, when I swore
My love was infinite, if spring make it more.

But if this medicine, love, which cures all sorrow
With more, not only be no quintessence,
But mix'd of all stuffs, vexing soul, or sense,
And of the sun his active vigour borrow,
Love's not so pure, and abstract as they use
To say, which have no mistress but their Muse;
But as all else, being elemented too,
Love sometimes would contemplate, sometimes do.

And yet no greater, but more eminent,
Love by the spring is grown;
As in the firmament
Stars by the sun are not enlarged, but shown,
Gentle love deeds, as blossoms on a bough,
From love's awaken'd root do bud out now.

l. 9. So 1635; 1633, *paining*
l. 10. So 1635; 1633, *working vigour*

If, as in water stirr'd more circles be
Produced by one, love such additions take,
Those like so many spheres but one heaven make,
For they are all concentric unto thee ;
And though each spring do add to love new heat,
As princes do in times of action get
New taxes, and remit them not in peace,
No winter shall abate this spring's increase.

LOVE'S EXCHANGE.

LOVE, any devil else but you
Would for a given soul give something too.
At court your fellows every day
Give th' art of rhyming, huntsmanship, or play,
For them which were their own before ;
Only I have nothing, which gave more,
But am, alas ! by being lowly, lower.

I ask no dispensation now,
To falsify a tear, or sigh, or vow ;
I do not sue from thee to draw
A *non obstante* on nature's law ;
These are prerogatives, they inhere
In thee and thine ; none should forswear
Except that he Love's minion were.

l. 28. So 1635 : 1633, *the spring's*
l. 9. 1669, *a sigh, a vow*

Give me thy weakness, make me blind,
Both ways, as thou and thine, in eyes and mind;
Love, let me never know that this
Is love, or, that love childish is;
Let me not know that others know
That she knows my pains, lest that so
A tender shame make me mine own new woe.

If thou give nothing, yet thou 'rt just,
Because I would not thy first motions trust;
Small towns which stand stiff, till great shot
Enforce them, by war's law condition not;
Such in Love's warfare is my case;
I may not article for grace,
Having put Love at last to show this face.

This face, by which he could command
And change th' idolatry of any land,
This face, which, wheresoe'er it comes,
Can call vow'd men from cloisters, dead from tombs,
And melt both poles at once, and store
Deserts with cities, and make more
Mines in the earth, than quarries were before.

For this Love is enraged with me,
Yet kills not; if I must example be
To future rebels, if th' unborn
Must learn by my being cut up and torn,
Kill, and dissect me, Love; for this
Torture against thine own end is;
Rack'd carcasses make ill anatomies.

l. 28 1669, *his face*.

CONFINED LOVE.

SOME man unworthy to be possessor
Of old or new love, himself being false or weak,
Thought his pain and shame would be lesser,
If on womankind he might his anger wreak;
And thence a law did grow,
One might but one man know;
But are other creatures so?

Are sun, moon, or stars by law forbidden
To smile where they list, or lend away their light?
Are birds divorced or are they chidden
If they leave their mate, or lie abroad a night?
Beasts do no jointures lose
Though they new lovers choose;
But we are made worse than those.

Whoe'er rigg'd fair ships to lie in harbours,
And not to seek lands, or not to deal with all?
Or built fair houses, set trees, and arbours,
Only to lock up, or else to let them fall?
Good is not good, unless
A thousand it possess,
But doth waste with greediness.

l. 3. 1669, *this pain*
l. 9. 1669, *bend away*
l. 11. 1650, *meate*, 1669, *meat*
l. 11. 1669, *all night*
l. 15. So 1669: 1633, *ship*
l. 16. 1669, *to seek new lands*
l. 17. 1650, *build*

THE DREAM.

DEAR love, for nothing less than thee
Would I have broke this happy dream;
It was a theme
For reason, much too strong for fantasy.
Therefore thou waked'st me wisely; yet
My dream thou brokest not, but continued'st it.
Thou art so true that thoughts of thee suffice
To make dreams truths, and fables histories;
Enter these arms, for since thou thought'st it best,
Not to dream all my dream, let's act the rest.

As lightning, or a taper's light,
Thine eyes, and not thy noise waked me;
Yet I thought thee
—For thou lovest truth—an angel, at first sight;
But when I saw thou saw'st my heart,
And knew'st my thoughts beyond an angel's art,
When thou knew'st what I dreamt, when thou knew'st
when
Excess of joy would wake me, and camest then,
I must confess, it could not choose but be
Profane, to think thee any thing but thee.

l. 6. 1669, *break'st . . . continuest*
l. 7. So 1635; 1633, *so truth*
l. 17. 1669, *then thou knew'st*

Coming and staying show'd thee, thee,
But rising makes me doubt, that now
Thou art not thou.
That love is weak where fear's as strong as he;
'Tis not all spirit, pure and brave,
If mixture it of fear, shame, honour have;
Perchance as torches, which must ready be,
Men light and put out, so thou deal'st with me;
Thou camest to kindle, go'st to come; then I
Will dream that hope again, but else would die.

A VALEDICTION OF WEEPING.

Let me pour forth
My tears before thy face, whilst I stay here,
For thy face coins them, and thy stamp they bear,
And by this mintage they are something worth.
For thus they be
Pregnant of thee;
Fruits of much grief they are, emblems of more;
When a tear falls, that thou fall'st which it bore;
So thou and I are nothing then, when on a divers shore.

l. 24. 1669, *fears are* l. 29. 1669, *com'st*

On a round ball
A workman, that hath copies by, can lay
An Europe, Afric, and an Asia,
And quickly make that, which was nothing, all.
So doth each tear,
Which thee doth wear,
A globe, yea world, by that impression grow,
Till thy tears mix'd with mine do overflow
This world, by waters sent from thee, my heaven dissolvèd so.

O! more than moon,
Draw not up seas to drown me in thy sphere;
Weep me not dead, in thine arms, but forbear
To teach the sea, what it may do too soon;
Let not the wind
Example find
To do me more harm than it purposeth:
Since thou and I sigh one another's breath,
Whoe'er sighs most is cruellest, and hastes the other's death.

l. 20. 1669, *thy seas*

LOVE'S ALCHEMY.

SOME that have deeper digg'd love's mine than I,
Say, where his centric happiness doth lie.
I have loved, and got, and told,
But should I love, get, tell, till I were old,
I should not find that hidden mystery.
O! 'tis imposture all;
And as no chemic yet th' elixir got,
But glorifies his pregnant pot,
If by the way to him befall
Some odoriferous thing, or medicinal,
So, lovers dream a rich and long delight,
But get a winter-seeming summer's night.

Our ease, our thrift, our honour, and our day,
Shall we for this vain bubble's shadow pay?
Ends love in this, that my man
Can be as happy as I can, if he can
Endure the short scorn of a bridegroom's play?
That loving wretch that swears,
'Tis not the bodies marry, but the minds,
Which he in her angelic finds,
Would swear as justly, that he hears,
In that day's rude hoarse minstrelsy, the spheres.
Hope not for mind in women; at their best,
Sweetness and wit they are, but mummy, possess'd.

THE CURSE.

WHOEVER guesses, thinks, or dreams, he knows
Who is my mistress, wither by this curse;
Him, only for his purse,
May some dull whore to love dispose,
And then yield unto all that are his foes;
May he be scorn'd by one, whom all else scorn,
Forswear to others, what to her he hath sworn,
With fear of missing, shame of getting, torn.

Madness his sorrow, gout his cramps, may he
Make, by but thinking who hath made them such;
And may he feel no touch
Of conscience, but of fame, and be
Anguish'd, not that 'twas sin, but that 'twas she;
Or may he for her virtue reverence
One that hates him only for impotence,
And equal traitors be she and his sense.

l. 3. So 1669; 1633, *His only, and only his purse*
l. 4. So 1669; 1633, *dull heart*
l. 5. So 1669; 1633, *she yield then to*
l. 9. So 1669; 1633, *cramp*
l. 10. So 1669; 1633, *him such*
ll. 14-17. So 1635; 1633,

In early and long scarceness may he rot,
For land which had been his, if he had not
Himself incestuously an heir begot.

May he dream treason, and believe that he
Meant to perform it, and confess, and die,
And no record tell why;
His sons, which none of his may be,
Inherit nothing but his infamy;
Or may he so long parasites have fed,
That he would fain be theirs whom he hath bred,
And at the last be circumcised for bread.

The venom of all stepdames, gamesters' gall,
What tyrants and their subjects interwish,
What plants, mine, beasts, fowl, fish,
Can contribute, all in', which all
Prophets or poets spake, and all which shall
Be annex'd in schedules unto this by me,
Fall on that man; for if it be a she
Nature beforehand hath out-cursèd me.

THE MESSAGE.

SEND home my long stray'd eyes to me,
Which, O! too long have dwelt on thee;
Yet since there they have learn'd such ill,
Such forced fashions,
And false passions,
That they be
Made by thee
Fit for no good sight, keep them still.

l. 3. 1669, *But if*

Send home my harmless heart again,
Which no unworthy thought could stain;
But if it be taught by thine
To make jestings
Of protestings,
And break both
Word and oath,
Keep it, for then 'tis none of mine.

Yet send me back my heart and eyes,
That I may know, and see thy lies,
And may laugh and joy, when thou
Art in anguish
And dost languish
For some one
That will none,
Or prove as false as thou art now.

l. 16. 1669, *Keep it still, 'tis*
l. 24. 1669, *dost now*

A NOCTURNAL UPON ST. LUCY'S DAY, BEING THE SHORTEST DAY.

'Tis the year's midnight, and it is the day's,
Lucy's, who scarce seven hours herself unmasks;
The sun is spent, and now his flasks
Send forth light squibs, no constant rays;
The world's whole sap is sunk;
The general balm th' hydroptic earth hath drunk,
Whither, as to the bed's-feet, life is shrunk,
Dead and interr'd; yet all these seem to laugh,
Compared with me, who am their epitaph.

Study me then, you who shall lovers be
At the next world, that is, at the next spring;
For I am a very dead thing,
In whom Love wrought new alchemy.
For his art did express
A quintessence even from nothingness,
From dull privations, and lean emptiness;
He ruin'd me, and I am re-begot
Of absence, darkness, death—things which are not.

l. 12. So 1635; 1633, *every dead thing*

All others, from all things, draw all that's good,
Life, soul, form, spirit, whence they being have;
I, by Love's limbec, am the grave
Of all, that's nothing. Oft a flood
Have we two wept, and so
Drown'd the whole world, us two; oft did we grow,
To be two chaoses, when we did show
Care to aught else; and often absences
Withdrew our souls, and made us carcasses.

But I am by her death—which word wrongs her—
Of the first nothing the elixir grown;
Were I a man, that I were one
I needs must know; I should prefer,
If I were any beast,
Some ends, some means; yea plants, yea stones detest,
And love; all, all some properties invest.
If I an ordinary nothing were,
As shadow, a light, and body must be here.

But I am none; nor will my sun renew.
You lovers, for whose sake the lesser sun
At this time to the Goat is run
To fetch new lust, and give it you,
Enjoy your summer all,
Since she enjoys her long night's festival.
Let me prepare towards her, and let me call
This hour her vigil, and her eve, since this
Both the year's and the day's deep midnight is.

WITCHCRAFT BY A PICTURE.

I FIX mine eye on thine, and there
  Pity my picture burning in thine eye;
My picture drown'd in a transparent tear,
  When I look lower I espy;
    Hadst thou the wicked skill
By pictures made and marr'd, to kill,
How many ways mightst thou perform thy will?

But now I've drunk thy sweet salt tears,
  And though thou pour more, I'll depart;
My picture vanished, vanish all fears
  That I can be endamaged by that art;
    Though thou retain of me
One picture more, yet that will be,
Being in thine own heart, from all malice free.

THE BAIT.

COME live with me, and be my love,
And we will some new pleasures prove
Of golden sands, and crystal brooks,
With silken lines and silver hooks.

l. 9, 1669, *Although*

l. 10. So 1635; 1633, *My picture vanish'd, vanish fears* 1669, *My picture vanish, vanish fears*

There will the river whisp'ring run
Warm'd by thy eyes, more than the sun;
And there th' enamour'd fish will stay,
Begging themselves they may betray.

When thou wilt swim in that live bath,
Each fish, which every channel hath,
Will amorously to thee swim,
Gladder to catch thee, than thou him.

If thou, to be so seen, be'st loth,
By sun or moon, thou dark'nest both,
And if myself have leave to see,
I need not their light, having thee.

Let others freeze with angling reeds,
And cut their legs with shells and weeds,
Or treacherously poor fish beset,
With strangling snare, or windowy net.

Let coarse bold hands from slimy nest
The bedded fish in banks out-wrest;
Or curious traitors, sleeve-silk flies,
Bewitch poor fishes' wand'ring eyes.

l. 6. 1669, *thine* l. 7. Walton, *enamelled*
l. 7. 1669, *play*
l. 11. Walton. *Most amorously to thee will swim*
l. 15. Walton, *mine eyes*
l. 18. So 1635, Walton; 1633, *which shells*
l. 20. 1669, *winding* l. 20. Walton, *snares*
l. 23. Walton, *Let*
l. 23. So 1635; 1633, *sleeve sick*
l. 24. Walton, *To witch poor wand'ring fishes' eyes*

For thee, thou need'st no such deceit,
For thou thyself art thine own bait:
That fish, that is not catch'd thereby,
Alas! is wiser far than I.

THE APPARITION.

WHEN by thy scorn, O murd'ress, I am dead,
And that thou think'st thee free
From all solicitation from me,
Then shall my ghost come to thy bed,
And thee, feign'd vestal, in worse arms shall see:
Then thy sick taper will begin to wink,
And he, whose thou art then, being tired before,
Will, if thou stir, or pinch to wake him, think
Thou call'st for more,
And, in false sleep, will from thee shrink:
And then, poor aspen wretch, neglected thou
Bathed in a cold quicksilver sweat wilt lie
A verier ghost than I.
What I will say, I will not tell thee now,
Lest that preserve thee; and since my love is spent,
I'd rather thou shouldst painfully repent,
Than by my threatenings rest still innocent.

l. 28. Walton, *Is wiser far, alas*
l. 2. 1669, *thou shalt think* l. 7. 1669 omits *then*
l. 10. 1635, *in false sleep, from thee.* 1669, *in a false sleep, even from thee*

THE BROKEN HEART.

He is stark mad, whoever says,
That he hath been in love an hour,
Yet not that love so soon decays,
But that it can ten in less space devour;
Who will believe me, if I swear
That I have had the plague a year?
Who would not laugh at me, if I should say
I saw a flash of powder burn a day?

Ah, what a trifle is a heart,
If once into love's hands it come!
All other griefs allow a part
To other griefs, and ask themselves but some;
They come to us, but us love draws;
He swallows us and never chaws;
By him, as by chain'd shot, whole ranks do die;
He is the tyrant pike, our hearts the fry.

If 'twere not so, what did become
Of my heart when I first saw thee?
I brought a heart into the room,
But from the room I carried none with me.
If it had gone to thee, I know
Mine would have taught thine heart to show
More pity unto me; but Love, alas!
At one first blow did shiver it as glass.

l. 8. So 1635; 1633, *flask*
l. 16. 1669, *and we the fry*

Yet nothing can to nothing fall,
  Nor any place be empty quite;
Therefore I think my breast hath all
  Those pieces still, though they be not unite;
And now, as broken glasses show
A hundred lesser faces, so
  My rags of heart can like, wish, and adore,
  But after one such love, can love no more.

A VALEDICTION FORBIDDING MOURNING.

As virtuous men pass mildly away,
  And whisper to their souls to go,
Whilst some of their sad friends do say,
  "Now his breath goes," and some say, "No."

So let us melt, and make no noise,
  No tear-floods, nor sigh-tempests move;
'Twere profanation of our joys
  To tell the laity our love.

Moving of th' earth brings harms and fears;
  Men reckon what it did, and meant;
But trepidation of the spheres,
  Though greater far, is innocent.

l. 4. So 1669; 1633, *The breath goes now*

Dull sublunary lovers' love
—Whose soul is sense—cannot admit
Of absence, 'cause it doth remove
The thing which elemented it.

But we by a love so far refined,
That ourselves know not what it is,
Inter-assurèd of the mind,
Care less eyes, lips and hands to miss.

Our two souls therefore, which are one,
Though I must go, endure not yet
A breach, but an expansion,
Like gold to airy thinness beat.

If they be two, they are two so
As stiff twin compasses are two;
Thy soul, the fix'd foot, makes no show
To move, but doth, if th' other do.

And though it in the centre sit,
Yet, when the other far doth roam,
It leans, and hearkens after it,
And grows erect, as that comes home.

Such wilt thou be to me, who must,
Like th' other foot, obliquely run;
Thy firmness makes my circle just,
And makes me end where I begun.

l. 15. So 1669; 1633, *Absence, because*
l. 16. So 1669; 1633, *Those things*
l. 17. So 1669; 1633, *so much*
l. 20. So 1669; 1633, *eyes, lips, hands*

THE ECSTACY.

WHERE, like a pillow on a bed,
A pregnant bank swell'd up, to rest
The violet's reclining head,
Sat we two, one another's best.

Our hands were firmly cemented
By a fast balm, which thence did spring;
Our eye-beams twisted, and did thread
Our eyes upon one double string.

So to engraft our hands, as yet
Was all the means to make us one;
And pictures in our eyes to get
Was all our propagation.

As, 'twixt two equal armies, Fate
Suspends uncertain victory,
Our souls—which to advance their state,
Were gone out—hung 'twixt her and me.

And whilst our souls negotiate there,
We like sepulchral statues lay;
All day, the same our postures were,
And we said nothing, all the day.

l. 3. 1669, *declining*
l. 4. 1669, *on one another's breasts*
l. 9. So 1635; 1633, *to intergraft*
l. 15. 1635, *our state*

If any, so by love refined,
That he soul's language understood,
And by good love were grown all mind,
Within convenient distance stood,

He—though he knew not which soul spake,
Because both meant, both spake the same—
Might thence a new concoction take,
And part far purer than he came.

This ecstacy doth unperplex
(We said) and tell us what we love ; 30
We see by this, it was not sex ;
We see, we saw not, what did move :

But as all several souls contain
Mixture of things they know not what,
Love these mix'd souls doth mix again,
And makes both one, each this, and that.

A single violet transplant,
The strength, the colour, and the size—
All which before was poor and scant—
Redoubles still, and multiplies. 40

When love with one another so
Interanimates two souls,
That abler soul, which thence doth flow,
Defects of loneliness controls.

l. 25. So 1635 ; 1633 *knows not* l. 29. 1669, *do*
l. 44. 1669, *loveliness*

We then, who are this new soul, know,
Of what we are composed, and made,
For th' atomies of which we grow
Are souls, whom no change can invade.

But, O alas! so long, so far,
Our bodies why do we forbear?
They are ours, though not we; we are
Th' intelligences, they the spheres.

We owe them thanks, because they thus
Did us, to us, at first convey,
Yielded their senses' force to us,
Nor are dross to us, but allay.

On man heaven's influence works not so,
But that it first imprints the air;
For soul into the soul may flow,
Though it to body first repair.

As our blood labours to beget
Spirits, as like souls as it can;
Because such fingers need to knit
That subtle knot, which makes us man;

So must pure lovers' souls descend
To affections, and to faculties,
Which sense may reach and apprehend,
Else a great prince in prison lies.

l. 48. 1650, *soul*

To our bodies turn we then, that so
Weak men on love reveal'd may look;
Love's mysteries in souls do grow,
But yet the body is his book.

And if some lover, such as we,
Have heard this dialogue of one,
Let him still mark us, he shall see
Small change when we're to bodies gone.

LOVE'S DEITY.

I LONG to talk with some old lover's ghost,
Who died before the god of love was born.
I cannot think that he, who then loved most,
Sunk so low as to love one which did scorn.
But since this god produced a destiny,
And that vice-nature, custom, lets it be,
I must love her that loves not me.

Sure, they which made him god, meant not so much,
Nor he in his young godhead practised it.
But when an even flame two hearts did touch,
His office was indulgently to fit
Actives to passives. Correspondency
Only his subject was; it cannot be
Love, till I love her, who loves me.

l. 72. 1669, *the book* l. 76. 1635, *grown*
l. 14. 1635, *if I love, who loves not me;* 1669, *till I love her, that loves me*

But every modern god will now extend
His vast prerogative as far as Jove.
To rage, to lust, to write to, to commend
All is the purlieu of the god of love.
O! were we waken'd by this tyranny
To ungod this child again, it could not be
I should love her, who loves not me.

Rebel and atheist too, why murmur I,
As though I felt the worst that love could do?
Love may make me leave loving, or might try
A deeper plague, to make her love me too;
Which, since she loves before, I'm loth to see.
Falsehood is worse than hate; and that must be,
If she whom I love, should love me.

LOVE'S DIET.

To what a cumbersome unwieldiness
And burdenous corpulence my love had grown,
But that I did, to make it less,
And keep it in proportion,
Give it a diet, made it feed upon
That which love worst endures, discretion.

l. 19. 1669, *Were we not weakened*

Above one sigh a day I allow'd him not,
Of which my fortune, and my faults had part;
And if sometimes by stealth he got
A she sigh from my mistress' heart,
And thought to feast on that, I let him see
'Twas neither very sound, nor meant to me.

If he wrung from me a tear, I brined it so
With scorn or shame, that him it nourish'd not;
If he suck'd hers, I let him know
'Twas not a tear which he had got;
His drink was counterfeit, as was his meat;
For eyes, which roll towards all, weep not, but sweat.

Whatever he would dictate I writ that,
But burnt her letters when she writ to me;
And if that favour made him fat,
I said, "If any title be
Convey'd by this, ah! what doth it avail,
To be the fortieth name in an entail?"

l. 18. 1669, *Her eyes*

l. 19. So 1633, 1669; 1650, *Whate'er might him distaste, I still writ that*

l. 20. So 1635; 1633, *my letters;* 1669, *my letters which she writ*

l. 21. So 1635; 1633, *that that*

l. 24. 1669, *fortieth man*

Thus I reclaim'd my buzzard love, to flie
At what, and when, and how, and where I choose.
Now negligent of sports I lie,
And now, as other falconers use,
I spring a mistress, swear, write, sigh, and weep;
And the game kill'd, or lost, go talk or sleep.

THE WILL.

Before I sigh my last gasp, let me breathe
Great Love, some legacies; I here bequeath
Mine eyes to Argus, if mine eyes can see;
If they be blind, then, Love, I give them thee;
My tongue to Fame; to ambassadors mine ears;
To women or the sea, my tears:
Thou, Love, hast taught me heretofore
By making me serve her who had twenty more,
That I should give to none, but such as had too much before.

My constancy I to the planets give;
My truth to them who at the court do live;
Mine ingenuity and openness,
To Jesuits; to buffoons my pensiveness;
My silence to any, who abroad hath been;
My money to a Capuchin:
Thou, Love, taught'st me, by appointing me
To love there, where no love received can be,
Only to give to such as have an incapacity.

l. 27. 1635, *sport*
l. 14. 1669, *have*
l. 30. So 1635; 1633, *and sleep*
l. 18. 1669, *no good capacity*

My faith I give to Roman Catholics;
All my good works unto the Schismatics
Of Amsterdam; my best civility
And courtship to an University;
My modesty I give to soldiers bare;
My patience let gamesters share:
Thou, Love, taught'st me, by making me
Love her that holds my love disparity,
Only to give to those that count my gifts indignity.

I give my reputation to those
Which were my friends; mine industry to foes;
To schoolmen I bequeath my doubtfulness;
My sickness to physicians, or excess;
To nature all that I in rhyme have writ;
And to my company my wit:
Thou, Love, by making me adore
Her, who begot this love in me before,
Taught'st me to make, as though I gave, when I do but restore.

To him for whom the passing-bell next tolls,
I give my physic books; my written rolls
Of moral counsels I to Bedlam give;
My brazen medals unto them which live
In want of bread; to them which pass among
All foreigners, mine English tongue:
Thou, Love, by making me love one
Who thinks her friendship a fit portion
For younger lovers, dost my gifts thus disproportion.

l. 36. So 1635; 1633, *did but*

Therefore I'll give no more, but I'll undo
The world by dying, because love dies too.
Then all your beauties will be no more worth
Than gold in mines, where none doth draw it forth;
And all your graces no more use shall have,
Than a sun-dial in a grave:
Thou, Love, taught'st me by making me
Love her who doth neglect both me and thee,
To invent, and practise this one way, to annihil—
all three.

THE FUNERAL.

WHOEVER comes to shroud me, do not harm,
Nor question much,
That subtle wreath of hair, which crowns my arm;
The mystery, the sign you must not touch;
For 'tis my outward soul,
Viceroy to that, which unto heaven being gone,
Will leave this to control
And keep these limbs, her provinces, from dissolution.

For if the sinewy thread my brain lets fall
Through every part
Can tie those parts, and make me one of all,
Those hairs which upward grew, and strength and art

l. 54. 1669, *to annihilate thee*
l. 3. 1669, *about mine arm*
l. 12. 1650, *grow*

Have from a better brain,
Can better do 't; except she meant that I
By this should know my pain,
As prisoners then are manacled, when they're condemn'd to die.

Whate'er she meant by it, bury it with me,
For since I am
Love's martyr, it might breed idolatry,
If into other hands these relics came.
As 'twas humility
To afford to it all that a soul can do,
So 'tis some bravery,
That since you would have none of me, I bury some of you.

THE BLOSSOM.

LITTLE think'st thou, poor flower,
Whom I've watch'd six or seven days,
And seen thy birth, and seen what every hour
Gave to thy growth, thee to this height to raise,
And now dost laugh and triumph on this bough,
Little think'st thou,
That it will freeze anon, and that I shall
To-morrow find thee fallen, or not at all.

Little think'st thou, poor heart,
That labourest yet to nestle thee,
And think'st by hovering here to get a part
In a forbidden or forbidding tree,
And hopest her stiffness by long siege to bow,
Little think'st thou,
That thou to-morrow, ere that sun doth wake,
Must with this sun and me a journey take.

But thou which lovest to be
Subtle to plague thyself, wilt say,
Alas! if you must go, what's that to me?
Here lies my business, and here I will stay;
You go to friends, whose love and means present
Various content
To your eyes, ears, and taste, and every part;
If then your body go, what need your heart?

l. 10. So 1635; 1633, *labours*
l. 15. 1635, *the sun*

Well then, stay here; but know,
When thou hast stay'd and done thy most,
A naked thinking heart, that makes no show,
Is to a woman but a kind of ghost.
How shall she know my heart; or having none,
Know thee for one?
Practice may make her know some other part;
But take my word, she doth not know a heart.

Meet me at London, then,
Twenty days hence, and thou shalt see
Me fresher, and more fat, by being with men,
Than if I had stay'd still with her and thee.
For God's sake, if you can, be you so too;
I will give you
There to another friend, whom we shall find
As glad to have my body as my mind.

THE PRIMROSE, BEING AT MONTGOMERY CASTLE UPON THE HILL, ON WHICH IT IS SITUATE.

Upon this Primrose hill,
Where, if heaven would distil
A shower of rain, each several drop might go
To his own primrose, and grow manna so;
And where their form, and their infinity
Make a terrestrial galaxy,
As the small stars do in the sky;
I walk to find a true love; and I see
That 'tis not a mere woman, that is she,
But must or more or less than woman be.

Yet know I not, which flower
I wish; a six, or four;
For should my true-love less than woman be,
She were scarce anything; and then, should she
Be more than woman, she would get above
All thought of sex, and think to move
My heart to study her, and not to love.
Both these were monsters; since there must reside
Falsehood in woman, I could more abide,
She were by art, than nature falsified.

Live, primrose, then, and thrive
With thy true number five;
And, woman, whom this flower doth represent,
With this mysterious number be content;
Ten is the farthest number; if half ten
Belongs unto each woman, then
Each woman may take half us men;
Or—if this will not serve their turn—since all
Numbers are odd, or even, and they fall
First into five, women may take us all.

l. 28. 1650, *the turn* l. 29. 1635, *since they fall*
l. 30. So 1635; 1633, *this five*

THE RELIC.

When my grave is broke up again
Some second guest to entertain,
—For graves have learn'd that woman-head,
To be to more than one a bed—
And he that digs it, spies
A bracelet of bright hair about the bone,
Will not he let us alone,
And think that there a loving couple lies,
Who thought that this device might be some way
To make their souls at the last busy day
Meet at this grave, and make a little stay?

If this fall in a time, or land,
Where mass-devotion doth command,
Then he that digs us up will bring
Us to the bishop or the king,
To make us relics; then
Thou shalt be a Mary Magdalen, and I
A something else thereby;
All women shall adore us, and some men.
And, since at such time miracles are sought,
I would have that age by this paper taught
What miracles we harmless lovers wrought.

l. 13. So 1669; 1633, *mis-devotion*
l. 15. So 1669; 1633, *and the king*

First we loved well and faithfully,
Yet knew not what we loved, nor why ;
Difference of sex we never knew,
No more than guardian angels do ;
Coming and going we
Perchance might kiss, but not between those meals ;
Our hands ne'er touch'd the seals,
Which nature, injured by late law, sets free.
These miracles we did ; but now alas !
All measure, and all language, I should pass,
Should I tell what a miracle she was.

THE DAMP.

When I am dead, and doctors know not why,
And my friends' curiosity
Will have me cut up to survey each part,
When they shall find your picture in my heart,
You think a sudden damp of love
Will thorough all their senses move,
And work on them as me, and so prefer
Your murder to the name of massacre,

l. 25. So 1635 ; 1633, *no more we knew*
l. 26. So 1635 ; 1633, *Than our*
l. 28. 1669, *yet between* l. 30. 1669, *set free*
l. 4. 1669, *And*

Poor victories; but if you dare be brave,
And pleasure in your conquest have,
First kill th' enormous giant, your Disdain;
And let th' enchantress Honour, next be slain;
And like a Goth or Vandal rise,
Deface records and histories
Of your own arts and triumphs over men,
And without such advantage kill me then,

For I could muster up, as well as you,
My giants, and my witches too,
Which are vast Constancy and Secretness;
But these I neither look for nor profess;
Kill me as woman, let me die
As a mere man; do you but try
Your passive valour, and you shall find then,
Naked you have odds enough of any man.

l. 10. 1669, *the conquest*
l. 24. So 1635; 1633, *In that*

THE DISSOLUTION.

SHE's dead; and all which die
To their first elements resolve;
And we were mutual elements to us,
And made of one another.
My body then doth hers involve,
And those things whereof I consist hereby
In me abundant grow, and burdenous,
And nourish not, but smother.
My fire of passion, sighs of air,
Water of tears, and earthy sad despair,
Which my materials be,
But near worn out by love's security,
She, to my loss, doth by her death repair.
And I might live long wretched so,
But that my fire doth with my fuel grow.
Now, as those active kings
Whose foreign conquest treasure brings,
Receive more, and spend more, and soonest break,
This—which I am amazed that I can speak—
This death, hath with my store
My use increased.
And so my soul, more earnestly released,
Will outstrip hers; as bullets flown before
A later bullet may o'ertake, the powder being more.

l. 12. So 1635; 1633, *ne'r*

A JET RING SENT.

THOU art not so black as my heart,
Nor half so brittle as her heart, thou art;
What wouldst thou say? shall both our properties by thee be spoke,
—Nothing more, endless, nothing sooner broke?

Marriage rings are not of this stuff;
Oh, why should ought less precious, or less tough,
Figure our loves? except in thy name thou have bid it say
"—I'm cheap, and nought but fashion; fling me away."

Yet stay with me since thou art come,
Circle this finger's top, which didst her thumb;
Be justly proud, and gladly safe, that thou dost dwell with me;
She that, O! broke her faith, would soon break thee.

NEGATIVE LOVE.

I NEVER stoop'd so low, as they
Which on an eye, cheek, lip, can prey;
  Seldom to them which soar no higher
  Than virtue, or the mind to admire.
For sense and understanding may
  Know what gives fuel to their fire;
My love, though silly, is more brave;
For may I miss, whene'er I crave,
If I know yet what I would have.

If that be simply perfectest,
Which can by no way be express'd
  But negatives, my love is so.
  To all, which all love, I say no.
If any who deciphers best,
  What we know not—ourselves—can know,
Let him teach me that nothing. This
As yet my ease and comfort is,
Though I speed not, I cannot miss.

l. 11. 1669, *no means*

THE PROHIBITION.

TAKE heed of loving me;
At least remember, I forbade it thee;
Not that I shall repair my unthrifty waste
Of breath and blood, upon thy sighs and tears,
By being to thee then what to me thou wast;
But so great joy our life at once outwears.
Then, lest thy love by my death frustrate be,
If thou love me, take heed of loving me.

Take heed of hating me,
Or too much triumph in the victory;
Not that I shall be mine own officer,
And hate with hate again retaliate;
But thou wilt lose the style of conqueror,
If I, thy conquest, perish by thy hate.
Then, lest my being nothing lessen thee,
If thou hate me, take heed of hating me.

Yet love and hate me too;
So these extremes shall ne'er their office do;
Love me, that I may die the gentler way;
Hate me, because thy love's too great for me;

l. 3. 1669, *repay in unthrifty a waste*
l. 5. So 1635; 1633, *to me then that which thou wast*

Or let these two, themselves, not me, decay;
So shall I live thy stage, not triumph be.
Lest thou thy love and hate, and me undo,
O let me live, yet love and hate me too.

THE EXPIRATION.

So, so, break off this last lamenting kiss,
Which sucks two souls, and vapours both away;
Turn, thou ghost, that way, and let me turn this,
And let ourselves benight our happiest day.
We ask none leave to love; nor will we owe
Any so cheap a death as saying, "Go."

Go; and if that word have not quite killed thee,
Ease me with death, by bidding me go too.
Or, if it have, let my word work on me,
And a just office on a murderer do.
Except it be too late, to kill me so,
Being double dead, going, and bidding, "Go."

l. 22. So 1635; 1633, *thy stay*

l. 23. 1635, *Then lest thou thy love hate and me thou undo;* 1669, *Lest thou thy love, and hate, and me thou undo*

l. 24. So 1635; 1633, *O I love and hate*

l. 1. 1669, *So go*

THE COMPUTATION.

FOR my first twenty years, since yesterday,
I scarce believed thou couldst be gone away;
For forty more I fed on favours past,
And forty on hopes, that thou wouldst they might last;
Tears drown'd one hundred, and sighs blew out two;
A thousand, I did neither think, nor do,
Or not divide, all being one thought of you;
Or in a thousand more, forgot that too.
Yet call not this long life; but think that I
Am, by being dead, immortal; can ghosts die?

THE PARADOX.

No lover saith, I love, nor any other
Can judge a perfect lover;
He thinks that else none can or will agree,
That any loves but he;
I cannot say I loved, for who can say
He was kill'd yesterday.
Love with excess of heat, more young than old,
Death kills with too much cold;

l. 1. 1669, *From*
l. 3. 1669, *And*
l. 7. So 1633, 1669; 1635, *Or not deem'd*
l. 8. 1669, *forget*

We die but once, and who loved last did die,
He that saith, twice, doth lie;
For though he seem to move, and stir a while,
It doth the sense beguile.
Such life is like the light which bideth yet
When the life's light is set,
Or like the heat which fire in solid matter
Leaves behind, two hours after.
Once I loved and died; and am now become
Mine epitaph and tomb;
Here dead men speak their last, and so do I;
Love-slain, lo! here I die.

SONG.

Soul's joy, now I am gone,
And you alone,
—Which cannot be,
Since I must leave myself with thee,
And carry thee with me—
Yet when unto our eyes
Absence denies
Each other's sight,
And makes to us a constant night,
When others change to light;
O give no way to grief,
But let belief
Of mutual love
This wonder to the vulgar prove,
Our bodies, not we move.

l. 1. Lansd. MS. 777, *when*

Let not thy wit beweep
Words but sense deep;
For when we miss
By distance our hope's joining bliss,
Even then our souls shall kiss;
Fools have no means to meet,
But by their feet;
Why should our clay
Over our spirits so much sway,
To tie us to that way?
O give no way to grief, &c.

FAREWELL TO LOVE.

WHILST yet to prove
I thought there was some deity in love,
So did I reverence, and gave
Worship; as atheists at their dying hour
Call, what they cannot name, an unknown power,
As ignorantly did I crave.
Thus when
Things not yet known are coveted by men,
Our desires give them fashion, and so
As they wax lesser, fall, as they size, grow.

l. 17. Lansd. MS., 777, *Wounds*
l. 18. Lansd. MS., 777, *while*
l. 19. Lansd. MS., 777, *our lives*
l. 26. Lansd. MS., 777 omits the second refrain

But, from late fair,
His highness sitting in a golden chair
Is not less cared for after three days
By children, than the thing which lovers so
Blindly admire, and with such worship woo;
Being had, enjoying it decays;
And thence,
What before pleased them all, takes but one sense,
And that so lamely, as it leaves behind
A kind of sorrowing dullness to the mind.

Ah, cannot we,
As well as cocks and lions, jocund be
After such pleasures, unless wise
Nature decreed—since each such act, they say,
Diminisheth the length of life a day—
This; as she would man should despise
The sport,
Because that other curse of being short,
And only for a minute made to be
Eager, desires to raise posterity.

Since so, my mind
Shall not desire what no man else can find;
I'll no more dote and run
To pursue things which had endamaged me;
And when I come where moving beauties be,
As men do when the summer's sun
Grows great,
Though I admire their greatness, shun their heat.
Each place can afford shadows; if all fail,
'Tis but applying worm-seed to the tail.

A LECTURE UPON THE SHADOW.

STAND still, and I will read to thee
A lecture, Love, in Love's philosophy.
These three hours that we have spent,
Walking here, two shadows went
Along with us, which we ourselves produced.
But, now the sun is just above our head,
We do those shadows tread,
And to brave clearness all things are reduced.
So whilst our infant loves did grow,
Disguises did, and shadows, flow,
From us and our cares ; but now 'tis not so.

That love has not attain'd the highest degree,
Which is still diligent lest others see.

Except our loves at this noon stay,
We shall new shadows make the other way.
As the first were made to blind
Others, these which come behind
Will work upon ourselves, and blind our eyes.
If our loves faint, and westwardly decline,
To me thou, falsely, thine
And I to thee mine actions shall disguise.
The morning shadows wear away,
But these grow longer all the day ;
But O ! love's day is short, if love decay.

Love is a growing, or full constant light,
And his short minute, after noon, is night.

l. 9. 1669, *love*

A DIALOGUE BETWEEN SIR HENRY WOTTON AND MR. DONNE.

[W.]

If her disdain least change in you can move,
You do not love,
For when that hope gives fuel to the fire,
You sell desire.
Love is not love, but given free;
And so is mine; so should yours be.

[D.]

Her heart, that weeps to hear of others' moan,
To mine is stone.
Her eyes, that weep a stranger's eyes to see,
Joy to wound me.
Yet I so well affect each part,
As—caused by them—I love my smart.

[W.]

Say her disdainings justly must be graced
With name of chaste;
And that she frowns lest longing should exceed,
And raging breed;
So her disdains can ne'er offend,
Unless self-love take private end.

l. 3. So 1669; 1635, *the hope*

[D.]

'Tis love breeds love in me, and cold disdain
Kills that again,
As water causeth fire to fret and fume,
Till all consume.
Who can of love more rich gift make,
Than to Love's self for love's own sake?

I'll never dig in quarry of an heart
To have no part,
Nor roast in fiery eyes, which always are
Canicular.
Who this way would a lover prove,
May show his patience, not his love.

A frown may be sometimes for physic good,
But not for food;
And for that raging humour there is sure
A gentler cure.
Why bar you love of private end,
Which never should to public tend?

THE TOKEN.

SEND me some tokens, that my hope may live
Or that my easeless thoughts may sleep and rest;
Send me some honey, to make sweet my hive,
That in my passions I may hope the best.

l. 24. So 1669; 1635, *Than to love self for love's sake* 1650, *Than to love self-love for love's sake*
l. 27. So 1669; 1635, *rest*

I beg nor ribbon wrought with thine own hands,
To knit our loves in the fantastic strain
Of new-touch'd youth; nor ring to show the stands
Of our affection, that, as that's round and plain,
So should our loves meet in simplicity;
No, nor the corals, which thy wrist enfold,
Laced up together in congruity,
To show our thoughts should rest in the same hold;
No, nor thy picture, though most gracious,
And most desired, 'cause 'tis like the best
Nor witty lines, which are most copious,
Within the writings which thou hast address'd.
Send me nor this nor that, to increase my score,
But swear thou think'st I love thee, and no more.

SELF-LOVE.

He that cannot choose but love,
And strives against it still,
Never shall my fancy move,
For he loves against his will;
Nor he which is all his own,
And cannot pleasure choose;
When I am caught he can be gone,
And when he list refuse;
Nor he that loves none but fair,
For such by all are sought;

l. 14. So 1669; 1650, *like thee best*

Nor he that can for foul ones care,
For his judgment then is nought;
Nor he that hath wit, for he
Will make me his jest or slave;
Nor a fool when others ——
He can neither ——
Nor he that still his mistress prays,
For she is thrall'd therefore;
Nor he that pays, not, for he says
Within, she's worth no more.
Is there then no kind of men
Whom I may freely prove?
I will vent that humour then
In mine own self-love.

LIBRARY OF THE BOMBAY BRANCH OF THE ROYAL ASIATIC SOCIETY

EPITHALAMIONS,

OR,

MARRIAGE SONGS.

AN EPITHALAMION, OR MARRIAGE SONG ON THE LADY ELIZABETH AND COUNT PALATINE BEING MARRIED ON ST. VALENTINE'S DAY.

I.

HAIL Bishop Valentine, whose day this is;
All the air is thy diocese,
And all the chirping choristers
And other birds are thy parishioners;
Thou marriest every year
The lyric lark, and the grave whispering dove,
The sparrow that neglects his life for love,
The household bird with the red stomacher;
Thou makest the blackbird speed as soon,
As doth the goldfinch, or the halcyon;
The husband cock looks out, and straight is sped,
And meets his wife, which brings her feather-bed.
This day more cheerfully than ever shine;
This day, which might inflame thyself, old Valentine.

II.

Till now, thou warm'd'st with multiplying loves
Two larks, two sparrows, or two doves;
All that is nothing unto this;
For thou this day couplest two phœnixes;
Thou makst a taper see
What the sun never saw, and what the ark
—Which was of fowls and beasts the cage and park—
Did not contain, one bed contains, through thee;
Two phœnixes, whose joined breasts
Are unto one another mutual nests,
Where motion kindles such fires as shall give
Young phœnixes, and yet the old shall live;
Whose love and courage never shall decline,
But make the whole year through, thy day, O Valentine.

III.

Up then, fair phœnix bride, frustrate the sun;
Thyself from thine affection
Takest warmth enough, and from thine eye
All lesser birds will take their jollity.
Up, up, fair bride, and call
Thy stars from out their several boxes, take
Thy rubies, pearls, and diamonds forth, and make
Thyself a constellation of them all;
And by their blazing signify
That a great princess falls, but doth not die.
Be thou a new star, that to us portends
Ends of much wonder; and be thou those ends.

l. 21. 1650, *fowl*

Since thou dost this day in new glory shine,
May all men date records from this day, Valentine.

IV.

Come forth, come forth, and as one glorious flame
Meeting another grows the same,
So meet thy Frederick, and so
To an inseparable union go,
Since separation
Falls not on such things as are infinite,
Nor things, which are but one, can disunite.
You're twice inseparable, great, and one;
Go then to where the bishop stays,
To make you one, his way, which divers ways
Must be effected; and when all is past,
And that you're one, by hearts and hands made fast,
You two have one way left, yourselves to entwine,
Besides this bishop's knot, of Bishop Valentine.

V.

But O, what ails the sun, that here he stays,
Longer to-day than other days?
Stays he new light from these to get?
And finding here such stars, is loth to set?
And why do you two walk,
So slowly paced in this procession?
Is all your care but to be look'd upon,
And be to others spectacle and talk?

l. 42. So 1669; 1633, *from this thy*
l. 56. So 1669; 1633, *O Bishop Valentine*
l. 60. So 1635; 1633, *such store*

The feast with gluttonous delays
Is eaten, and too long their meat they praise;
The masquers come late, and I think, will stay,
Like fairies, till the cock crow them away.
Alas! did not antiquity assign
A night as well as day, to thee, old Valentine?

VI.

They did, and night is come; and yet we see
Formalities retarding thee.
What mean these ladies, which—as though
They were to take a clock in pieces—go
So nicely about the bride?
A bride, before a "Good-night" could be said,
Should vanish from her clothes into her bed,
As souls from bodies steal, and are not spied.
But now she's laid; what though she be?
Yet there are more delays, for where is he?
He comes and passeth through sphere after sphere;
First her sheets, then her arms, then anywhere.
Let not this day, then, but this night be thine;
Thy day was but the eve to this, O Valentine.

VII.

Here lies a she sun, and a he moon there;
She gives the best light to his sphere;
Or each is both, and all, and so
They unto one another nothing owe;

l. 70. So 1669; 1633, *O Valentine*
l. 81. So 1650; 1633, *passes*
l. 85. So 1650; 1633, *here*

And yet they do, but are
So just and rich in that coin which they pay,
That neither would, nor needs forbear, nor stay;
Neither desires to be spared nor to spare.
They quickly pay their debt, and then
Take no acquittances, but pay again;
They pay, they give, they lend, and so let fall
No such occasion to be liberal.
More truth, more courage in these two do shine,
Than all thy turtles have and sparrows, Valentine.

VIII.

And by this act of these two phœnixes
Nature again restorèd is;
For since these two are two no more,
There's but one phœnix still, as was before.
Rest now at last, and we—
As satyrs watch the sun's uprise—will stay
Waiting when your eyes opened let out day,
Only desired because your face we see.
Others near you shall whispering speak,
And wagers lay, at which side day will break,
And win by observing, then, whose hand it is
That opens first a curtain, hers or his:
This will be tried to-morrow after nine,
Till which hour, we thy day enlarge, O Valentine.

l. 94. So 1635; 1633 *acquittance*
l. 96. 1669 omits *such*

ECLOGUE.

1613, DECEMBER 26.

ALLOPHANES FINDING IDIOS IN THE COUNTRY IN CHRISTMAS TIME, REPREHENDS HIS ABSENCE FROM COURT, AT THE MARRIAGE OF THE EARL OF SOMERSET; IDIOS GIVES AN ACCOUNT OF HIS PURPOSE THEREIN, AND OF HIS ACTIONS THERE.[1]

ALLOPHANES.

UNSEASONABLE man, statue of ice,
What could to country's solitude entice
Thee, in this year's cold and decrepit time?
Nature's instinct draws to the warmer clime
Even smaller birds, who by that courage dare
In numerous fleets sail through their sea, the air.
What delicacy can in fields appear,
Whilst Flora herself doth a frieze jerkin wear?
Whilst winds do all the trees and hedges strip
Of leaves, to furnish rods enough to whip
Thy madness from thee, and all springs by frost
Have taken cold, and their sweet murmurs lost?
If thou thy faults or fortunes wouldst lament
With just solemnity, do it in Lent.

[1] So 1635; 1633, *absence thence*
l. 5. So 1635; 1633, *Even small*
l. 12. 1635, *Having*

At court the spring already advanced is,
The sun stays longer up ; and yet not his
The glory is ; far other, other fires.
First, zeal to prince and state, then love's desires
Burn in one breast, and like heaven's two great lights,
The first doth govern days, the other, nights.
And then that early light which did appear
Before the sun and moon created were,
The prince's favour, is diffused o'er all,
From which all fortunes, names, and natures fall.
Then from those wombs of stars, the bride's bright eyes,
At every glance, a constellation flies,
And sows the court with stars, and doth prevent
In light and power, the all-eyed firmament.
First her eyes kindle other ladies' eyes,
Then from their beams their jewels' lustres rise,
And from their jewels torches do take fire,
And all is warmth, and light, and good desire.
Most other courts, alas ! are like to hell,
Where in dark places, fire without light doth dwell ;
Or but like stoves ; for lust and envy get
Continual, but artificial heat.
Here zeal and love grown one all clouds digest,
And make our court an everlasting east.
And canst thou be from thence ?

l. 29. So 1635 ; 1633, *kindles*
l. 34. 1635, *dark plots*

IDIOS. No, I am there;
As heaven—to men disposed—is everywhere,
So are those courts, whose princes animate
Not only all their house but all their state.
Let no man think, because he's full, he hath all.
Kings—as their pattern, God—are liberal
Not only in fullness, but capacity,
Enlarging narrow men to feel and see,
And comprehend the blessings they bestow.
So, reclused hermits oftentimes do know
More of heaven's glory than a worldling can.
As man is of the world, the heart of man
Is an epitome of God's great book
Of creatures, and man need no farther look;
So is the country of courts, where sweet peace doth,
As their own common soul, give life to both;
And am I then from court?

ALLOPHANES. Dreamer, thou art:
Think'st thou, fantastic, that thou hast a part
In the Indian fleet, because thou hast
A little spice or amber in thy taste?
Because thou art not frozen, art thou warm?
Seest thou all good, because thou seest no harm?
The earth doth in her inner bowels hold
Stuff well-disposed, and which would fain be gold;
But never shall, except it chance to lie
So upward, that heaven gild it with his eye.
As, for divine things, faith comes from above,
So, for best civil use, all tinctures move

l. 55. So 1635; 1633, *I am not then from court*

From higher powers ; from God religion springs,
Wisdom and honour from the use of kings :
Then unbeguile thyself, and know with me,
That angels, though on earth employ'd they be,
Are still in heaven, so he is still at home
That doth abroad to honest actions come.
Chide thyself then, O fool, which yesterday
Mightst have read more than all thy books bewray ;
Hast thou a history, which doth present
A court, where all affections do assent
Unto the king's, and that that king's are just ;
And where it is no levity to trust ;
Where there is no ambition, but to obey ;
Where men need whisper nothing, and yet may ;
Where the king's favours are so placed, that all
Find that the king therein is liberal
To them, in him, because his favours bend
To virtue, to the which they all pretend ?
Thou hast no such ; yet here was this, and more.
An earnest lover, wise then, and before,
Our little Cupid hath sued livery,
And is no more in his minority ;
He is admitted now into that breast
Where the king's counsels and his secrets rest.
What hast thou lost, O ignorant man ?

IDIOS. I knew
All this, and only therefore I withdrew.
To know and feel all this, and not to have
Words to express it, makes a man a grave

Of his own thoughts ; I would not therefore stay
At a great feast, having no grace to say.
And yet I 'scaped not here ; for being come,
Full of the common joy, I utter'd some.
Read then this nuptial song, which was not made
Either the court or men's hearts to invade ;
But since I'm dead and buried, I could frame
No epitaph, which might advance my fame
So much as this poor song, which testifies
I did unto that day some sacrifice.

I.

THE TIME OF THE MARRIAGE.

Thou art reprieved, old year, thou shalt not die ;
Though thou upon thy death-bed lie,
And should'st within five days expire,
Yet thou art rescued by a mightier fire,
Than thy old soul, the sun,
When he doth in his largest circle run.
The passage of the west or east would thaw,
And open wide their easy liquid jaw
To all our ships, could a Promethean art
Either unto the northern pole impart
The fire of these inflaming eyes, or of this loving heart.

l. 108. 1635. *from*

II.

EQUALITY OF PERSONS.

But undiscerning Muse, which heart, which eyes,
In this new couple, dost thou prize,
When his eye as inflaming is
As hers, and her heart loves as well as his?
Be tried by beauty, and then
The bridegroom is a maid, and not a man;
If by that manly courage they be tried,
Which scorns unjust opinion; then the bride
Becomes a man. Should chance or envy's art
Divide these two, whom nature scarce did part,
Since both have the inflaming eye, and both the loving heart?

III.

RAISING OF THE BRIDEGROOM.

Though it be some divorce to think of you
Single, so much one are you two,
Let me here contemplate thee,
First, cheerful bridegroom, and first let me see,
How thou prevent'st the sun,
And his red foaming horses dost outrun;
How, having laid down in thy Sovereign's breast
All businesses, from thence to reinvest
Them when these triumphs cease, thou forward art
To show to her, who doth the like impart,
The fire of thy inflaming eyes, and of thy loving heart.

IV.

RAISING OF THE BRIDE.

But now to thee, fair bride, it is some wrong,
To think thou wert in bed so long.
Since soon thou liest down first, 'tis fit
Thou in first rising shouldst allow for it.
Powder thy radiant hair,
Which if without such ashes thou wouldst wear,
Thou which, to all which come to look upon,
Wert meant for Phœbus, wouldst be Phaëton.
For our ease, give thine eyes th' unusual part
Of joy, a tear; so quench'd, thou mayst impart,
To us that come, thy inflaming eyes; to him, thy loving heart.

V.

HER APPARELLING.

Thus thou descend'st to our infirmity,
Who can the sun in water see.
So dost thou, when in silk and gold
Thou cloud'st thyself; since we which do behold
Are dust and worms, 'tis just,
Our objects be the fruits of worms and dust.
Let every jewel be a glorious star,
Yet stars are not so pure as their spheres are;
And though thou stoop, to appear to us, in part,
Still in that picture thou entirely art,
Which thy inflaming eyes have made within his loving heart.

l. 150. Addl. MS. 18,627, *in winter*

VI.

GOING TO THE CHAPEL.

Now from your easts you issue forth, and we,
As men, which through a cypress see
The rising sun, do think it two;
So, as you go to church, do think of you;
But that veil being gone,
By the church rites you are from thenceforth one.
The church triumphant made this match before,
And now the militant doth strive no more.
Then, reverend priest, who God's Recorder art,
Do, from his dictates, to these two impart
All blessings which are seen, or thought, by angel's eye or heart.

VII.

THE BENEDICTION.

Blest pair of swans, O may you interbring
Daily new joys, and never sing;
Live, till all grounds of wishes fail,
Till honour, yea, till wisdom grow so stale,
That new great heights to try,
It must serve your ambition, to die;
Raise heirs, and may here, to the world's end, live
Heirs from this king, to take thanks, you, to give.
Nature and grace do all, and nothing art;
May never age or error overthwart
With any west these radiant eyes, with any north this heart.

VIII.

FEASTS AND REVELS.

But you are over-blest. Plenty this day
Injures; it causeth time to stay;
The tables groan, as though this feast
Would, as the flood, destroy all fowl and beast.
And were the doctrine new
That the earth moved, this day would make it true;
For every part to dance and revel goes,
They tread the air, and fall not where they rose.
Though six hours since the sun to bed did part,
The masks and banquets will not yet impart
A sunset to these weary eyes, a centre to this heart.

IX.

THE BRIDE'S GOING TO BED.

What mean'st thou, bride, this company to keep?
To sit up, till thou fain wouldst sleep?
Thou mayst not, when thou'rt laid, do so;
Thyself must to him a new banquet grow;
And you must entertain
And do all this day's dances o'er again.
Know that if sun and moon together do
Rise in one point, they do not set so too.
Therefore thou mayst, fair bride, to bed depart;
Thou art not gone, being gone; where'er thou art,
Thou leavest in him thy watchful eyes, in him thy loving heart.

X.

THE BRIDEGROOM'S COMING.

As he that sees a star fall, runs apace,
And finds a jelly in the place,
So doth the bridegroom haste as much,
Being told this star is fallen, and finds her such.
And as friends may look strange,
By a new fashion, or apparel's change,
Their souls, though long acquainted they had been,
These clothes, their bodies, never yet had seen.
Therefore at first she modestly might start,
But must forthwith surrender every part,
As freely as each to each before gave either eye or heart.

XI.

THE GOOD-NIGHT.

Now, as in Tullia's tomb, one lamp burnt clear,
Unchanged for fifteen hundred year,
May these love-lamps we here enshrine,
In warmth, light, lasting, equal the divine.
Fire ever doth aspire,
And makes all like itself, turns all to fire,
But ends in ashes; which these cannot do,
For none of these is fuel, but fire too.
This is joy's bonfire, then, where love's strong arts
Make of so noble individual parts
One fire of four inflaming eyes, and of two loving hearts.

IDIOS. As I have brought this song, that I may do
A perfect sacrifice, I'll burn it too.

ALLOPHANES. No, sir. This paper I have justly got,
For, in burnt incense, the perfume is not
His only that presents it, but of all;
Whatever celebrates this festival
Is common, since the joy thereof is so.
Nor may yourself be priest; but let me go
Back to the court, and I will lay it upon
Such altars, as prize your devotion.

EPITHALAMION MADE AT LINCOLN'S INN.

THE sunbeams in the east are spread;
Leave, leave, fair bride, your solitary bed;
No more shall you return to it alone;
It nurseth sadness, and your body's print,
Like to a grave, the yielding down doth dint;
You, and your other you, meet there anon.
Put forth, put forth, that warm balm-breathing thigh,
Which when next time you in these sheets will smother,
There it must meet another,
Which never was, but must be, oft, more nigh.
Come glad from thence, go gladder than you came;
To-day put on perfection, and a woman's name.

Daughters of London, you which be
Our golden mines, and furnish'd treasury;
You which are angels, yet still bring with you

Thousands of angels on your marriage days;
Help with your presence, and devise to praise
These rites, which also unto you grow due;
Conceitedly dress her, and be assign'd
By you fit place for every flower and jewel;
Make her for love fit fuel,
As gay as Flora and as rich as Ind;
So may she, fair and rich, in nothing lame,
To-day put on perfection, and a woman's name.

And you frolic patricians,
Sons of those senators, wealth's deep oceans;
Ye painted courtiers, barrels of other's wits;
Ye countrymen, who but your beasts love none;
Ye of those fellowships, whereof he's one,
Of study and play made strange hermaphrodites,
Here shine; this bridegroom to the temple bring.
Lo, in yon path which store of strew'd flowers graceth,
The sober virgin paceth;
Except my sight fail, 'tis no other thing.
Weep not, nor blush, here is no grief nor shame,
To-day put on perfection, and a woman's name.

Thy two-leaved gates, fair temple, unfold,
And these two in thy sacred bosom hold,
Till mystically join'd but one they be;
Then may thy lean and hunger-starvèd womb
Long time expect their bodies, and their tomb,
Long after their own parents fatten thee.

l. 26. So 1635; 1633, *these*

All elder claims, and all cold barrenness,
All yielding to new loves, be far for ever,
Which might these two dissever;
Always, all th'other may each one possess;
For the best bride, best worthy of praise and fame,
To-day puts on perfection, and a woman's name.

Winter days bring much delight,
Not for themselves, but for they soon bring night;
Other sweets wait thee than these diverse meats,
Other disports than dancing jollities,
Other love-tricks than glancing with the eyes,
But that the sun still in our half sphere sweats;
He flies in winter, but he now stands still.
Yet shadows turn; noon point he hath attain'd;
His steeds will be restrain'd,
But gallop lively down the western hill.
Thou shalt, when he hath run the heaven's half frame,
To-night put on perfection, and a woman's name.

The amorous evening star is rose,
Why then should not our amorous star inclose
Herself in her wish'd bed? Release your strings,
Musicians; and dancers take some truce
With these your pleasing labours, for great use
As much weariness as perfection brings.
You, and not only you, but all toil'd beasts
Rest duly; at night all their toils are dispensed;
But in their beds commenced
Are other labours, and more dainty feasts.

l. 59. So 1635; 1633, *come the world's half frame*

She goes a maid, who, lest she turn the same,
To-night puts on perfection, and a woman's name.

Thy virgin's girdle now untie,
And in thy nuptial bed, love's altar, lie
A pleasing sacrifice; now dispossess
Thee of these chains and robes, which were put on
To adorn the day, not thee; for thou, alone,
Like virtue and truth, art best in nakedness.
This bed is only to virginity
A grave, but to a better state, a cradle.
Till now thou wast but able
To be, what now thou art; then, that by thee
No more be said, "I may be," but "I am,"
To-night put on perfection, and a woman's name.

Even like a faithful man content,
That this life for a better should be spent,
So she a mother's rich stile doth prefer,
And at the bridegroom's wish'd approach doth lie,
Like an appointed lamb, when tenderly
The priest comes on his knees, to embowel her.
Now sleep or watch with more joy; and, O light
Of heaven, to-morrow rise thou hot, and early;
This sun will love so dearly
Her rest, that long, long we shall want her sight.
Wonders are wrought, for she, which had no maim,
To-night puts on perfection, and a woman's name.

l. 95. 1635, *no name*

52779

ELEGIES.

ELEGY I.

JEALOUSY.

FOND woman, which wouldst have thy husband die,
And yet complain'st of his great jealousy;
If, swollen with poison, he lay in his last bed,
His body with a sere bark covered,
Drawing his breath as thick and short as can
The nimblest crocheting musician,
Ready with loathsome vomiting to spew
His soul out of one hell into a new,
Made deaf with his poor kindred's howling cries,
Begging with few feign'd tears great legacies,—
Thou wouldst not weep, but jolly, and frolic be,
As a slave, which to-morrow should be free.
Yet weep'st thou, when thou seest him hungerly
Swallow his own death, heart's-bane jealousy?
O give him many thanks, he's courteous,
That in suspecting kindly warneth us.
We must not, as we used, flout openly,
In scoffing riddles, his deformity;

l. 4. 1669, *sere-cloth*, Addl. MS. 25,707, *sore bark*

Nor at his board together being sat,
With words, nor touch, scarce looks, adulterate.
Nor when he, swollen and pamper'd with great fare,
Sits down and snorts, caged in his basket chair,
Must we usurp his own bed any more,
Nor kiss and play in his house, as before.
Now I see many dangers ; for it is
His realm, his castle, and his diocese.
But if—as envious men, which would revile
Their prince, or coin his gold, themselves exile
Into another country, and do it there—
We play in another house, what should we fear?
There we will scorn his household policies,
His silly plots, and pensionary spies,
As the inhabitants of Thames' right side
Do London's mayor, or Germans the Pope's pride.

ELEGY II.

THE ANAGRAM.

MARRY, and love thy Flavia, for she
Hath all things, whereby others beautcous be ;
For, though her eyes be small, her mouth is great ;
Though they be ivory, yet her teeth be jet ;

l. 21. 1669, *high fare*
l. 25. 1669, *Now do I see my danger*
l. 30. 1669, *cnother's*, Addl. MS. 25,707, *other*
l. 4. 1669, *theirs be ivory*

Though they be dim, yet she is light enough;
And though her harsh hair fall, her skin is tough;
What though her cheeks be yellow, her hair's red,
Give her thine, and she hath a maidenhead.
These things are beauty's elements; where these
Meet in one, that one must, as perfect, please.
If red and white, and each good quality
Be in thy wench, ne'er ask where it doth lie.
In buying things perfumed, we ask, if there
Be musk and amber in it, but not where.
Though all her parts be not in th' usual place,
She hath yet an anagram of a good face.
If we might put the letters but one way,
In that lean dearth of words, what could we say?
When by the gamut some musicians make
A perfect song, others will undertake,
By the same gamut changed, to equal it.
Things simply good can never be unfit;
She's fair as any, if all be like her;
And if none be, then she is singular.
All love is wonder; if we justly do
Account her wonderful, why not lovely too?
Love built on beauty, soon as beauty, dies;
Choose this face, changed by no deformities.
Women are all like angels; the fair be
Like those which fell to worse; but such as she,
Like to good angels, nothing can impair:
'Tis less grief to be foul, than to have been fair.

l. 6. 1669, *hair's foul* l. 6. So 1635; 1633, 1669, *rough* l. 16. 1669, *the anagrams*

For one night's revels, silk and gold we choose,
But, in long journeys, cloth, and leather use.
Beauty is barren oft; best husbands say
There is best land, where there is foulest way.
Oh, what a sovereign plaster will she be,
If thy past sins have taught thee jealousy!
Here needs no spies, nor eunuchs; her commit
Safe to thy foes, yea, to a marmoset.
Like Belgia's cities the round country drowns,
That dirty foulness guards and arms the towns,
So doth her face guard her; and so, for thee,
Which forced by business, absent oft must be,
She, whose face, like clouds, turns the day to night;
Who, mightier than the sea, makes Moors seem white;
Who, though seven years she in the stews had laid,
A nunnery durst receive, and think a maid;
And though in childbed's labour she did lie,
Midwives would swear, 'twere but a tympany;
Whom, if she accuse herself, I credit less
Than witches, which impossibles confess;
One like none, and liked of none, fittest were;
For things in fashion every man will wear.

l. 41-2. 1633—

When Belgia's cities the round countries drown
That dirty foulness guards and arms the town

1669—

Like Belgia's cities when the country is drowned,
That dirty foulness guards and arms the towns.

l. 45. St. MS., *like the clouds, turns day to night.*

l. 46. Farmer-Chetham MS. *the sun,*

l. 49. 1669, *child-birth's*

ELEGY III.

CHANGE.

ALTHOUGH thy hand and faith, and good works too,
Have seal'd thy love which nothing should undo,
Yea, though thou fall back, that apostasy
Confirm thy love, yet much, much I fear thee.
Women are like the arts, forced unto none,
Open to all searchers, unprized, if unknown.
If I have caught a bird, and let him fly,
Another fowler using these means, as I,
May catch the same bird; and, as these things be,
Women are made for men, not him nor me.
Foxes, and goats—all beasts—change when they please.
Shall women, more hot, wily, wild than these,
Be bound to one man, and did nature then
Idly make them apter to endure than men?
They're our clogs, not their own; if a man be
Chain'd to a galley, yet the galley's free.
Who hath a plough-land, casts all his seed corn there,
And yet allows his ground more corn should bear;
Though Danuby into the sea must flow,
The sea receives the Rhine, Volga, and Po.
By nature, which gave it, this liberty
Thou lovest, but O! canst thou love it and me?

l. 1. 1669, *good word* l. 4. 1669, *confirms*
l. 8. 1669, *those* l. 11. 1669, *and beasts*
l. 13. *bid nature*

Likeness glues love ;. and if that thou so do,
To make us like and love, must I change too?
More than thy hate, I hate it ; rather let me
Allow her change, then change as oft as she,
And so not teach, but force my opinion,
To love not any one, nor every one.
To live in one land is captivity,
To run all countries a wild roguery.
Waters stink soon, if in one place they bide,
And in the vast sea are more putrified ;
But when they kiss one bank, and leaving this
Never look back, but the next bank do kiss,
Then are they purest ; change is the nursery
Of music, joy, life, and eternity.

ELEGY IV.

THE PERFUME.

ONCE, and but once, found in thy company,
All thy supposed escapes are laid on me ;
And as a thief at bar is question'd there
By all the men that have been robb'd that year,
So am I—by this traitorous means surprized—
By thy hydroptic father catechized.
Though he had wont to search with glazèd eyes,
As though he came to kill a cockatrice ;

l. 31. 1669, *they abide* l. 32. 1669, *worse purified*
l. 2. 1669, *scapes*

Though he hath oft sworn that he would remove
Thy beauty's beauty, and food of our love,
Hope of his goods, if I with thee were seen,
Yet close and secret, as our souls, we've been.
Though thy immortal mother, which doth lie
Still buried in her bed, yet will not die,
Takes this advantage to sleep out daylight,
And watch thy entries and returns all night;
And, when she takes thy hand, and would seem kind,
Doth search what rings and armlets she can find;
And kissing notes the colour of thy face;
And fearing lest thou'rt swollen, doth thee embrace;
And to try if thou long, doth name strange meats;
And notes thy paleness, blushing, sighs, and sweats;
And politicly will to thee confess
The sins of her own youth's rank lustiness;
Yet love these sorceries did remove, and move
Thee to gull thine own mother for my love.
Thy little brethren, which like fairy sprites
Oft skipp'd into our chamber, those sweet nights,
And kiss'd, and ingled on thy father's knee,
Were bribed next day to tell what they did see;
The grim-eight-foot-high-iron-bound serving-man,
That oft names God in oaths, and only then,
He that, to bar the first gate, doth as wide
As the great Rhodian Colossus stride

l. 21. So 1635; 1633 omits *And*
l. 22. 1669, *blushes* l. 24. St. MS., *wantonness*
l. 29. 1669, *dandled*

—Which, if in hell no other pains there were,
Makes me fear hell, because he must be there—
Though by thy father he were hired to this,
Could never witness any touch or kiss.
But O! too common ill, I brought with me
That, which betray'd me to mine enemy,
A loud perfume, which at my entrance cried
E'en at thy father's nose; so were we spied.
When, like a tyrant king, that in his bed
Smelt gunpowder, the pale wretch shivered,
Had it been some bad smell, he would have thought
That his own feet, or breath, that smell had wrought;
But as we in our isle imprisoned,
Where cattle only and divers dogs are bred,
The precious unicorns strange monsters call,
So thought he good strange, that had none at all.
I taught my silks their whistling to forbear;
Even my oppress'd shoes dumb and speechless were;
Only thou bitter-sweet, whom I had laid
Next me, me traitorously hast betray'd,
And unsuspected hast invisibly
At once fled unto him, and stay'd with me.
Base excrement of earth, which dost confound
Sense from distinguishing the sick from sound!
By thee the silly amorous sucks his death
By drawing in a leprous harlot's breath;
By thee, the greatest stain to man's estate
Falls on us, to be call'd effeminate;

l. 40. So 1635; 1633, *my* l. 44. 1669, *smells*
l. 46. 1669, *the smell*
l. 50. 1669, *thought he sweet strange*

Though you be much loved in the prince's hall,
There things that seem exceed substantial;
Gods, when ye fumed on altars, were pleased well,
Because you were burnt, not that they liked your smell;
You're loathsome all, being taken simply alone;
Shall we love ill-things join'd, and hate each one?
If you were good, your good doth soon decay;
And you are rare; that takes the good away:
And my perfumes I give most willingly
To embalm thy father's corpse; what? will he die?

ELEGY V.

HIS PICTURE.

HERE take my picture; though I bid farewell,
Thine, in my heart, where my soul dwells, shall dwell.
'Tis like me now, but I dead, 'twill be more,
When we are shadows both, than 'twas before.
When weatherbeaten I come back; my hand
Perhaps with rude oars torn, or sun-beams tann'd,
My face and breast of haircloth, and my head
With care's harsh sudden hoariness o'erspread,
My body a sack of bones, broken within,
And powder's blue stains scatter'd on my skin;
If rival fools tax thee to have loved a man,
So foul and coarse, as, O! I may seem then,

l. 8. So 1635; 1633, *With care's rash sudden storms being o'erspread,*

This shall say what I was ; and thou shalt say,
"Do his hurts reach me ? doth my worth decay ?
Or do they reach his judging mind, that he
Should now love less, what he did love to see ?
That which in him was fair and delicate,
Was but the milk, which in love's childish state
Did nurse it ; who now is grown strong enough
To feed on that, which to weak tastes seems
tough."

ELEGY VI.

O, LET me not serve so, as those men serve,
Whom honour's smokes at once fatten and starve,
Poorly enrich'd with great men's words or looks ;
Nor so write my name in thy loving books
As those idolatrous flatterers, which still
Their princes' style with many realms fulfil,
Whence they no tribute have, and where no sway.
Such services I offer as shall pay
Themselves ; I hate dead names. O, then let me
Favourite in ordinary, or no favourite be.
When my soul was in her own body sheathed,
Not yet by oaths betroth'd, nor kisses breathed
Into my purgatory, faithless thee,
Thy heart seemed wax, and steel thy constancy.

l. 20. So 1650 ; 1633, *disused tastes*

l. 6. So St. MS., and Addl. MS. 25,707 ; 1633, *styles which many realms ;* 1669, *styles which many names*

l. 7. 1669, *bear no sway*

So careless flowers strew'd on the water's face
The curled whirlpools suck, smack, and embrace,
Yet drown them ; so the taper's beamy eye
Amorously twinkling beckons the giddy fly,
Yet burns his wings ; and such the devil is,
Scarce visiting them who are entirely his.
When I behold a stream, which from the spring
Doth with doubtful melodious murmuring,
Or in a speechless slumber, calmly ride
Her wedded channel's bosom, and there chide,
And bend her brows, and swell, if any bough
Do but stoop down to kiss her utmost brow ;
Yet, if her often gnawing kisses win
The traitorous banks to gape, and let her in,
She rusheth violently, and doth divorce
Her from her native and her long-kept course,
And roars, and braves it, and in gallant scorn,
In flattering eddies promising return,
She flouts her channel, which thenceforth is dry ;
Then say I ; "That is she, and this am I."
Yet let not thy deep bitterness beget
Careless despair in me, for that will whet
My mind to scorn ; and O, love dull'd with pain
Was ne'er so wise, nor well arm'd, as disdain.
Then with new eyes I shall survey thee, and spy
Death in thy cheeks, and darkness in thine eye,

l. 24. So 1635 ; 1633, *then chide*
l. 37. 1669, *ah*
l. 39. 1669, *survey and spy*

Though hope bred faith and love; thus taught, I shall,
As nations do from Rome, from thy love fall;
My hate shall outgrow thine, and utterly
I will renounce thy dalliance; and when I
Am the recusant, in that resolute state
What hurts it me to be excommunicate?

ELEGY VII.

NATURE'S lay idiot, I taught thee to love,
And in that sophistry, O! thou dost prove
Too subtle; fool, thou didst not understand
The mystic language of the eye nor hand;
Nor couldst thou judge the difference of the air
Of sighs, and say, "This lies, this sounds despair";
Nor by th' eye's water cast a malady
Desperately hot, or changing feverously.
I had not taught thee then the alphabet
Of flowers, how they, devisefully being set
And bound up, might with speechless secrecy
Deliver errands mutely, and mutually.
Remember since all thy words used to be
To every suitor, "Ay, if my friends agree;"
Since household charms, thy husband's name to teach,
Were all the love-tricks that thy wit could reach;

l. 41. 1669, *Through;* 1635, *breed*
l. 2. 1669, *Oh, how thou dost prove*
l. 7. St. MS.; 1633, *call a malady;* 1635, *know a malady*

And since an hour's discourse could scarce have made
One answer in thee, and that ill array'd
In broken proverbs, and torn sentences.
Thou art not by so many duties his—
That from th' world's common having sever'd thee,
Inlaid thee, neither to be seen, nor see—
As mine; who have with amorous delicacies
Refined thee into a blissful paradise.
Thy graces and good works my creatures be;
I planted knowledge and life's tree in thee;
Which O! shall strangers taste? Must I, alas!
Frame and enamel plate, and drink in glass?
Chafe wax for other's seals? break a colt's force,
And leave him then, being made a ready horse?

ELEGY VIII.

THE COMPARISON.

As the sweet sweat of roses in a still,
As that which from chafed musk cat's pores doth trill,
As the almighty balm of th' early east,
Such are the sweat drops of my mistress' breast;
And on her neck her skin such lustre sets,
They seem no sweat drops, but pearl carcanets.
Rank sweaty froth thy mistress' brow defiles,
Like spermatic issue of ripe menstruous boils,

l. 25. So 1669; 1633, *good words*
l. 6. St. MS. and Addl. MS., 25,707 text; 1633, *coronets*
l. 8. Addl. MS. 25,707, *monstrous*

Or like the scum, which, by need's lawless law
Enforced, Sanserra's starvèd men did draw
From parboil'd shoes and boots, and all the rest
Which were with any sovereign fatness blest;
And like vile lying stones in saffron'd tin,
Or warts, or wheals, it hangs upon her skin.
Round as the world's her head, on every side,
Like to the fatal ball which fell on Ide;
Or that whereof God had such jealousy,
As for the ravishing thereof we die.
Thy head is like a rough-hewn statue of jet,
Where marks for eyes, nose, mouth, are yet scarce set;
Like the first chaos, or flat seeming face
Of Cynthia, when th' earth's shadows her embrace.
Like Proserpine's white beauty-keeping chest,
Or Jove's best fortune's urn, is her fair breast.
Thine's like worm-eaten trunks, clothed in seal's skin,
Or grave, that's dust without, and stink within.
And like that slender stalk, at whose end stands
The woodbine quivering, are her arms and hands.
Like rough-bark'd elm-boughs, or the russet skin
Of men late scourged for madness, or for sin,
Like sun-parch'd quarters on the city gate,
Such is thy tann'd skin's lamentable state;
And like a bunch of ragged carrots stand
The short swollen fingers of thy gouty hand.

l. 13. So 1635; 1633, 1669, *vile stones, lying*

l. 34. So 1635; 1633, *her gouty hand;* 1669, *thy mistress's hand*

Then like the chemic's masculine equal fire,
Which in the limbec's warm womb doth inspire
Into th' earth's worthless dirt a soul of gold,
Such cherishing heat her best loved part doth hold.
Thine's like the dread mouth of a fired gun,
Or like hot liquid metals newly run
Into clay moulds, or like to that Ætna,
Where round about the grass is burnt away.
Are not your kisses then as filthy, and more,
As a worm sucking an envenom'd sore?
Doth not thy fearful hand in feeling quake,
As one which gathering flowers still fears a snake?
Is not your last act harsh and violent,
As when a plough a stony ground doth rent?
So kiss good turtles, so devoutly nice
Are priests in handling reverent sacrifice,
And nice in searching wounds the surgeon is,
As we, when we embrace, or touch, or kiss.
Leave her, and I will leave comparing thus,
She and comparisons are odious.

l. 50. 1669, *A priest is in his handling*

ELEGY IX.

THE AUTUMNAL.

No spring, nor summer beauty hath such grace
As I have seen in one autumnal face;
Young beauties force our love, and that's a rape;
This doth but counsel, yet you cannot scape.
If 'twere a shame to love, here 'twere no shame;
Affections here take reverence's name.
Were her first years the Golden Age? that's true,
But now they're gold oft tried, and ever new.
That was her torrid and inflaming time;
This is her tolerable tropic clime.
Fair eyes; who asks more heat than comes from hence,
He in a fever wishes pestilence.
Call not these wrinkles, graves; if graves they were,
They were Love's graves, for else he is nowhere.
Yet lies not Love dead here, but here doth sit,
Vow'd to this trench, like an anachorite,
And here, till hers, which must be his death, come,
He doth not dig a grave, but build a tomb.
Here dwells he; though he sojourn everywhere
In progress, yet his standing house is here;

l. 1. 1635, *summer's*
l. 3, 1635, *your love;* 1669, *our loves*
l. 8. 1635, *she's gold* l. 10. 1635, *habitable*
l. 14. 1635, *or else*

Here, where still evening is, not noon, nor night;
Where no voluptuousness, yet all delight.
In all her words, unto all hearers fit,
You may at revels, you at council, sit.
This is love's timber; youth his underwood;
There he, as wine in June, enrages blood;
Which then comes seasonablest, when our taste
And appetite to other things is past.
Xerxes' strange Lydian love, the platane tree,
Was loved for age, none being so large as she;
Or else because, being young, nature did bless
Her youth with age's glory, barrenness.
If we love things long sought, age is a thing
Which we are fifty years in compassing;
If transitory things, which soon decay,
Age must be loveliest at the latest day.
But name not winter faces, whose skin's slack,
Lank as an unthrift's purse, but a soul's sack;
Whose eyes seek light within, for all here's shade;
Whose mouths are holes, rather worn out, than made;
Whose every tooth to a several place is gone,
To vex their souls at resurrection;
Name not these living death-heads unto me,
For these, not ancient, but antique be.

l. 24. 1669, *councils*
l. 30. 1635, *so old*
l. 38. So 1633, 1669; 1635, *but a fool's sack.*
l. 42. 1669, *the soul*
l. 44. 1635, *not ancients, but antiques*

I hate extremes ; yet I had rather stay
With tombs than cradles, to wear out a day.
Since such love's motion natural is, may still
My love descend, and journey down the hill,
Not panting after growing beauties ; so
I shall ebb out with them who homeward go.

ELEGY X.

THE DREAM.

IMAGE of her whom I love, more than she,
Whose fair impression in my faithful heart
Makes me her medal, and makes her love me,
As kings do coins, to which their stamps impart
The value ; go, and take my heart from hence,
Which now is grown too great and good for me.
Honours oppress weak spirits, and our sense
Strong objects dull ; the more, the less we see.
When you are gone, and reason gone with you,
Then fantasy is queen and soul, and all ;
She can present joys meaner than you do,
Convenient, and more proportional.
So, if I dream I have you, I have you,
For all our joys are but fantastical ;
And so I 'scape the pain, for pain is true ;
And sleep, which locks up sense, doth lock out all.

l. 46. 1669, *the day*
l. 47. 1635, *natural station*
l. 50. 1635, *ebb on*

After a such fruition I shall wake,
And, but the waking, nothing shall repent;
And shall to love more thankful sonnets make,
Than if more honour, tears, and pains were spent.
But, dearest heart and dearer image, stay:
Alas! true joys at best are dream enough;
Though you stay here, you pass too fast away,
For even at first life's taper is a snuff.
Fill'd with her love, may I be rather grown
Mad with much heart, than idiot with none.

ELEGY XI.

THE BRACELET.

UPON THE LOSS OF HIS MISTRESS'S CHAIN, FOR WHICH HE MADE SATISFACTION.

NOT that in colour it was like thy hair,
For armlets of that thou mayst let me wear;
Nor that thy hand it oft embraced and kiss'd,
For so it had that good, which oft I miss'd;
Nor for that silly old morality,
That, as these links were knit, our love should be,

l. 17. 1669, *such a fruition*
l. 22. 1669, *dreams*
l. 2. 1669, *Armlets of that thou mayst still*
l. 6. 1669, *loves*

Mourn I that I thy sevenfold chain have lost;
Nor for the luck sake; but the bitter cost.
O, shall twelve righteous angels, which as yet
No leaven of vile solder did admit;
Nor yet by any way have stray'd or gone
From the first state of their creation;
Angels, which heaven commanded to provide
All things to me, and be my faithful guide;
To gain new friends, to appease great enemies;
To comfort my soul, when I lie or rise;
Shall these twelve innocents, by thy severe
Sentence, dread judge, my sin's great burden bear?
Shall they be damn'd, and in the furnace thrown,
And punish'd for offences not their own?
They save not me, they do not ease my pains,
When in that hell they're burnt and tied in chains.
Were they but crowns of France, I carèd not,
For most of these their country's natural rot,
I think, possesseth; they come here to us
So pale, so lame, so lean, so ruinous.
And howsoe'er French kings most Christian be,
Their crowns are circumcised most Jewishly.
Or were they Spanish stamps, still travelling,
That are become as Catholic as their king;
Those unlick'd bear-whelps, unfiled pistolets,
That—more than cannon shot—avails or lets;
Which, negligently left unrounded, look
Like many-angled figures in the book

l. 15. 1669, *old enemies*
l. 24. 1669, *for most of them their natural country rot*

Of some great conjurer that would enforce
Nature, as these do justice, from her course;
Which, as the soul quickens head, feet and heart,
As streams, like veins, run through th' earth's every part,
Visit all countries, and have slily made
Gorgeous France, ruin'd, ragged and decay'd,
Scotland, which knew no state, proud in one day,
And mangled seventeen-headed Belgia.
Or were it such gold as that wherewithal
Almighty chemics, from each mineral
Having by subtle fire a soul out-pull'd,
Are dirtily and desperately gull'd;
I would not spit to quench the fire they're in,
For they are guilty of much heinous sin.
But shall my harmless angels perish? Shall
I lose my guard, my ease, my food, my all?
Much hope which they should nourish will be dead;
Much of my able youth, and lustihead
Will vanish; if thou love, let them alone,
For thou wilt love me less when they are gone;
And be content that some loud squeaking crier,
Well-pleas'd with one lean thread-bare groat for hire,
May like a devil roar through every street,
And gall the finder's conscience, if he meet.
Or let me creep to some dread conjurer,
That with fantastic scenes fills full much paper;

l. 35. 1669, *dread conjurer*
l. 58. 1669, *if they meet*

Which hath divided heaven in tenements,
And with whores, thieves, and murderers stuff'd his rents
So full, that though he pass them all in sin,
He leaves himself no room to enter in.
But if, when all his art and time is spent,
He say 'twill ne'er be found; yet be content;
Receive from him that doom ungrudgingly,
Because he is the mouth of destiny.
Thou say'st, alas! the gold doth still remain,
Though it be changed, and put into a chain.
So in the first fallen angels resteth still
Wisdom and knowledge, but 'tis turn'd to ill;
As these should do good works, and should provide
Necessities; but now must nurse *thy* pride.
And they are still bad angels; mine are none;
For form gives being, and their form is gone.
Pity these angels yet; their dignities
Pass Virtues, Powers, and Principalities.
But thou art resolute; thy will be done;
Yet with such anguish, as her only son
The mother in the hungry grave doth lay,
Unto the fire these martyrs I betray.
Good souls—for you give life to everything—
Good angels—for good messages you bring—
Destined you might have been to such an one,
As would have loved and worshipp'd you alone;
One that would suffer hunger, nakedness,
Yea death, ere he would make your number less;

l. 63. 1669, *place them all* l. 67. 1669, *the doom*

But, I am guilty of your sad decay;
May your few fellows longer with me stay.
But O! thou wretched finder whom I hate
So, that I almost pity thy estate,
Gold being the heaviest metal amongst all,
May my most heavy curse upon thee fall.
Here fetter'd, manacled, and hang'd in chains,
First mayst thou be; then chain'd to hellish pains;
Or be with foreign gold bribed to betray
Thy country, and fail both of it and thy pay.
May the next thing thou stoop'st to reach, contain
Poison, whose nimble fume rot thy moist brain;
Or libels, or some interdicted thing,
Which negligently kept thy ruin bring.
Lust-bred diseases rot thee; and dwell with thee
Itching desire, and no ability.
May all the evils that gold ever wrought;
All mischief that all devils ever thought;
Want after plenty, poor and gouty age,
The plagues of travellers, love, marriage
Afflict thee, and at thy life's last moment,
May thy swollen sins themselves to thee present.
But, I forgive; repent thee, honest man!
Gold is restorative; restore it then:
But if from it thou be'st loth to depart,
Because 'tis cordial, would 'twere at thy heart.

l. 98. 1669 omits *thy*
l. 108. 1669, *love and marriage*
l. 113. 1669, *But if that from it thou be'st loth to part*

ELEGY XII.

COME, Fates; I fear you not! All whom I owe
Are paid, but you; then 'rest me ere I go.
But Chance from you all sovereignty hath got;
Love woundeth none but those whom Death dares not;
True if you were, and just in equity,
I should have vanquish'd her, as you did me;
Else lovers should not brave Death's pains, and live;
But 'tis a rule, "Death comes not to relieve."
Or, pale and wan Death's terrors, are they laid
So deep in lovers, they make Death afraid?
Or—the least comfort—have I company?
O'ercame she Fates, Love, Death, as well as me?
Yes, Fates do silk unto her distaff pay,
For ransom, which tax they on us do lay.
Love gives her youth—which is the reason why
Youths, for her sake, some wither and some die.
Poor Death can nothing give; yet, for her sake,
Still in her turn, he doth a lover take.
And if Death should prove false, she fears him not;
Our Muses, to redeem her, she hath got.

l. 5. So 1669; 1635, *Else, if you were*

l. 12. So Haslewood-Kingsborough MS. (giving *Fates, Love, Death,* in a different order); 1635, *Or can the Fates love death*

That fatal night we last kiss'd, I thus pray'd,
—Or rather, thus despair'd, I should have said—
Kisses, and yet despair! The forbid tree
Did promise (and deceive) no more than she.
Like lambs, that see their teats, and must eat hay,
A food, whose taste hath made me pine away.
Dives, when thou saw'st bliss, and craved'st to touch
A drop of water, thy great pains were such.
Here grief wants a fresh wit, for mine being spent,
And my sighs weary, groans are all my rent.
Unable longer to endure the pain,
They break like thunder, and do bring down rain.
Thus till dry tears solder my eyes, I weep;
And then, I dream, how you securely sleep,
And in your dreams do laugh at me. I hate,
And pray Love all may; he pities my state,
But says, I therein no revenge shall find;
The sun would shine, though all the world were blind.
Yet, to try my hate, Love show'd me your tear;
And I had died, had not your smile been there.
Your frown undoes me; your smile is my wealth;
And as you please to look, I have my health.
Methought, Love pitying me, when he saw this,
Gave me your hands, the backs and palms to kiss.
That cured me not, but to bear pain gave strength;
And what is lost in force, is took in length.
I call'd on Love again, who fear'd you so,
That his compassion still proved greater woe;
For, then I dream'd I was in bed with you,
But durst not feel, for fear it should not be true.

This merits not your anger, had it been ;
The queen of chastity was naked seen ;
And in bed not to feel, the pain I took,
Was more than for Actæon not to look ;
And that breast which lay ope, I did not know,
But for the clearness, from a lump of snow ;
Nor that sweet teat which on the top it bore
From the rose-bud which for my sake you wore.
These griefs to issue forth, by verse I prove ;
Or turn their course by travel and new love.
All would not do ; the best at last I tried ;
Unable longer to hold out, I died.
And then I found I lost life, death by flying ;
Who hundreds live, are but so long in dying.
Charon did let me pass ; I'll him requite.
To mark the groves or shades wrongs my delight ;
I'll speak but of those ghosts I found alone,
Those thousand ghosts, whereof myself made one,
All images of thee ; I asked them why ?
The judge told me, all they for thee did die,
And therefore had for their Elysian bliss,
In one another their own loves to kiss.
O here I miss'd, not bliss, but being dead ;
For lo ! I dreamt, I dreamt, and waking said,
" Heaven, if who are in thee there must dwell,
How is't I now was there, and now I fell ?"

l. 51. So Haslewood-Kingsborough MS. ; 1635, *our*
l. 68. So Harl. MSS. 3910 and 4064 ; Addl. MS. 10,309 omits *Those*

ELEGY XIII.

HIS PARTING FROM HER.

SINCE she must go, and I must mourn, come night,
Environ me with darkness, whilst I write;
Shadow that hell unto me, which alone
I am to suffer when my love is gone.
Alas! the darkest magic cannot do it,
And that great hell, to boot, are shadows to it.
Should Cynthia quit thee, Venus, and each star,
It would not form one thought dark as mine are.
I could lend them obscureness now, and say
Out of myself, there should be no more day.
Such is already my self-want of sight,
Did not the fire within me force a light.
O Love, that fire and darkness should be mix'd,
Or to thy triumphs such strange torments fix'd!
Is it because thou thyself art blind, that we,
Thy martyrs, must no more each other see?
Or takest thou pride to break us on thy wheel,
And view old Chaos in the pains we feel?
Or have we left undone some mutual rite,
That thus with parting thou seek'st us to spite?
No, no. The fault is mine, impute it to me,
Or rather to conspiring destiny,

l. 4. So 1669; 1635, *my soul*
l. 5. Editions before 1669 omit ll. 5—44

Which, since I loved in jest before, decreed
That I should suffer, when I loved indeed ;
And therefore, sooner now than I can say,
I saw the golden fruit, 'tis rapt away ;
Or as I'd watch'd one drop in the vast stream,
And I left wealthy only in a dream.
Yet, Love, thou'rt blinder than myself in this,
To vex my dove-like friend for my amiss ;
And where one sad truth may expiate
Thy wrath, to make her fortune run my fate.
So blinded justice doth, when favourites fall,
Strike them, their house, their friends, their favourites all.
Was't not enough that thou didst dart thy fires
Into our bloods, inflaming our desires,
And madest us sigh, and blow, and pant, and burn,
And then thyself into our flames didst turn ?
Was't not enough that thou didst hazard us
To paths in love so dark and dangerous,
And those so ambush'd round with household spies,
And over all thy husband's towering eyes,
Inflamed with th' ugly sweat of jealousy ;
Yet went we not still on in constancy ?
Have we for this kept guards, like spy on spy ?
Had correspondence whilst the foe stood by ?
Stolen, more to sweeten them, our many blisses
Of meetings, conference, embracements, kisses ?

l. 23. So Haslewood-Kingsborough MS. ; 1669, *loved for me before*

l. 45. So 1669 ; 1635, *o'er spy*

Shadow'd with negligence our best respects?
Varied our language through all dialects
Of becks, winks, looks, and often under boards
Spoke dialogues with our feet far from our words?
Have we proved all the secrets of our art,
Yea, thy pale inwards, and thy panting heart?
And, after all this passed purgatory,
Must sad divorce make us the vulgar story?
First let our eyes be riveted quite through
Our turning brain, and both our lips grow to;
Let our arms clasp like ivy, and our fear
Freeze us together, that we may stick here,
Till Fortune, that would ruin us with the deed,
Strain his eyes open, and yet make them bleed.
For Love it cannot be, whom hitherto
I have accused, should such a mischief do.
O Fortune, thou'rt not worth my least exclaim,
And plague enough thou hast in thy own name.
Do thy great worst; my friend and I have charms,
Though not against thy strokes, against thy harms.
Rend us in sunder; thou canst not divide
Our bodies so, but that our souls are tied,
And we can love by letters still and gifts,
And thoughts and dreams; love never wanteth shifts.

l. 49. So 1669; 1635, *most respects*
l. 52. So 1669; 1635 omits *our*
l. 57. Editions before 1669 omit ll. 57—66
l. 67. So Haslewood-Kingsborough MS.; 1635, *Fortune, do thy worst, my friend and I have arms*
l. 69. So 1669; 1635, *Bend us in sunder*

I will not look upon the quickening sun,
But straight her beauty to my sense shall run;
The air shall note her soft, the fire, most pure;
Waters suggest her clear, and the earth sure.
Time shall not lose our passages; the spring,
How fresh our love was in the beginning;
The summer, how it ripen'd in the year;
And autumn, what our golden harvests were;
The winter I'll not think on to spite thee,
But count it a lost season; so shall she.
And dearest friend, since we must part, drown night
With hope of day—burdens well borne are light—;
The cold and darkness longer hang somewhere,
Yet Phœbus equally lights all the sphere;
And what we cannot in like portion pay
The world enjoys in mass, and so we may.
Be then ever yourself, and let no woe
Win on your health, your youth, your beauty; so
Declare yourself base Fortune's enemy,
No less be your contempt than her inconstancy;
That I may grow enamour'd on your mind,
When mine own thoughts I here neglected find.
And this to the comfort of my dear I vow,
My deeds shall still be what my deeds are now;

l. 79. 1639, *it inripened*

l. 83. Editions before 1669 omit ll. 83—94

l. 87. Haslewood-Kingsborough MS., *And what he can't in like proportion pay*

l. 92. Haslewood-Kingsborough MS., *than constancy*

The poles shall move to teach me ere I start;
And when I change my love, I'll change my heart.
Nay, if I wax but cold in my desire,
Think, heaven hath motion lost, and the world, fire.
Much more I could, but many words have made
That oft suspected which men most persuade.
Take therefore all in this; I love so true,
As I will never look for less in you.

ELEGY XIV.

JULIA.

HARK, news, O envy; thou shalt hear descried
My Julia; who as yet was ne'er envied.
To vomit gall in slander, swell her veins
With calumny, that hell itself disdains,
Is her continual practice; does her best,
To tear opinion e'en out of the breast
Of dearest friends, and—which is worse than vile—
Sticks jealousy in wedlock; her own child
Scapes not the showers of envy. To repeat
The monstrous fashions how, were alive to eat
Dear reputation; would to God she were
But half so loth to act vice, as to hear
My mild reproof. Lived Mantuan now again
That female Mastix to limn with his pen,

l. 102. So 1669; 1635, *would persuade*

This she Chimera that hath eyes of fire,
Burning with anger—anger feeds desire—
Tongued like the night crow, whose ill boding cries
Give out for nothing but new injuries;
Her breath like to the juice in Tænarus,
That blasts the springs, though ne'er so prosperous;
Her hands, I know not how, used more to spill
The food of others than herself to fill;
But O! her mind, that Orcus, which includes
Legions of mischief, countless multitudes
Of formless curses, projects unmade up,
Abuses yet unfashion'd, thoughts corrupt,
Misshapen cavils, palpable untroths,
Inevitable errors, self-accusing loaths.
These, like those atoms swarming in the sun,
Throng in her bosom for creation.
I blush to give her half her due; yet say,
No poison's half so bad as Julia.

ELEGY XV.

A TALE OF A CITIZEN AND HIS WIFE.

I SING no harm, good sooth, to any wight,
To lord or fool, cuckold, beggar, or knight,
To peace-teaching lawyer, proctor, or brave
Reformed or reducèd captain, knave,

l. 28. Haslewood-Kingsborough MS., *oaths*
l. 2. 1669, *to fool*

Officer, juggler, or justice of peace,
Juror or judge; I touch no fat sow's grease;
I am no libeller, nor will be any,
But—like a true man—say there are too many.
I fear not *ore tenus;* for my tale
Nor count nor counsellor will look red or pale.

A citizen and his wife the other day
Both riding on one horse, upon the way
I overtook; the wench, a pretty peat,
And—by her eye—well fitting for the feat.
I saw the lecherous citizen turn back
His head, and on his wife's lip steal a smack;
Whence apprehending that the man was kind,
Riding before to kiss his wife behind,
To get acquaintance with him I began
To sort discourse fit for so fine a man;
I ask'd the number of the plaguing bill;
Ask'd if the custom farmers held out still;
Of the Virginian plot, and whether Ward
The traffic of the island seas had marr'd;
Whether the Britain Burse did fill apace,
And likely were to give th' Exchange disgrace.
Of new-built Aldgate, and the Moor-field crosses,
Of store of bankrupts, and poor merchants' losses
I urged him to speak; but he—as mute
As an old courtier worn to his last suit—

l. 5. 1650, *Officer, judge*
l. 10. 1669 omits *look*
l. 21. 1669, *plaguy*
l. 24. 1669, *Midland seas*

Replies with only yeas and nays; at last
—To fit his element—my theme I cast
On tradesmen's gains; that set his tongue a-going.
"Alas! good sir," quoth he, "there is no doing
In court or city now"; she smiled, and I,
And, in my conscience, both gave him the lie
In one met thought; but he went on apace,
And at the present time with such a face
He rail'd, as fray'd me; for he gave no praise
To any but my Lord of Essex' days;
Call'd that the age of action—"True!" quoth I—
"There's now as great an itch of bravery,
And heat of taking up, but cold lay down,
For, put to push of pay, away they run;
Our only city trades of hope now are
Bawds, tavern-keepers, whores, and scriveners.
The much of privileged kinsmen and store
Of fresh protections make the rest all poor.
In the first state of their creation
Though many stoutly stand, yet proves not one
A righteous pay-master." Thus ran he on
In a continued rage; so void of reason
Seem'd his harsh talk, I sweat for fear of treason.
And—troth—how could I less? when in the prayer
For the protection of the wise Lord Mayor,

l. 38. 1669, *times*
l. 41. 1669, *those*
l. 41. 1669, *quoth he*
l. 46. 1669, *whore and scrivener*
l. 47. 1669, *kingsmen and the store*

And his wise brethren's worships, when one prayeth,
He swore that none could say amen with faith.
To get off him from what I glow'd to hear,
In happy time an angel did appear,
The bright sign of a loved and well-tried inn,
Where many citizens with their wives had been
Well used and often ; here I pray'd him stay,
To take some due refreshment by the way.
Look, how he look'd that hid the gold, his hope,
And at return found nothing but a rope,
So he at me ; refused and made away,
Though willing she pleaded a weary stay.
I found my miss, struck hands, and pray'd him tell—
To hold acquaintance still—where he did dwell.
He barely named the street, promised the wine,
But his kind wife gave me the very sign.

ELEGY XVI.

THE EXPOSTULATION.

To make the doubt clear, that no woman's true,
Was it my fate to prove it strong in you ?
Thought I, but one had breathèd purest air ;
And must she needs be false, because she's fair ?
Is it your beauty's mark, or of your youth,
Or your perfection, not to study truth ?

l. 58. So 1669 ; 1635 omits *off*
l. 64. 1669, *his gold*
l. 65, 1669, *at's*
l. 66. 1669, *on me*
l. 67. 1669, *a weary day*

Or think you heaven is deaf, or hath no eyes,
Or those it hath smile at your perjuries?
Are vows so cheap with women, or the matter
Whereof they're made, that they are writ in water,
And blown away with wind? Or doth their breath,
Both hot and cold, at once make life and death?
Who could have thought so many accents sweet
Form'd into words, so many sighs should meet
As from our hearts, so many oaths, and tears
Sprinkled among, all sweeten'd by our fears,
And the divine impression of stolen kisses,
That seal'd the rest, should now prove empty blisses?
Did you draw bonds to forfeit? sign to break?
Or must we read you quite from what you speak,
And find the truth out the wrong way? or must
He first desire you false, would wish you just?
O! I profane! though most of women be
This kind of beast, my thoughts shall except thee,
My dearest love; though froward jealousy
With circumstance might urge thy inconstancy,
Sooner I'll think the sun will cease to cheer
The teeming earth, and that forget to bear;
Sooner that rivers will run back, or Thames
With ribs of ice in June will bind his streams;
Or nature, by whose strength the world endures,
Would change her course, before you alter yours.
But O! that treacherous breast, to whom weak you
Did drift our counsels, and we both may rue,

l. 34. 1669, *Did trust*

Having his falsehood found too late ; 'twas he
That made me cast you guilty, and you me ;
Whilst he, black wretch, betray'd each simple word
We spake, unto the cunning of a third.
Cursed may he be, that so our love hath slain,
And wander on the earth, wretched as Cain,
Wretched as he, and not deserve least pity.
In plaguing him, let misery be witty ;
Let all eyes shun him, and he shun each eye,
Till he be noisome as his infamy ;
May he without remorse deny God thrice,
And not be trusted more on his soul's price ;
And, after all self-torment, when he dies,
May wolves tear out his heart, vultures his eyes,
Swine eat his bowels, and his falser tongue
That utter'd all, be to some raven flung;
And let his carrion corse be a longer feast
To the king's dogs, than any other beast.
Now have I cursed, let us our love revive ;
In me the flame was never more alive.
I could begin again to court and praise,
And in that pleasure lengthen the short days
Of my life's lease ; like painters that do take
Delight, not in made work, but whiles they make.
I could renew those times, when first I saw
Love in your eyes, that gave my tongue the law
To like what you liked ; and at masks and plays
Commend the self-same actors, the same ways ;

l. 53. 1669, *I have*

Ask how you did, and often with intent
Of being officious, be impertinent;
All which were such soft pastimes, as in these
Love was as subtly catch'd as a disease.
But being got, it is a treasure sweet,
Which to defend is harder than to get;
And ought not be profaned, on either part,
For though 'tis got by chance, 'tis kept by art.

ELEGY XVII.

ELEGY ON HIS MISTRESS.

By our first strange and fatal interview,
By all desires which thereof did ensue,
By our long starving hopes, by that remorse
Which my words masculine persuasive force
Begot in thee, and by the memory
Of hurts, which spies and rivals threaten'd me,
I calmly beg. But by thy father's wrath,
By all pains, which want and divorcement hath,
I conjure thee, and all the oaths which I
And thou have sworn to seal joint constancy,
Here I unswear, and overswear them thus;
Thou shalt not love by ways so dangerous.

l. 3. 1669, *striving*
l. 11. 1669, *I here unswear*
l. 12. 1669, *by means*

Temper, O fair love, love's impetuous rage;
Be my true mistress still, not my feign'd page.
I'll go, and, by thy kind leave, leave behind
Thee, only worthy to nurse in my mind
Thirst to come back; O! if thou die before,
My soul from other lands to thee shall soar.
Thy else almighty beauty cannot move
Rage from the seas, nor thy love teach them love,
Nor tame wild Boreas' harshness; thou hast read
How roughly he in pieces shivered
Fair Orithea, whom he swore he loved.
Fall ill or good, 'tis madness to have proved
Dangers unurged; feed on this flattery,
That absent lovers one in th' other be.
Dissemble nothing, not a boy, nor change
Thy body's habit, nor mind; be not strange
To thyself only. All will spy in thy face
A blushing womanly discovering grace.
Richly clothed apes are call'd apes, and as soon
Eclipsed as bright, we call the moon the moon.
Men of France, changeable chameleons,
Spitals of diseases, shops of fashions,
Love's fuellers, and the rightest company
Of players, which upon the world's stage be,
Will quickly know thee, and no less, alas!
Th' indifferent Italian, as we pass

l. 14. 1669, *my true mistress, not my feignèd*
l. 23. 1669, *The fair*
l. 35. 1669, *Lives*
l. 37. 1669, *Will too too quickly know thee, and alas!*

His warm land, well content to think thee page,
Will hunt thee with such lust, and hideous rage,
As Lot's fair guests were vex'd. But none of these,
Nor spongy hydroptic Dutch shall thee displease,
If thou stay here. O stay here, for for thee
England is only a worthy gallery,
To walk in expectation, till from thence
Our greatest king call thee to his presence.
When I am gone, dream me some happiness;
Nor let thy looks our long-hid love confess;
Nor praise, nor dispraise me, nor bless nor curse
Openly love's force, nor in bed fright thy nurse
With midnight's startings, crying out, O! O!
Nurse, O! my love is slain; I saw him go
O'er the white Alps alone; I saw him, I,
Assail'd, fight, taken, stabb'd, bleed, fall, and die.
Augur me better chance, except dread Jove
Think it enough for me to have had thy love.

ELEGY XVIII.

THE heavens rejoice in motion; why should I
Abjure my so much loved variety,
And not with many youth and love divide?
Pleasure is none, if not diversified.
The sun that, sitting in the chair of light,
Sheds flame into what else so ever doth seem bright,
Is not contented at one sign to inn,
But ends his year, and with a new begin.

All things do willingly in change delight,
The fruitful mother of our appetite;
Rivers the clearer and more pleasing are,
Where their fair-spreading streams run wide and clear;
And a dead lake, that no strange bark doth greet,
Corrupts itself, and what doth live in it.
Let no man tell me such a one is fair,
And worthy all alone my love to share.
Nature in her hath done the liberal part
Of a kind mistress, and employed her art,
To make her lovable, and I aver
Him not humane, that would turn back from her.
I love her well, and would, if need were, die,
To do her service. But follows it that I
Must serve her only, when I may have choice?
The law is hard, and shall not have my voice.
The last I saw in all extremes is fair,
And holds me in the sunbeams of her hair;
Her nymph-like features such agreements have,
That I could venture with her to the grave.
Another's brown; I like her not the worse;
Her tongue is soft and takes me with discourse.
Others, for that they well descended were,
Do in my love obtain as large a share;
And though they be not fair, 'tis much with me
To win their love only for their degree.
And though I fail of my required ends,
The attempt is glorious and itself commends.
How happy were our sires in ancient time,
Who held plurality of loves no crime.

With them it was accounted charity
To stir up race of all indifferently ;
Kindred were not exempted from the bands,
Which with the Persian still in usage stands.
Women were then no sooner ask'd than won,
And what they did was honest and well done.
But since this little Honour hath been used,
Our weak credulity hath been abused ;
The golden laws of nature are repeal'd,
Which our first fathers in such reverence held ;
Our liberty reversed and charters gone ;
And we made servants to Opinion ;
A monster in no certain shape attired,
And whose original is much desired,
Formless at first, but growing on its fashions,
And doth prescribe manners and laws to nations.
Here love received immedicable harms,
And was despoiled of his daring arms ;
A greater want than is his daring eyes,
He lost those awful wings with which he flies,
His sinewy bow and those immortal darts,
With which he is wont to bruise resisting hearts.
Only some few, strong in themselves and free,
Retain the seeds of ancient liberty,
Following that part of love although depress'd,
Yet make a throne for him within their breast,
In spite of modern censures him avowing
Their sovereign, all service him allowing
Amongst which troop although I am the least,
Yet equal in perfection with the best,

I glory in subjection of his hand,
Nor ever did decline his least command;
For in whatever form the message came
My heart did open and receive the same,
But time will in his course a point descry
When I this lovèd service must deny;
For our allegiance temporary is;
With firmer age returns our libertiès.
What time in years and judgment we reposed,
Shall not so easily be to change disposed,
Nor to the art of several eyes obeying,
But beauty with true worth securely weighing;
Which being found assembled in some one
We'll leave her ever, and love her alone.

ELEGY XIX.

WHOEVER loves, if he do not propose
The right true end of love, he's one that goes
To sea for nothing but to make him sick.
Love is a bear-whelp born; if we o'er-lick
Our love, and force it new strange shapes to take,
We err, and of a lump a monster make.
Were not a calf a monster, that were grown
Faced like a man, though better than his own?
Perfection is in unity; prefer
One woman first, and then one thing in her.

l. 82. Query? *love her ever*
l. 5. So 1661; 1669, *strong shapes*

I, when I value gold, may think upon
The ductileness, the application,
The wholesomeness, the ingenuity,
From rust, from soil, from fire ever free;
But if I love it, 'tis because 'tis made
By our new nature, use, the soul of trade.
All this in women we might think upon,
—If women had them—and yet love but one.
Can men more injure women than to say
They love them for that, by which they're not they?
Makes virtue woman? must I cool my blood
Till I both be, and find one wise and good?
May barren angels love so. But if we
Make love to woman, virtue is not she,
As beauty is not, nor wealth. He that strays thus
From her to hers is more adulterous
Than if he took her maid. Search every sphere
And firmament, our Cupid is not there.
He's an infernal God, and underground
With Pluto dwells, where gold and fire abound.
Men to such gods their sacrificing coals
Did not on altars lay, but pits and holes.
Although we see celestial bodies move
Above the earth, the earth we till and love.
So we her airs contemplate, words and heart,
And virtues, but we love the centric part.
Nor is the soul more worthy, or more fit
For love, than this, as infinite as it.

l. 25. So 1661; 1669, *beauties no nor wealth*

But in attaining this desired place
How much they err, that set out at the face?
The hair a forest is of ambushes,
Of springes, snares, fetters, and manacles;
The brow becalms us when 'tis smooth and plain,
And when 'tis wrinkled, shipwrecks us again;
Smooth, 'tis a paradise, where we would have
Immortal stay, but wrinkled 'tis a grave.
The nose, like to the first meridian, runs
Not 'twixt an east and west, but 'twixt two suns;
It leaves a cheek, a rosy hemisphere,
On either side, and then directs us where
Upon the islands fortunate we fall,
Not faint Canaries, but ambrosial,
Her swelling lips, to which when we are come,
We anchor there, and think ourselves at home,
For they seem all; there Siren's songs and there
Wise Delphic oracles do fill the ear.
There, in a creek where chosen pearls do swell,
The remora, her cleaving tongue, doth dwell.
These and the glorious promontory, her chin,
O'erpast, and the straight Hellespont between
The Sestos and Abydos of her breasts,
Not of two lovers, but two loves, the nests,

l. 41. So 1661; 1669, *a fount*

l. 47. So 1661; 1669, *a sweet meridian*

l. 53. So 1661; 1669, *Unto her swelling lips when we are come*

l. 57. So 1661; 1669, *Then*

l. 60. So 1661; 1669, *Being past, the Straits of Hellespont*

Succeeds a boundless sea, but yet thine eye
Some island moles may scattered there descry;
And sailing towards her India, in that way
Shall at her fair Atlantic navel stay.
Though there the current be the pilot made,
Yet, ere thou be where thou shouldst be embay'd,
Thou shalt upon another forest set,
Where many shipwreck, and no further get.
When thou art there, consider what this chase
Misspent by thy beginning at the face.
Rather set out below; practise thy art;
Some symmetry the foot hath with that part
Which thou dost seek, and is thy map for that,
Lovely enough to stop, but not stay at.
Least subject to disguise and change it is;
Men say the devil never can change his;
It is the emblem that hath figured
Firmness; 'tis the first part that comes to bed.
Civility we see refined; the kiss,
Which at the face began, transplanted is,
Since to the hand, since to the imperial knee,
Now at the papal foot delights to be.
If kings think that the nearer way, and do
Rise from the foot, lovers may do so too;
For, as free spheres move faster far than can
Birds, whom the air resists, so may that man
Which goes this empty and ethereal way,
Than if at beauty's elements he stay.

l. 90. So 1661; 1669, *beauty's enemies*

Rich Nature in women wisely made
Two purses, and their mouths aversely laid.
They then, which to the lower tribute owe,
That way which that exchequer looks must go;
He which doth not, his error is as great,
As who by clyster gives the stomach meat.

ELEGY XX.

TO HIS MISTRESS GOING TO BED.

COME, madam, come, all rest my powers defy;
Until I labour, I in labour lie.
The foe oftimes, having the foe in sight,
Is tired with standing, though he never fight.
Off with that girdle, like heaven's zone glittering,
But a far fairer world encompassing.
Unpin that spangled breast-plate, which you wear,
That th' eyes of busy fools may be stopp'd there.
Unlace yourself, for that harmonious chime
Tells me from you that now it is bed-time.
Off with that happy busk, which I envy,
That still can be, and still can stand so nigh.
Your gown going off such beauteous state reveals,
As when from flowery meads th' hill's shadow steals.
Off with your wiry coronet, and show
The hairy diadems which on you do grow.

l. 16. So Stephens MS.; 1669, *The hairy diadem which on your head doth grow*

Off with your hose and shoes; then softly tread
In this love's hallow'd temple, this soft bed.
In such white robes heaven's angels used to be
Revealed to men; thou, angel, bring'st with thee
A heaven-like Mahomet's paradise; and though
Ill spirits walk in white, we easily know
By this these angels from an evil sprite;
Those set our hairs, but these our flesh upright.
Licence my roving hands, and let them go
Before, behind, between, above, below.
Oh, my America, my Newfoundland,
My kingdom, safest when with one man mann'd,
My mine of precious stones, my empery;
How am I blest in thus discovering thee!
To enter in these bonds, is to be free;
Then, where my hand is set, my soul shall be.
Full nakedness! All joys are due to thee;
As souls unbodied, bodies unclothed must be
To taste whole joys. Gems which you women use
Are like Atlanta's ball cast in men's views;
That, when a fool's eye lighteth on a gem,
His earthly soul might court that, not them.
Like pictures, or like books' gay coverings made
For laymen, are all women thus array'd.
Themselves are only mystic books, which we
—Whom their imputed grace will dignify—

l. 17. So Stephens MS.; 1669, *Now off with those shoes*

l. 22. Query? *All spirits*

Must see reveal'd. Then, since that I may know,
As liberally as to thy midwife show
Thyself; cast all, yea, this white linen hence;
There is no penance due to innocence:
To teach thee, I am naked first; why then,
What needst thou have more covering than a man?

DIVINE POEMS.

TO THE E[ARL] OF D[ONCASTER]: WITH SIX HOLY SONNETS.

SEE, sir, how, as the sun's hot masculine flame
Begets strange creatures on Nile's dirty slime,
In me your fatherly yet lusty rhyme
—For these songs are their fruits—have wrought the same.
But though th' engend'ring force from which they came
Be strong enough, and Nature doth admit
Seven to be born at once; I send as yet
But six; they say the seventh hath still some maim.
I choose your judgment, which the same degree
Doth with her sister, your invention, hold,
As fire these drossy rhymes to purify,
Or as elixir, to change them to gold.
You are that alchemist, which always had
Wit, whose one spark could make good things of bad.

LA CORONA.

1. *Deign at my hands this crown of prayer and praise,*
Weaved in my lone devout melancholy,
Thou which of good hast, yea, art treasury,
All changing unchanged Ancient of days.
But do not with a vile crown of frail bays
Reward my Muse's white sincerity;
But what Thy thorny crown gain'd, that give me,
A crown of glory, which doth flower always.
The ends crown our works, but Thou crown'st our ends,
For at our ends begins our endless rest.
The first last end, now zealously possess'd,
With a strong sober thirst my soul attends.
'Tis time that heart and voice be lifted high;
Salvation to all that will is nigh.

ANNUNCIATION.

2. *Salvation to all that will is nigh;*
That All, which always is all everywhere,
Which cannot sin, and yet all sins must bear,
Which cannot die, yet cannot choose but die,
Lo! faithful Virgin, yields Himself to lie
In prison, in thy womb; and though He there
Can take no sin, nor thou give, yet He'll wear,
Taken from thence, flesh, which death's force may try.

1. l. 2. So 1635; 1633, *low*
l. 10. So 1635; 1633, *our end*

Ere by the spheres time was created thou
Wast in His mind, who is thy Son, and Brother;
Whom thou conceivest, conceived; yea, thou art now
Thy Maker's maker, and thy Father's mother.
Thou hast light in dark, and shutt'st in little room
Immensity, cloister'd in thy dear womb.

NATIVITY.

3. *Immensity, cloister'd in thy dear womb,*
Now leaves His well-beloved imprisonment.
There he hath made himself to his intent
Weak enough, now into our world to come.
But O! for thee, for Him, hath th' inn no room?
Yet lay Him in this stall, and from th' orient,
Stars, and wise men will travel to prevent
The effects of Herod's jealous general doom.
See'st thou, my soul, with thy faith's eye, how He
Which fills all place, yet none holds Him, doth lie?
Was not His pity towards thee wondrous high,
That would have need to be pitied by thee?
Kiss Him, and with Him into Egypt go,
With His kind mother, who partakes thy woe.

TEMPLE.

4. *With His kind mother, who partakes thy woe,*
Joseph, turn back; see where your child doth sit,
Blowing, yea blowing out those sparks of wit,
Which Himself on the doctors did bestow.

3. l. 6. 1669, *his stall* l. 8. 1669, *effect*
l. 9. So 1635; 1633, *eyes*

The Word but lately could not speak, and lo!
It suddenly speaks wonders; whence comes it,
That all which was, and all which should be writ,
A shallow seeming child should deeply know?
His Godhead was not soul to His manhood,
Nor had time mellow'd Him to this ripeness;
But as for one which hath a long task, 'tis good,
With the sun to begin His business,
He in His age's morning thus began,
By miracles exceeding power of man.

CRUCIFYING.

5. *By miracles exceeding power of man,*
He faith in some, envy in some begat,
For, what weak spirits admire, ambitious hate;
In both affections many to Him ran.
But O! the worst are most, they will and can,
Alas! and do, unto th' Immaculate,
Whose creature Fate is, now prescribe a fate,
Measuring self-life's infinity to span,
Nay to an inch. Lo! where condemned He
Bears His own cross, with pain, yet by and by
When it bears him, He must bear more and die.
Now Thou art lifted up, draw me to Thee,
And at Thy death giving such liberal dole,
Moist with one drop of Thy blood my dry soul.

5. l. 8. 1669, *infinite* l. 8. St. MS., *a span*

RESURRECTION.

6. *Moist with one drop of Thy blood, my dry soul*
Shall—though she now be in extreme degree
Too stony hard, and yet too fleshly—be
Freed by that drop, from being starved, hard or foul,
And life by this death abled shall control
Death, whom Thy death slew ; nor shall to me
Fear of first or last death bring misery,
If in Thy life-book my name thou enroll.
Flesh in that long sleep is not putrified,
But made that there, of which, and for which it was ;
Nor can by other means be glorified. 11
May then sin's sleep and death soon from me pass,
That waked from both, I again risen may
Salute the last and everlasting day.

ASCENSION.

7. *Salute the last and everlasting day,*
Joy at th' uprising of this Sun, and Son,
Ye whose true tears, or tribulation
Have purely wash'd, or burnt your drossy clay.
Behold, the Highest, parting hence away,
Lightens the dark clouds, which He treads upon ;
Nor doth He by ascending show alone,
But first He, and He first enters the way.

6. l. 8. So 1635 ; 1633, *little book*
l. 11. St. MS., *purified*
7. l. 3. So 1635 ; 1633, *just tears*

O strong Ram, which hast batter'd heaven for me !
Mild Lamb which with Thy Blood hast mark'd the path !
Bright Torch, which shinest, that I the way may see !
O, with Thy own Blood quench Thy own just wrath ;
And if Thy Holy Spirit my Muse did raise,
Deign at my hands this crown of prayer and praise.

TO THE LADY MAGDALEN HERBERT, OF ST. MARY MAGDALEN.

HER of your name, whose fair inheritance
Bethina was, and jointure Magdalo,
An active faith so highly did advance,
That she once knew, more than the Church did know,
The Resurrection ; so much good there is
Deliver'd of her, that some Fathers be
Loth to believe one woman could do this ;
But think these Magdalens were two or three.
Increase their number, Lady, and their fame ;
To their devotion add your innocence ;
Take so much of th' example as of the name,
The latter half ; and in some recompense,
That they did harbour Christ Himself, a guest,
Harbour these hymns, to His dear Name address'd.

HOLY SONNETS.

I.

THOU hast made me, and shall Thy work decay?
Repair me now, for now mine end doth haste;
I run to death, and Death meets me as fast,
And all my pleasures are like yesterday.
I dare not move my dim eyes any way;
Despair behind, and Death before doth cast
Such terror, and my feeble flesh doth waste
By sin in it, which it towards hell doth weigh.
Only Thou art above, and when towards Thee
By Thy leave I can look, I rise again;
But our old subtle foe so tempteth me,
That not one hour myself I can sustain.
Thy grace may wing me to prevent his art
And thou like adamant draw mine iron heart.

II.

As due by many titles I resign
Myself to thee, O God. First I was made
By Thee; and for Thee, and when I was decay'd
Thy blood bought that, the which before was Thine.
I am Thy son, made with Thyself to shine,
Thy servant, whose pains Thou hast still repaid,
Thy sheep, Thine image, and—till I betray'd
Myself—a temple of Thy Spirit divine.

Why doth the devil then usurp on me?
Why doth he steal, nay ravish, that's Thy right?
Except Thou rise and for Thine own work fight,
O! I shall soon despair, when I shall see
That Thou lovest mankind well, yet wilt not choose me,
And Satan hates me, yet is loth to lose me.

III.

O! might those sighs and tears return again
Into my breast and eyes, which I have spent,
That I might in this holy discontent
Mourn with some fruit, as I have mourn'd in vain.
In mine idolatry what showers of rain
Mine eyes did waste? what griefs my heart did rent?
That sufferance was my sin, I now repent;
'Cause I did suffer, I must suffer pain.
Th' hydroptic drunkard, and night-scouting thief,
The itchy lecher, and self-tickling proud
Have the remembrance of past joys, for relief
Of coming ills. To poor me is allow'd
No ease; for long, yet vehement grief hath been
Th' effect and cause, the punishment and sin.

IV.

O, my black soul, now thou art summoned
By sickness, Death's herald and champion;
Thou'rt like a pilgrim, which abroad hath done

ii. l. 12. So 1635; 1633, *do see*

Treason, and durst not turn to whence he's fled ;
Or like a thief, which till death's doom be read,
Wisheth himself deliver'd from prison,
But damn'd and haled to execution,
Wisheth that still he might be imprisoned.
Yet grace, if thou repent, thou canst not lack ;
But who shall give thee that grace to begin ?
O, make thyself with holy mourning black,
And red with blushing, as thou art with sin ;
Or wash thee in Christ's blood, which hath this might,
That being red, it dyes red souls to white.

V.

I am a little world made cunningly
Of elements, and an angelic sprite ;
But black sin hath betray'd to endless night
My world's both parts, and, O, both parts must die.
You which beyond that heaven which was most high
Have found new spheres, and of new land can write,
Pour new seas in my eyes, that so I might
Drown my world with my weeping earnestly,
Or wash it if it must be drown'd no more.
But, O, it must be burnt ; alas ! the fire
Of lust and envy burnt it heretofore,
And made it fouler ; let their flames retire,
And burn me, O Lord, with a fiery zeal
Of Thee and Thy house, which doth in eating heal.

v. l. 7. 1669, *he might*

VI.

This is my play's last scene; here heavens appoint
My pilgrimage's last mile; and my race
Idly, yet quickly run, hath this last pace;
My span's last inch, my minutes' latest point;
And gluttonous Death will instantly unjoint
My body and soul, and I shall sleep a space;
But my ever-waking part shall see that face,
Whose fear already shakes my every joint.
Then, as my soul to heaven her first seat takes flight,
And earth-born body in the earth shall dwell,
So fall my sins, that all may have their right,
To where they're bred and would press me to hell.
Impute me righteous, thus purged of evil,
For thus I leave the world, the flesh, the devil.

VII.

At the round earth's imagined corners blow
Your trumpets, angels, and arise, arise
From death, you numberless infinities
Of souls, and to your scattered bodies go;
All whom the flood did, and fire shall o'erthrow,
All whom war, death, age, agues, tyrannies,
Despair, law, chance hath slain, and you, whose eyes
Shall behold God, and never taste death's woe.

vi. l. 6. So 1635; 1633, *and my soul*

But let them sleep, Lord, and me mourn a space;
For, if above all these my sins abound,
'Tis late to ask abundance of Thy grace,
When we are there. Here on this lowly ground,
Teach me how to repent, for that's as good
As if Thou hadst seal'd my pardon with Thy blood.

VIII.

If faithful souls be alike glorified
As angels, then my father's soul doth see,
And adds this even to full felicity,
That valiantly I hell's wide mouth o'erstride.
But if our minds to these souls be descried
By circumstances, and by signs that be
Apparent in us not immediately,
How shall my mind's white truth by them be tried?
They see idolatrous lovers weep and mourn,
And stile blasphemous conjurers to call
On Jesu's name, and pharisaical
Dissemblers feign devotion. Then turn,
O pensive soul, to God, for He knows best
Thy grief, for He put it into my breast.

vii. l. 14. 1669, *my blood*

IX.

If poisonous minerals, and if that tree,
Whose fruit threw death on (else immortal) us,
If lecherous goats, if serpents envious
Cannot be damn'd, alas! why should I be?
Why should intent or reason, born in me,
Make sins, else equal, in me more heinous?
And, mercy being easy, and glorious
To God, in His stern wrath why threatens He?
But who am I, that dare dispute with Thee?
O God, O! of Thine only worthy blood,
And my tears, make a heavenly Lethean flood,
And drown in it my sin's black memory.
That Thou remember them, some claim as debt;
I think it mercy if Thou wilt forget.

X.

Death, be not proud, though some have called thee
Mighty and dreadful, for thou art not so;
For those, whom thou think'st thou dost overthrow,
Die not, poor Death, nor yet canst thou kill me.
From rest and sleep, which but thy picture be,
Much pleasure, then from thee much more must flow,
And soonest our best men with thee do go,
Rest of their bones, and soul's delivery.

ix. l. 1. So 1633, 1669; 1639, *poisons*

Thou'rt slave to Fate, chance, kings, and desperate men,
And dost with poison, war, and sickness dwell,
And poppy, or charms can make us sleep as well,
And better than thy stroke; why swell'st thou then?
One short sleep past, we wake eternally,
And Death shall be no more; Death, thou shalt die.

XI.

Spit in my face, you Jews, and pierce my side,
Buffet, and scoff, scourge, and crucify me,
For I have sinn'd, and sinn'd, and only He,
Who could do no iniquity, hath died.
But by my death can not be satisfied
My sins, which pass the Jews' impiety.
They kill'd once an inglorious man, but I
Crucify him daily, being now glorified.
O let me then His strange love still admire;
Kings pardon, but He bore our punishment;
And Jacob came clothed in vile harsh attire,
But to supplant, and with gainful intent;
God clothed Himself in vile man's flesh, that so
He might be weak enough to suffer woe.

x. l. 10. So 1635: 1633, *doth*

XII.

Why are we by all creatures waited on?
Why do the prodigal elements supply
Life and food to me, being more pure than I,
Simpler and further from corruption?
Why brook'st thou, ignorant horse, subjection?
Why dost thou, bull and boar, so sillily
Dissemble weakness, and by one man's stroke die,
Whose whole kind you might swallow and feed upon?
Weaker I am, woe's me, and worse than you;
You have not sinn'd, nor need be timorous.
But wonder at a greater, for to us
Created nature doth these things subdue;
But their Creator, whom sin, nor nature tied,
For us, His creatures, and His foes, hath died.

XIII.

What if this present were the world's last night?
Mark in my heart, O soul, where thou dost dwell,
The picture of Christ crucified, and tell
Whether His countenance can thee affright.
Tears in His eyes quench the amazing light;
Blood fills his frowns, which from His pierced head fell;
And can that tongue adjudge thee unto hell,
Which pray'd forgiveness for His foes' fierce spite?

xii. l. 11. So 1635; 1633, *wonder at a greater wonder*

No, no ; but as in my idolatry
I said to all my profane mistresses,
Beauty of pity, foulness only is
A sign of rigour ; so I say to thee,
To wicked spirits are horrid shapes assign'd ;
This beauteous form assumes a piteous mind.

XIV.

Batter my heart, three-person'd God ; for you
As yet but knock ; breathe, shine, and seek to mend ;
That I may rise, and stand, o'erthrow me, and bend
Your force, to break, blow, burn, and make me new.
I, like an usurp'd town, to another due,
Labour to admit you, but O, to no end.
Reason, your viceroy in me, me should defend,
But is captived, and proves weak or untrue.
Yet dearly I love you, and would be loved fain,
But am betroth'd unto your enemy ;
Divorce me, untie, or break that knot again,
Take me to you, imprison me, for I,
Except you enthrall me, never shall be free,
Nor ever chaste, except you ravish me.

XV.

Wilt thou love God as He thee ? then digest,
My soul, this wholesome meditation,
How God the Spirit, by angels waited on
In heaven, doth make His temple in thy breast.

xiv. l. 7. 1669, *we should*

The Father having begot a Son most blest,
And still begetting—for he ne'er begun—
Hath deign'd to choose thee by adoption,
Co-heir to His glory, and Sabbath's endless rest.
And as a robb'd man, which by search doth find
His stolen stuff sold, must lose or buy it again,
The Sun of glory came down, and was slain,
Us whom He had made, and Satan stole, to unbind.
'Twas much, that man was made like God before,
But, that God should be made like man, much more.

XVI.

Father, part of His double interest
Unto Thy kingdom Thy Son gives to me;
His jointure in the knotty Trinity
He keeps, and gives to me his death's conquest.
This Lamb, whose death with life the world hath blest,
Was from the world's beginning slain, and He
Hath made two wills, which with the legacy
Of His and Thy kingdom do thy sons invest.
Yet such are these laws, that men argue yet
Whether a man those statutes can fulfil.
None doth; but thy all-healing grace and Spirit
Revive again what law and letter kill.
Thy law's abridgement, and Thy last command
Is all but love; O let this last Will stand!

xv. l. 12. So 1635; 1633, *Satan stol'n*
xvi. l. 8. 1635 omits *do*

THE CROSS.

SINCE Christ embraced the cross itself, dare I
His image, th' image of His cross, deny?
Would I have profit by the sacrifice,
And dare the chosen altar to despise?
It bore all other sins, but is it fit
That it should bear the sin of scorning it?
Who from the picture would avert his eye,
How would he fly his pains who there did die?
From me no pulpit, nor misgrounded law,
Nor scandal taken, shall this cross withdraw,
It shall not, for it cannot; for the loss
Of this cross were to me another cross.
Better were worse, for no affliction,
No cross is so extreme, as to have none.
Who can blot out the cross, which th' instrument
Of God dew'd on me in the Sacrament?
Who can deny me power, and liberty
To stretch mine arms, and mine own cross to be?
Swim, and at every stroke thou art thy cross;
The mast and yard make one, where seas do toss;
Look down, thou spiest out crosses in small things;
Look up, thou seest birds raised on crossed wings;
All the globe's frame, and spheres, is nothing else
But the meridians crossing parallels.
Material crosses then good physic be,
But yet spiritual have chief dignity.
These for extracted chemic medicine serve,
And cure much better, and as well preserve.

Then are you your own physic, or need none,
When still'd or purged by tribulation;
For when that cross ungrudged unto you sticks,
Then are you to yourself a crucifix.
As perchance carvers do not faces make,
But that away, which hid them there, do take;
Let crosses, so, take what hid Christ in thee,
And be His image, or not His, but He.
But, as oft alchemists do coiners prove,
So may a self-despising get self-love;
And then, as worst surfeits of best meats be,
So is pride, issued from humility,
For 'tis no child, but monster; therefore cross
Your joy in crosses, else 'tis double loss.
And cross thy senses, else both they and thou
Must perish soon, and to destruction bow.
For if the eye seek good objects, and will take
No cross from bad, we cannot 'scape a snake.
So with harsh, hard, sour, stinking; cross the rest;
Make them indifferent; call, nothing best.
But most the eye needs crossing, that can roam,
And move; to th' others th' objects must come home.
And cross thy heart; for that in man alone
Pants downwards, and hath palpitation.
Cross those dejections, when it downward tends,
And when it to forbidden heights pretends.

l. 45. 1650, *see* l. 48. 1635, *all, nothing best*
l. 50. 1635, *To th' others objects*
l. 53. 1635, *detorsions*

And as the brain through bony walls doth vent
By sutures, which a cross's form present,
So when thy brain works, ere thou utter it,
Cross and correct concupiscence of wit.
Be covetous of crosses; let none fall;
Cross no man else, but cross thyself in all.
Then doth the cross of Christ work faithfully
Within our hearts, when we love harmlessly
The cross's pictures much, and with more care
That cross's children, which our crosses are.

RESURRECTION, IMPERFECT.

SLEEP, sleep, old sun, thou canst not have repass'd,
As yet, the wound thou took'st on Friday last;
Sleep then, and rest; the world may bear thy stay;
A better sun rose before thee to-day;
Who—not content to enlighten all that dwell
On the earth's face, as thou—enlighten'd hell,
And made the dark fires languish in that vale,
As at thy presence here our fires grow pale;
Whose body, having walk'd on earth, and now
Hasting to heaven, would—that He might allow
Himself unto all stations, and fill all—
For these three days become a mineral.
He was all gold when He lay down, but rose
All tincture, and doth not alone dispose
Leaden and iron wills to good, but is
Of power to make e'en sinful flesh like his.

1. 15. Query, *to gold*

Had one of those, whose credulous piety
Thought that a soul one might discern and see
Go from a body, at this sepulchre been,
And, issuing from the sheet, this body seen,
He would have justly thought this body a soul,
If not of any man, yet of the whole.

Desunt Caetera.

THE ANNUNCIATION AND PASSION.

TAMELY, frail body, abstain to-day; to-day
My soul eats twice, Christ hither and away.
She sees Him man, so like God made in this,
That of them both a circle emblem is,
Whose first and last concur; this doubtful day
Of feast or fast, Christ came, and went away;
She sees Him nothing, twice at once, who's all;
She sees a cedar plant itself, and fall;
Her Maker put to making, and the head
Of life at once not yet alive, yet dead;
She sees at once the Virgin Mother stay
Reclused at home, public at Golgotha;
Sad and rejoiced she's seen at once, and seen
At almost fifty, and at scarce fifteen;
At once a son is promised her, and gone;
Gabriel gives Christ to her, He her to John;
Not fully a mother, she's in orbity;
At once receiver and the legacy.

l. 1. 1635, *frail flesh*
l. 1. 1650 omits the second *to-day*
l. 10. 1635, *and dead*

All this, and all between, this day hath shown,
Th' abridgement of Christ's story, which makes one—
As in plain maps, the furthest west is east—
Of th' angels *Ave*, and *Consummatum est.*
How well the Church, God's Court of Faculties,
Deals, in sometimes, and seldom joining these.
As by the self-fix'd Pole we never do
Direct our course, but the next star thereto,
Which shows where th'other is, and which we say
—Because it strays not far—doth never stray,
So God by His Church, nearest to him, we know,
And stand firm, if we by her motion go.
His Spirit, as His fiery pillar, doth
Lead, and His Church, as cloud; to one end both.
This Church by letting those days join, hath shown
Death and conception in mankind is one;
Or 'twas in Him the same humility,
That He would be a man, and leave to be;
Or as creation He hath made, as God,
With the last judgment but one period,
His imitating spouse would join in one
Manhood's extremes; He shall come, He is gone;
Or as though one blood drop, which thence did fall,
Accepted, would have served, He yet shed all,
So though the least of His pains, deeds, or words,
Would busy a life, she all this day affords.
This treasure then, in gross, my soul, uplay,
And in my life retail it every day.

l. 31. 1635, *and His fiery pillar*
l. 33. 1635, *those feasts* l. 34. 1635, *are one*

GOOD-FRIDAY, 1613, RIDING WESTWARD.

LET man's soul be a sphere, and then, in this,
Th' intelligence that moves, devotion is;
And as the other spheres, by being grown
Subject to foreign motion, lose their own,
And being by others hurried every day,
Scarce in a year their natural form obey;
Pleasure or business, so, our souls admit
For their first mover, and are whirl'd by it.
Hence is't, that I am carried towards the west,
This day, when my soul's form bends to the East.
There I should see a Sun by rising set,
And by that setting endless day beget.
But that Christ on His cross did rise and fall,
Sin had eternally benighted all.
Yet dare I almost be glad, I do not see
That spectacle of too much weight for me.
Who sees God's face, that is self-life, must die;
What a death were it then to see God die?
It made His own lieutenant, Nature, shrink,
It made His footstool crack, and the sun wink.
Could I behold those hands, which span the poles
And tune all spheres at once, pierced with those holes?

l. 10. So 1635; 1633, *towards the East*
l. 13. So 1635; 1633, *this cross*

Could I behold that endless height, which is
Zenith to us and our antipodes,
Humbled below us? or that blood, which is
The seat of all our souls, if not of His,
Made dirt of dust, or that flesh which was worn
By God for His apparel, ragg'd and torn?
If on these things I durst not look, durst I
On His distressed Mother cast mine eye,
Who was God's partner here, and furnish'd thus
Half of that sacrifice which ransom'd us?
Though these things as I ride be from mine eye,
They're present yet unto my memory,
For that looks towards them; and Thou look'st towards me,
O Saviour, as Thou hang'st upon the tree.
I turn my back to Thee but to receive
Corrections till Thy mercies bid Thee leave.
O think me worth Thine anger, punish me,
Burn off my rust, and my deformity;
Restore Thine image, so much, by Thy grace,
That Thou mayst know me, and I'll turn my face.

l. 30. So 1635; 1633, *Upon his miserable mother*
l. 40. So 1635; 1633, *rusts*

A LITANY.

I.

THE FATHER.

FATHER of Heaven, and Him, by whom
It, and us for it, and all else for us,
Thou madest and govern'st ever, come
And re-create me, now grown ruinous.
My heart is by dejection, clay,
And by self-murder, red.
From this red earth, O Father, purge away
All vicious tinctures, that new-fashioned
I may rise up from death, before I'm dead.

II.

THE SON.

O Son of God, who, seeing two things,
Sin and Death, crept in, which were never made,
By bearing one, tried'st with what stings
The other could Thine heritage invade;
O be Thou nail'd unto my heart,
And crucified again;
Part not from it, though it from Thee would part,
But let it be by applying so Thy pain,
Drown'd in Thy blood, and in Thy passion slain.

III.

THE HOLY GHOST.

O Holy Ghost, whose temple I
Am, but of mud walls, and condensèd dust,
And being sacrilegiously
Half wasted with youth's fires of pride and lust,
Must with new storms be weather-beat,
Double in my heart Thy flame,
Which let devout sad tears intend, and let—
Though this glass lanthorn, flesh, do suffer maim—
Fire, sacrifice, priest, altar be the same.

IV.

THE TRINITY.

O blessed glorious Trinity,
Bones to philosophy, but milk to faith,
Which, as wise serpents, diversely
Most slipperiness, yet most entanglings hath,
As you distinguish'd, undistinct,
By power, love, knowledge be,
Give me a such self different instinct,
Of these let all me elemented be,
Of power, to love, to know you unnumbered three.

l. 34. 1635, omits *a*

V.

THE VIRGIN MARY.

For that fair blessed mother-maid,
Whose flesh redeem'd us, that she-cherubin,
Which unlock'd paradise, and made
One claim for innocence, and disseizèd sin,
Whose womb was a strange heaven, for there
God clothed Himself, and grew,
Our zealous thanks we pour. As her deeds were
Our helps, so are her prayers; nor can she sue
In vain, who hath such titles unto you.

VI.

THE ANGELS.

And since this life our nonage is,
And we in wardship to Thine angels be,
Native in heaven's fair palaces
Where we shall be but denizen'd by Thee;
As th' earth conceiving by the sun,
Yields fair diversity,
Yet never knows what course that light doth run;
So let me study that mine actions be
Worthy their sight, though blind in how they see.

VII.

THE PATRIARCHS.

And let Thy patriarchs' desire,
—Those great grandfathers of Thy Church, which saw
More in the cloud than we in fire,
Whom nature clear'd more, than us grace and law,
And now in heaven still pray, that we
May use our new helps right—
Be satisfied, and fructify in me;
Let not my mind be blinder by more light,
Nor faith by reason added lose her sight.

VIII.

THE PROPHETS.

Thy eagle-sighted prophets too,
—Which were Thy Church's organs, and did sound
That harmony which made of two
One law, and did unite, but not confound;
Those heavenly poets which did see
Thy will, and it express
In rhythmic feet—in common pray for me,
That I by them excuse not my excess
In seeking secrets, or poeticness.

l. 61. So 1635; 1633, *Be sanctified*

IX.

THE APOSTLES.

And thy illustrious zodiac
Of twelve apostles, which engirt this All,
—From whom whosoever do not take
Their light, to dark deep pits throw down and fall;—
As through their prayers Thou'st let me know
That their books are divine,
May they pray still, and be heard, that I go
Th' old broad way in applying; O decline
Me, when my comment would make Thy word mine.

X.

THE MARTYRS.

And since Thou so desirously
Didst long to die, that long before Thou couldst,
And long since Thou no more couldst die,
Thou in thy scatter'd mystic body wouldst
In Abel die, and ever since
In Thine; let their blood come
To beg for us a discreet patience
Of death, or of worse life; for O, to some
Not to be martyrs, is a martyrdom.

l. 76. 1635, *thrown down do fall*

XI.

THE CONFESSORS.

Therefore with Thee triumpheth there
A virgin squadron of white confessors,
Whose bloods betroth'd not married were,
Tender'd, not taken by those ravishers.
They know, and pray that we may know,
In every Christian
Hourly tempestuous persecutions grow;
Temptations martyr us alive; a man
Is to himself a Diocletian.

XII.

THE VIRGINS.

The cold white snowy nunnery,
Which, as Thy Mother, their high abbess, sent
Their bodies back again to Thee,
As Thou hadst lent them, clean and innocent;
Though they have not obtain'd of Thee,
That or Thy Church or I
Should keep, as they, our first integrity,
Divorce Thou sin in us, or bid it die,
And call chaste widowhead virginity.

XIII.

THE DOCTORS.

The sacred academy above
Of doctors, whose pains have unclasp'd, and taught
Both books of life to us—for love
To know Thy scriptures tells us, we are wrote
In Thy other book—pray for us there,
That what they have misdone
Or missaid, we to that may not adhere.
Their zeal may be our sin. Lord, let us run
Mean ways, and call them stars, but not the sun.

XIV.

And whilst this universal quire,
That Church in triumph, this in warfare here,
Warm'd with one all-partaking fire
Of love, that none be lost, which cost Thee dear,
Prays ceaselessly, and Thou hearken too
—Since to be gracious
Our task is treble, to pray, bear, and do—
Hear this prayer, Lord; O Lord, deliver us
From trusting in those prayers, though pour'd out thus.

l. 109. 1635, *academ*

XV.

From being anxious, or secure,
Dead clods of sadness, or light squibs of mirth,
From thinking that great courts immure
All, or no happiness, or that this earth
Is only for our prison framed,
Or that Thou'rt covetous
To them whom Thou lovest, or that they are maim'd
From reaching this world's sweet who seek Thee thus,
With all their might, good Lord, deliver us.

XVI.

From needing danger, to be good,
From owing Thee yesterday's tears to-day,
From trusting so much to Thy blood
That in that hope we wound our soul away,
From bribing Thee with alms, to excuse
Some sin more burdenous,
From light affecting, in religion, news,
From thinking us all soul, neglecting thus
Our mutual duties, Lord, deliver us.

l. 128. 1635, *clouds*
l. 134, 1635, *sweets*
l. 137. 1669, *owning*
l. 139. 1669, *souls*

XVII.

From tempting Satan to tempt us,
By our connivance, or slack company,
From measuring ill by vicious
Neglecting to choke sin's spawn, vanity,
From indiscreet humility,
Which might be scandalous
And cast reproach on Christianity,
From being spies, or to spies pervious,
From thirst or scorn of fame, deliver us.

XVIII.

Deliver us through Thy descent
Into the Virgin, whose womb was a place
Of middle kind; and Thou being sent
To ungracious us, stay'dst at her full of grace;
And through Thy poor birth, where first Thou
Glorified'st poverty;
And yet soon after riches didst allow,
By accepting kings' gifts in th' Epiphany;
Deliver us, and make us to both ways free.

l. 153. So 1635; 1633, *flame*

XIX.

And through that bitter agony,
Which is still th' agony of pious wits,
Disputing what distorted Thee,
And interrupted evenness with fits;
And through Thy free confession,
Though thereby they were then
Made blind, so that Thou mightst from them have gone;
Good Lord, deliver us, and teach us when
We may not, and we may, blind unjust men.

XX.

Through Thy submitting all, to blows
Thy face, Thy robes to spoil, Thy fame to scorn,
All ways, which rage, or justice knows,
And by which Thou couldst show that Thou wast born;
And through Thy gallant humbleness
Which Thou in death didst show,
Dying before Thy soul they could express;
Deliver us from death, by dying so
To this world, ere this world do bid us go.

l. 164. 1635, *still is*

XXI.

When senses, which Thy soldiers are,
We arm against Thee, and they fight for sin;
When want, sent but to tame, doth war,
And work despair a breach to enter in;
When plenty, God's image, and seal,
Makes us idolatrous,
And love it, not him, whom it should reveal;
When we are moved to seem religious
Only to vent wit; Lord, deliver us.

XXII.

In churches, when th' infirmity
Of him which speaks, diminishes the word;
When magistrates do misapply
To us, as we judge, lay or ghostly sword;
When plague, which is Thine angel, reigns,
Or wars, Thy champions, sway;
When heresy, Thy second deluge, gains;
In th' hour of death, th' eve of last Judgment day;
Deliver us from the sinister way.

XXIII.

Hear us, O hear us, Lord; to Thee
A sinner is more music, when he prays,
Than spheres' or angels' praises be,
In panegyric alleluias;
Hear us, for till Thou hear us, Lord,
We know not what to say;
Thine ear to our sighs, tears, thoughts, gives voice and word;
O Thou, who Satan heard'st in Job's sick day,
Hear Thyself now, for Thou in us dost pray.

XXIV.

That we may change to evenness
This intermitting aguish piety;
That snatching cramps of wickedness
And apoplexies of fast sin may die;
That music of Thy promises,
Not threats in thunder may
Awaken us to our just offices;
What in Thy book Thou dost, or creatures say,
That we may hear, Lord, hear us when we pray.

XXV.

That our ears' sickness we may cure,
And rectify those labyrinths aright,
That we by heark'ning not procure
Our praise, nor others' dispraise so invite ;
That we get not a slipp'riness
And senselessly decline,
From hearing bold wits jest at kings' excess,
To admit the like of majesty divine ;
That we may lock our ears, Lord, open Thine.

XXVI.

That living law, the magistrate,
Which to give us, and make us physic, doth
Our vices often aggravate ;
That preachers taxing sin, before her growth ;
That Satan, and envenom'd men—
Which will, if we starve, dine—
When they do most accuse us, may see then
Us to amendment hear them, Thee decline ;
That we may open our ears, Lord, lock Thine.

l. 217. 1635, *me may cure*

XXVII.

That learning, Thine ambassador,
From Thine allegiance we never tempt;
That beauty, paradise's flower
For physic made, from poison be exempt;
That wit—born apt high good to do—
By dwelling lazily
On nature's nothing be not nothing too;
That our affections kill us not, nor die;
Hear us, weak echoes, O, Thou Ear and Eye.

XXVIII.

Son of God, hear us, and since Thou
By taking our blood, owest it us again,
Gain to Thyself, and us allow;
And let not both us and Thyself be slain;
O Lamb of God, which took'st our sin,
Which could not stick to Thee,
O let it not return to us again;
But patient and physician being free,
As sin is nothing, let it nowhere be.

l. 243. So St. MS.: 1633, *and cry*

UPON THE TRANSLATION OF THE PSALMS BY SIR PHILIP SIDNEY, AND THE COUNTESS OF PEMBROKE, HIS SISTER.

ETERNAL God—for whom who ever dare
Seek new expressions, do the circle square,
And thrust into straight corners of poor wit
Thee, who art cornerless and infinite—
I would but bless Thy name, not name Thee now
—And Thy gifts are as infinite as Thou—
Fix we our praises therefore on this one,
That, as thy blessed Spirit fell upon
These Psalms' first author in a cloven tongue
—For 'twas a double power by which he sung
The highest matter in the noblest form—
So Thou hast cleft that Spirit, to perform
That work again, and shed it here, upon
Two, by their bloods, and by Thy Spirit one;
A brother and a sister, made by Thee
The organ, where Thou art the harmony.
Two that make one John Baptist's holy voice,
And who that Psalm, "Now let the Isles rejoice,"
Have both translated, and applied it too,
Both told us what, and taught us how to do.
They show us islanders our Joy, our King;
They tell us why, and teach us how to sing.
Make all this all three choirs, heaven, earth, and spheres;
The first, Heaven, hath a song, but no man hears;

The spheres have music, but they have no tongue,
Their harmony is rather danced than sung;
But our third choir, to which the first gives ear
—For angels learn by what the Church does here—
This choir hath all. The organist is he
Who hath tuned God and man, the organ we;
The songs are these, which heaven's high holy Muse
Whisper'd to David, David to the Jews;
And David's successors in holy zeal,
In forms of joy and art do re-reveal
To us so sweetly and sincerely too,
That I must not rejoice as I would do,
When I behold that these Psalms are become
So well attired abroad, so ill at home,
So well in chambers, in Thy Church so ill,
As I can scarce call that reform'd until
This be reform'd; would a whole state present
A lesser gift than some one man hath sent?
And shall our Church unto our Spouse and King
More hoarse, more harsh than any other, sing?
For that we pray, we praise Thy name for this,
Which, by this Moses and this Miriam, is
Already done; and as those Psalms we call,
—Though some have other authors—David's all,
So though some have, some may some Psalms translate,
We Thy Sidneian psalms shall celebrate,

l. 28. So 1669: 1635, *does hear*
l. 46. So Dr. Grosart; 1635, *thy Moses*

And, till we come th' extemporal song to sing
—Learn'd the first hour that we see the King,
Who hath translated those translators—may
These their sweet learned labours all the way
Be as our tuning, that when hence we part,
We may fall in with them, and sing our part!

ODE.

1. VENGEANCE will sit above our faults; but till
She there do sit,
We see her not, nor them. Thus, blind, yet still
We lead her way; and thus, whilst we do ill,
We suffer it.

2. Unhappy he whom youth makes not beware
Of doing ill.
Enough we labour under age, and care;
In number, th' errors of the last place are
The greatest still.

3. Yet we, that should the ill we now begin
As soon repent,
Strange thing! perceive not; our faults are not seen,
But past us; neither felt, but only in
The punishment.

1. 2. So 1650: 1635, *doth*

4. But we know ourselves least; mere outward shows
Our minds so store,
That our souls no more than our eyes disclose
But form and colour. Only he who knows
Himself, knows more.

TO MR. TILMAN AFTER HE HAD TAKEN ORDERS.

THOU, whose diviner soul hath caused thee now
To put thy hand unto the holy plough,
Making lay-scornings of the ministry
Not an impediment, but victory;
What bring'st thou home with thee? how is thy mind
Affected since the vintage? Dost thou find
New thoughts and stirrings in thee? and, as steel
Touch'd with a loadstone, dost new motions feel?
Or, as a ship after much pain and care
For iron and cloth brings home rich Indian ware,
Hast thou thus traffick'd, but with far more gain
Of noble goods, and with less time and pain?
Thou art the same materials, as before,
Only the stamp is changèd, but no more.
And as new crowned kings alter the face,
But not the money's substance, so hath grace
Changed only God's old image by creation,
To Christ's new stamp, at this thy coronation;
Or, as we paint angels with wings, because
They bear God's message and proclaim His laws,

Since thou must do the like and so must move,
Art thou new feather'd with celestial love?
Dear, tell me where thy purchase lies, and show
What thy advantage is above, below.
But if thy gainings do surmount expression,
Why doth the foolish world scorn that profession,
Whose joys pass speech? Why do they think unfit
That gentry should join families with it?
As if their day were only to be spent
In dressing, mistressing and compliment.
Alas! poor joys, but poorer men, whose trust
Seems richly placèd in sublimèd dust,
—For such are clothes and beauty, which though gay,
Are, at the best, but of sublimèd clay—
Let then the world thy calling disrespect,
But go thou on, and pity their neglect.
What function is so noble, as to be
Ambassador to God, and destiny?
To open life? to give kingdoms to more
Than kings give dignities? to keep heaven's door?
Mary's prerogative was to bear Christ, so
'Tis preachers' to convey Him, for they do,
As angels out of clouds, from pulpits speak;
And bless the poor beneath, the lame, the weak.
If then th' astronomers, whereas they spy
A new-found star, their optics magnify,
How brave are those, who with their engine can
Bring man to heaven, and heaven again to man?
These are thy titles and pre-eminences,
In whom must meet God's graces, men's offences;

And so the heavens which beget all things here,
And th' earth, our mother, which these things doth bear;
Both these in thee, are in thy calling knit
And make thee now a blest hermaphrodite.

A HYMN TO CHRIST, AT THE AUTHOR'S LAST GOING INTO GERMANY.

In what torn ship so ever I embark,
That ship shall be my emblem of Thy ark;
What sea soever swallow me, that flood
Shall be to me an emblem of Thy blood;
Though Thou with clouds of anger do disguise
Thy face, yet through that mask I know those eyes,
Which, though they turn away sometimes,
They never will despise.

I sacrifice this island unto Thee,
And all whom I love there, and who love me;
When I have put our seas 'twixt them and me,
Put thou Thy seas betwixt my sins and Thee.
As the tree's sap doth seek the root below
In winter, in my winter now I go,
Where none but Thee, the eternal root
Of true love, I may know.

l. 10. 1635, *here* l. 11. 1635, *this flood*
l. 12. 1635, *Thy blood*

Nor Thou nor Thy religion dost control
The amorousness of an harmonious soul;
But Thou wouldst have that love Thyself; as Thou
Art jealous, Lord, so I am jealous now;
Thou lovest not, till from loving more Thou free
My soul; Who ever gives, takes liberty;
Oh, if Thou carest not whom I love,
Alas! Thou lovest not me.

Seal then this bill of my divorce to all,
On whom those fainter beams of love did fall;
Marry those loves, which in youth scatter'd be
On fame, wit, hopes—false mistresses—to Thee.
Churches are best for prayer, that have least light;
To see God only, I go out of sight;
And to escape stormy days, I choose
An everlasting night.

THE LAMENTATIONS OF JEREMY, FOR THE MOST PART ACCORDING TO TREMELLIUS.

CHAP. I.

1. How sits this city, late most populous,
Thus solitary, and like a widow thus?
Amplest of nations, queen of provinces
She was, who now thus tributary is?

2. Still in the night she weeps, and her tears fall
Down by her cheeks along, and none of all
Her lovers comfort her; perfidiously
Her friends have dealt, and now are enemy.

3. Unto great bondage, and afflictions,
Judah is captive led; those nations
With whom she dwells, no place of rest afford;
In straits she meets her persecutors' sword.

4. Empty are the gates of Sion, and her ways
Mourn, because none come to her solemn days.
Her priests do groan, her maids are comfortless;
And she's unto herself a bitterness.

5. Her foes are grown her head, and live at peace,
Because, when her transgressions did increase,
The Lord strook her with sadness; the enemy
Doth drive her children to captivity.

6. From Sion's daughter is all beauty gone;
Like harts which seek for pasture, and find none,
Her princes are; and now before the foe
Which still pursues them, without strength they go.

7. Now in their days of tears, Jerusalem
—Her men slain by the foe, none succouring them—
Remembers what of old she esteemed most,
Whiles her foes laugh at her, for what she hath lost.

8. Jerusalem hath sinn'd, therefore is she
Removed, as women in uncleanness be;
Who honour'd, scorn her, for her foulness they
Have seen; herself doth groan, and turn away.

9. Her foulness in her skirts was seen, yet she
Remember'd not her end; miraculously
Therefore she fell, none comforting; behold,
O Lord, my affliction, for the foe grows bold.

10. Upon all things where her delight hath been,
The foe hath stretch'd his hand, for she hath seen
Heathen, whom thou command'st should not do so,
Into her holy sanctuary go.

11. And all her people groan, and seek for bread;
And they have given, only to be fed,
All precious things, wherein their pleasure lay;
How cheap I'm grown, O Lord, behold, and weigh.

12. All this concerns not you, who pass by me;
O see, and mark if any sorrow be
Like to my sorrow, which Jehovah hath
Done to me in the day of His fierce wrath?

13. That fire, which by Himself is governed,
He hath cast from heaven on my bones, and spread
A net before my feet, and me o'erthrown,
And made me languish all the day alone.

14. His hand hath of my sins framèd a yoke
Which wreathed, and cast upon my neck, hath broke
My strength; the Lord unto those enemies
Hath given me, from whom I cannot rise.

15. He under foot hath trodden in my sight
My strong men; He did company accite
To break my young men; He the winepress hath
Trod upon Judah's daughter in His wrath.

16. For these things do I weep; mine eye, mine eye
Casts water out; for He which should be nigh
To comfort me, is now departed far;
The foe prevails, forlorn my children are.

17. There's none, though Sion do stretch out her hand,
To comfort her; it is the Lord's command
That Jacob's foes girt him; Jerusalem
Is as an unclean woman amongst them.

18. But yet the Lord is just, and righteous still;
I have rebell'd against His holy will;
O hear all people, and my sorrow see,
My maids, my young men in captivity.

19. I called for my lovers then, but they
Deceived me, and my priests, and elders lay
Dead in the city; for they sought for meat
Which should refresh their souls, and none could get.

20. Because I am in straits, Jehovah, see!
My heart o'erturn'd, my bowels muddy be;
Because I have rebell'd so much, as fast
The sword without, as death within, doth waste.

21. Of all which here I mourn, none comforts me;
My foes have heard my grief, and glad they be,
That Thou hast done it; but Thy promised day
Will come, when, as I suffer, so shall they.

22. Let all their wickedness appear to Thee;
Do unto them, as Thou hast done to me,
For all my sins; the sighs which I have had
Are very many, and my heart is sad.

CHAP. II.

1. How over Sion's daughter hath God hung
His wrath's thick cloud? and from heaven hath flung
To earth the beauty of Israel, and hath
Forgot His foot-stool in the day of wrath?

2. The Lord unsparingly hath swallowed
All Jacob's dwellings, and demolished
To ground the strength of Judah, and profaned
The Princes of the kingdom, and the land.

3. In heat of wrath the horn of Israel He
Hath clean cut off, and lest the enemy
Be hinder'd, His right hand He doth retire,
But is towards Jacob all-devouring fire.

4. Like to an enemy He bent His bow;
His right hand was in posture of a foe,
To kill what Sion's daughter did desire,
'Gainst whom His wrath He poured forth like fire.

5. For like an enemy Jehovah is,
Devouring Israel, and his palaces,
Destroying holds, giving additions
To Judah's daughters' lamentations.

6. Like to a garden hedge He hath cast down
The place where was His congregation,
And Sion's feasts and sabbaths are forgot;
Her King, her Priest, His wrath regardeth not.

7. The Lord forsakes His altar, and detests
His sanctuary, and in the foes' hands rests
His palace, and the walls, in which their cries
Are heard, as in the true solemnities.

8. The Lord hath cast a line, so to confound
And level Sion's walls unto the ground;
He draws not back His hand, which doth o'erturn
The wall, and rampart, which together mourn.

9. Their gates are sunk into the ground, and He
Hath broke the bar; their king and princes be
Amongst the heathen, without law, nor there
Unto their prophets doth the Lord appear.

10. There Sion's elders on the ground are placed,
And silence keep; dust on their heads they cast;
In sackcloth have they girt themselves, and low
The virgins towards ground their heads do throw.

11. My bowels are grown muddy, and mine eyes
Are faint with weeping; and my liver lies
Pour'd out upon the ground, for misery
That sucking children in the streets do die.

12. When they had cried unto their mothers, "Where
Shall we have bread, and drink?" they fainted there,
And in the street like wounded persons lay,
Till 'twixt their mothers' breasts they went away.

13. Daughter Jerusalem, O what may be
A witness, or comparison for thee?
Sion, to ease thee, what shall I name like thee?
Thy breach is like the sea; what help can be?

14. For thee vain foolish things thy prophets sought;
Thee, thine iniquities they have not taught,
Which might disturb thy bondage; but for thee
False burthens, and false causes they would see.

15. The passengers do clap their hands, and hiss
And wag their head at thee, and say, "Is this
That city, which so many men did call
Joy of the earth, and perfectest of all?"

16. Thy foes do gape upon thee, and they hiss,
And gnash their teeth, and say, "Devour we this,
For this is certainly the day which we
Expected, and which now we find, and see."

17. The Lord hath done that which He purposèd;
Fulfill'd His word of old determinèd;
He hath thrown down, and not spared, and thy foe
Made glad above thee, and advanced him so.

18. But now their hearts unto the Lord do call;
Therefore, O walls of Sion, let tears fall
Down like a river, day and night; take thee
No rest, but let thine eye incessant be.

19. Arise, cry in the night, pour out thy sins,
Thy heart, like water, when the watch begins;
Lift up thy hands to God, lest children die,
Which, faint for hunger, in the streets do lie.

20. Behold, O Lord, consider unto whom
Thou hast done this; what, shall the women come
To eat their children of a span? shall Thy
Prophet and priest be slain in sanctuary?

21. On ground in streets the young and old do lie;
My virgins and young men by sword do die;
Them in the day of Thy wrath Thou hast slain;
Nothing did Thee from killing them contain.

22. As to a solemn feast, all whom I fear'd
Thou call'st about me; when Thy wrath appear'd,
None did remain or scape, for those which I
Brought up, did perish by mine enemy.

CHAP. III.

1. I AM the man which have affliction seen,
Under the rod of God's wrath having been;
2. He hath led me to darkness, not to light,
3. And against me all day, His hand doth fight.

4. He hath broke my bones, worn out my flesh and skin,
5. Built up against me; and hath girt me in
With hemlock, and with labour; 6. And set me
In dark, as they who dead for ever be.

7. He hath hedged me lest I 'scape, and added more
To my steel fetters heavier than before.
8. When I cry out He outshuts my prayer; 9. And hath
Stopp'd with hewn stone my way, and turn'd my path.

10. And like a lion hid in secrecy,
Or bear which lies in wait, He was to me.
11. He stops my way, tears me, made desolate;
12. And He makes me the mark He shooteth at.

13. He made the children of His quiver pass
Into my reins. 14. I, with my people, was
All the day long, a song and mockery.
15. He hath fill'd me with bitterness, and He
Hath made me drunk with wormwood. 16. He
hath burst
My teeth with stones, and cover'd me with dust.
17. And thus my soul far off from peace was set,
And my prosperity I did forget.
18. My strength, my hope—unto myself I said—
Which from the Lord should come, is perished;
19. But when my mournings I do think upon,
My wormwood, hemlock, and affliction,
20. My soul is humbled in rememb'ring this;
21. My heart considers, therefore, hope there is.
22. 'Tis God's great mercy we're not utterly
Consumed, for His compassions do not die;
23. For every morning they renewed be,
For great, O Lord, is Thy fidelity.
24. The Lord is—saith my soul—my portion,
And therefore in Him will I hope alone.
25. The Lord is good to them, who on Him rely,
And to the soul that seeks Him earnestly.
26. It is both good to trust, and to attend
The Lord's salvation unto the end.

27. 'Tis good for one His yoke in youth to bear.
28. He sits alone, and doth all speech forbear,
Because he hath borne it. 29. And his mouth he lays
Deep in the dust, yet then in hope he stays.

30. He gives his cheeks to whosoever will
Strike him, and so he is reproached still.
31. For not for ever doth the Lord forsake ;
32. But when He hath struck with sadness, He doth take

Compassion, as His mercy 's infinite ;
33. Nor is it with His heart, that He doth smite,
34. That underfoot the prisoners stamped be,
35. That a man's right the judge himself doth see

To be wrung from him ; 36. That he subverted is
In his just cause, the Lord allows not this.
37. Who then will say, that aught doth come to pass,
But that which by the Lord commanded was?

38. Both good and evil from His mouth proceeds ;
39. Why then grieves any man for his misdeeds?
40. Turn we to God, by trying out our ways ;
41. To Him in heav'n our hands with hearts upraise.

42. We have rebell'd, and fallen away from Thee ;
Thou pardon'st not ; 43. Usest no clemency ;
Pursuest us, kill'st us, cover'st us with wrath ;
44. Cover'st Thyself with clouds, that our prayer hath

No power to pass. 45. And Thou hast made us fall
As refuse, and off-scouring to them all.
46. All our foes gape at us. 47. Fear and a snare
With ruin, and with waste upon us are.

48. With watery rivers doth mine eye o'erflow
For ruin of my people's daughters so;
49. Mine eye doth drop down tears incessantly,
50. Until the Lord look down from heav'n to see.

51. And for my city daughters' sake, mine eye
Doth break mine heart. 52. Causeless mine enemy
Like a bird chased me. 53. In a dungeon
They've shut my life, and cast me on a stone.

54. Waters flow'd o'er my head; then thought I, I am
Destroy'd; 55. I called, Lord, upon Thy name
Out of the pit; 56. And Thou my voice didst hear;
O from my sigh and cry, stop not Thine ear.

57. Then when I call'd upon Thee, Thou drew'st near
Unto me, and said'st unto me, "Do not fear."
58. Thou, Lord, my soul's cause handled hast, and Thou
Rescuest my life. 59. O Lord, do Thou judge now.

l. 256. 1650, *my sight*

Thou heardst my wrong, 60. Their vengeance, all
they've wrought;
61. How they reproach'd, Thou'st heard, and what
they thought;
62. What their lips utter'd, which against me rose,
And what was ever whisper'd by my foes.

63. I am their song, whether they rise or sit;
64. Give them rewards, Lord, for their working fit,
65. Sorrow of heart, Thy curse; 66. And with Thy
might
Follow, and from under heaven destroy them
quite.

CHAP. IV.

1. How is the gold become so dim? How is
Purest and finest gold thus changed to this?
The stones which were stones of the sanctuary,
Scatter'd in corners of each street do lie.

2. The precious sons of Sion, which should be
Valued at purest gold, how do we see
Low rated now, as earthen pitchers, stand,
Which are the work of a poor potter's hand?

3. Even the sea-calfs draw their breasts, and give
Suck to their young; my people's daughters live,
By reason of the foes' great cruelness,
As do the owls in the vast wilderness.

l. 274. 1650, *as purest gold*

4. And when the sucking child doth strive to draw,
His tongue for thirst cleaves to his upper jaw ;
And when for bread the children cry,
There is no man that doth them satisfy.

5. They which before were delicately fed,
Now in the streets forlorn have perished ;
And they which ever were in scarlet clothed,
Sit and embrace the dunghills which they loathed.

6. The daughters of my people have sinn'd more,
Than did the town of Sodom sin before ;
Which being at once destroy'd, there did remain
No hands amongst them to vex them again.

7. But heretofore, purer her Nazarite
Was than the snow, and milk was not so white ;
As carbuncles did their pure bodies shine,
And all their polish'dness was sapphirine.

8. They're darker now than blackness ; none can know
Them by the face, as through the street they go ;
For now their skin doth cleave unto their bone,
And withered, is like to dry wood grown.

9. Better by sword than famine 'tis to die ;
And better through-pierced, than through penury.

10. Women, by nature pitiful, have eat
Their children—dress'd with their own hand—for meat.

11. Jehovah here fully accomplish'd hath
His indignation, and pour'd forth His wrath;
Kindled a fire in Sion, which hath power
To eat, and her foundations to devour.

12. Nor would the kings of th' earth, nor all which live
In the inhabitable world believe,
That any adversary, any foe,
Into Jerusalem should enter so.

13. For the priests' sins, and prophets', which have shed
Blood in the streets and the just murdered;
14. Which, when those men whom they made blind did stray
Thorough the streets, defilèd by the way

With blood, the which impossible it was
Their garment should 'scape touching, as they pass,
15. Would cry aloud, "Depart, defilèd men,
Depart, depart, and touch not us!" and then

They fled, and stray'd, and with the Gentiles were;
Yet told their friends, they should not long dwell there.
16. For this they're scatter'd by Jehovah's face,
Who never will regard them more; no grace

Unto their old men shall the foe afford ;
Nor, that they're priests, redeem them from the sword.

17. And we as yet, for all these miseries
Desiring our vain help, consume our eyes.

And such a nation as cannot save,
We in desire and speculation have ;
18. They hunt our steps, that in the streets we fear
To go ; our end is now approached near.

Our days accomplish'd are ; this the last day ;
Eagles of heav'n are not so swift as they
19. Which follow us ; o'er mountain tops they fly
At us, and for us in the desert lie.

20. Th' Anointed Lord, breath of our nostrils, He
Of whom we said, under His shadow we .
Shall with more ease under the heathen dwell,
Into the pit which these men digged, fell.

21. Rejoice, O Edom's daughter, joyful be
Thou that inhabit'st Uz, for unto thee
This cup shall pass, and thou with drunkenness
Shalt fill thyself, and show thy nakedness.

22. Then thy sins, O Sion, shall be spent,
The Lord will not leave thee in banishment.
Thy sins, O Edom's daughter, He will see,
And for them, pay thee with captivity.

CHAP. V.

1. Remember, O Lord, what is fall'n on us ;
   See, and mark how we are reproached thus ;
2. For unto strangers our possession
   Is turn'd, our houses unto aliens gone.

3. Our mothers are become as widows ; we
   As orphans all, and without fathers be ;
4. Waters which are our own, we drink and pay ;
   And upon our own wood a price they lay.

5. Our persecutors on our necks do sit ;
   They make us travail, and not intermit ;
6. We stretch our hands unto th' Egyptians
   To get us bread ; and to th' Assyrians.

7. Our fathers did these sins, and are no more ;
   But we do bear the sins they did before.
8. They are but servants, which do rule us thus,
   Yet from their hands none would deliver us.

9. With danger of our life our bread we gat ;
   For in the wilderness the sword did wait.
10. The tempests of this famine we lived in,
   Black as an oven colour'd had our skin.

11. In Judah's cities they the maids abused
   By force, and so women in Sion used.
12. The princes with their hands they hung ; no grace
   Nor honour gave they to the elder's face.

13. Unto the mill our young men carried are,
    And children fell under the wood they bare.
14. Elders the gates, youth did their songs forbear;
    Gone was our joy; our dancings, mournings were.

15. Now is the crown fall'n from our head; and woe
    Be unto us, because we've sinnèd so.
16. For this our hearts do languish, and for this
    Over our eyes a cloudy dimness is.

17. Because Mount Sion desolate doth lie,
    And foxes there do go at liberty;
18. But Thou, O Lord, art ever, and Thy throne
    From generation to generation.

19. Why shouldst Thou forget us eternally?
    Or leave us thus long in this misery?
20. Restore us, Lord, to Thee, that so we may
    Return, and as of old, renew our day.

21. For oughtest Thou, O Lord, despise us thus,
    And to be utterly enraged at us?

HYMN TO GOD, MY GOD, IN MY SICKNESS.

SINCE I am coming to that Holy room,
  Where, with Thy choir of saints for evermore,
I shall be made Thy music; as I come
  I tune the instrument here at the door,
  And what I must do then, think here before;

l. 2. So Walton (1670); 1650, *the*
l. 4. Walt., *my instrument*

Whilst my physicians by their love are grown
Cosmographers, and I their map, who lie
Flat on this bed, that by them may be shown
That this is my south-west discovery,
Per fretum febris, by these straits to die;

I joy, that in these straits I see my west;
For, though those currents yield return to none,
What shall my west hurt me? As west and east
In all flat maps—and I am one—are one,
So death doth touch the resurrection.

Is the Pacific sea my home? Or are
The eastern riches? Is Jerusalem?
Anyan, and Magellan, and Gibraltar?
All straits, and none but straits, are ways to them
Whether where Japhet dwelt, or Cham, or Shem.

We think that Paradise and Calvary,
Christ's cross and Adam's tree, stood in one place;
Look, Lord, and find both Adams met in me;
As the first Adam's sweat surrounds my face,
May the last Adam's blood my soul embrace.

So, in His purple wrapp'd, receive me, Lord;
By these His thorns, give me His other crown;
And as to others' souls I preach'd Thy word,
Be this my text, my sermon to mine own,
"Therefore that He may raise, the Lord throws down."

l. 6. Walt., *Since . . . . . loves* l. 28. Walt., *other*
l. 30. Walt., *That he may raise, therefore*

A HYMN TO GOD THE FATHER.

I.

WILT Thou forgive that sin where I begun,
Which was my sin, though it were done before?
Wilt Thou forgive that sin, through which I run,
And do run still, though still I do deplore?
When Thou hast done, Thou hast not done,
For I have more.

II.

Wilt Thou forgive that sin which I have won
Others to sin, and made my sin their door?
Wilt Thou forgive that sin which I did shun
A year or two, but wallowed in a score?
When Thou hast done, Thou hast not done,
For I have more.

III.

I have a sin of fear, that when I have spun
My last thread, I shall perish on the shore;
But swear by Thyself, that at my death Thy Son
Shall shine as he shines now, and heretofore;
And, having done that, Thou hast done;
I fear no more.

l. 8. 1650, *my sins*

TO GEORGE HERBERT,

SENT HIM WITH ONE OF MY SEALS OF THE ANCHOR AND CHRIST.

QUI prius assuetus serpentum fasce tabellas
Signare, hæc nostræ symbola parva domus,
Adscitus domui Domini, patrioque relicto
Stemmate, nanciscor stemmata jure nova.
Hinc mihi Crux primo quæ fronti impressa lavacro,
Finibus extensis, anchora facta patet.
Anchoræ in effigiem Crux tandem desinit ipsam,
Anchora fit tandem Crux tolerata diu.
Hoc tamen ut fiat, Christo vegetatur ab ipso
Crux, et ab affixo est Anchora facta Jesu.
Nec natalitiis penitus serpentibus orbor,
Non ita dat Deus, ut auferat ante data.
Qua sapiens, dos est, qua terram lambit et ambit,
Pestis, at in nostra sit medicina Cruce
Serpens fixa Cruci si sit natura, Crucique
A fixo nobis gratia tota fluat.
Omnia cum Crux sint, Crux Anchora fixa, sigillum
Non tam dicendum hoc, quam catechismus erit.
Mitto, nec exigua, exigua sub imagine, dona,
Pignora amicitiæ, et munera vota preces.
Plura tibi accumulet sanctus cognominis Ille
Regia qui flavo dona sigillat equo.

l. 1. Walton (1658), *fulce*

A SHEAF OF SNAKES USED HERETOFORE TO BE MY SEAL, THE CREST OF OUR POOR FAMILY.

ADOPTED in God's family and so
Our old coat lost, unto new arms I go.
The Cross—my seal at baptism—spread below
Does, by that form, into an Anchor grow.
Crosses grow Anchors; bear, as thou shouldest do
Thy Cross, and that Cross grows an Anchor too.
But He that makes our Crosses Anchors thus,
Is Christ, who there is crucified for us.
Yet may I, with this, my first serpents hold;
God gives new blessings, and yet leaves the old;
The serpent may, as wise, my pattern be;
My poison, as he feeds on dust, that's me.
And, as he rounds the earth to murder sure,
My death he is, but on the Cross, my cure.
Crucify nature then, and then implore
All grace from Him, crucified there before;
Then all is Cross, and that Cross Anchor grown;
This seal's a catechism, not a seal alone.
Under that little seal great gifts I send,
Works, and prayers, pawns, and fruits of a friend.
And may that saint which rides in our great seal,
To you who bear his name, great bounties deal!

l. 2. Walton (1658), *My old coat lost, into new arms I go*
l. 3. Walt., *in baptism*
l. 9. Walt., *Yet with this, I may*
l. 14. Walt., *He is my death* l. 17. Walt., *When*
l. 20. Walt., *Both works* l. 21. Walt., *that rides on*
l. 22. Walt., *To you that bear his name large bounty deal*

TRANSLATED OUT OF GAZÆUS, "VOTA AMICO FACTA," FOL. 160.

GOD grant thee thine own wish, and grant thee mine,
Thou who dost, best friend, in best things outshine;
May thy soul, ever cheerful, ne'er know cares,
Nor thy life, ever lively, know grey hairs,
Nor thy hand, ever open, know base holds,
Nor thy purse, ever plump, know pleats, or folds,
Nor thy tongue, ever true, know a false thing,
Nor thy word, ever mild, know quarrelling,
Nor thy works, ever equal, know disguise,
Nor thy fame, ever pure, know contumelies,
Nor thy prayers know low objects, still divine;
God grant thee thine own wish, and grant thee mine.

NOTES.

THE PRINTER TO THE UNDERSTANDERS.

p. xlv. This preface occurs in the editions of 1633, 1635, and 1639.

TO THE RIGHT HONOURABLE WILLIAM LORD CRAVEN.

p. xlix. This preface replaces *The Printer to the Understanders* in the editions of 1650 and 1669. William Craven, created Baron Craven of Hampsted-Marsham in 1627, and Earl Craven in 1664, is best known as a devoted adherent of Elizabeth, Queen of Bohemia. He was believed to have been privately married to her. His only connection with literature appears to be in several dedications. On a poem written to him by Donne, or, more likely, by his son, see Appendix C.

John Donne, D.C.L., the writer of the preface to the edition of 1650, was a son of the poet. He was born 1604, and died 1662. He cannot, therefore, have had anything to do with the edition of 1669, as Dr. Grosart thinks. He was a freethinker, and a man of loose literary and personal character. After his father's death he got hold of the papers left to Dr. King, and appeared as the editor of the *LXXX Sermons* (1640), the *Biathanatos* (1648), the *Essays in Divinity* (1651), the *Letters to Several Persons of Honour* (1651), and other posthumous works. He also edited Sir T. Matthews' *Collection of Letters* (1660), and Pembroke and Ruddier's *Poems* (1660). His own productions are trifling, and mostly indecent. Most of them exist only in MS.; a few are to be found in a volume called *Donne's Satyr* (1662). A copy of his Will, printed as a broadsheet, is in the British Museum.

HEXASTICHON BIBLIOPOLAE.

p. li. The book alluded to is the *Death's Duel* of 1632. It is described on the title-page as "Delivered in a sermon at Whitehall before the King's Majesty in the beginning of Lent, 1630[1]. Being his last sermon, and called by his Majesty's household, 'The Dean's own Funeral sermon.'" It has for frontispiece an engraving by Martin Dr[oeshout], a half-length figure of Donne in a shroud, with the motto *Corporis haec animae sit Syndon Syndon Iesu*. Two anonymous elegies, beginning respectively "To have lived eminent in a degree," and "I cannot blame those men, that knew thee well," are appended at the end of the volume. These were reprinted in the 1633 *Poems* with the signatures H[enry] K[ing] and Edw. Hyde. Walton (1640) gives an account of the preaching of the sermon, and also, in his 1658 edition, describes the painting of the portrait, as follows—

"A monument being resolved upon, Dr. Donne sent for a carver to make for him in wood the figure of an urn, giving him directions for the compass and height of it, and to bring with it a board, of the just height of his body. These being got, then without delay a choice painter was got to be in readiness to draw his picture, which was taken as followeth :—Several charcoal fires being first made in his large study, he brought with him into that place his winding-sheet in his hand, and having put off all his clothes, had this sheet put on him, and so tied with knots at his head and feet, and his hands so placed as dead bodies are usually fitted, to be shrouded and put into their coffin or grave. Upon this urn he thus stood, with his eyes shut, and with so much of the sheet turned aside as might show his lean, pale, and death-like face, which was purposely turned towards the East, from whence he expected the second coming of his and our Saviour Jesus. In this posture he was drawn at his just height; and when the picture was fully finished, he caused it to be set by his bedside, where it continued, and became his hourly object till his death, and was then given to his dearest friend and executor Dr. Henry King, then chief residentiary of Paul's, who caused him to be thus carved in one entire piece of white marble, as it now

stands in that church." This "statue in a sheet of stone" is still to be seen in St. Paul's: it was one of the few relics preserved from the Great Fire. A writer in *Notes and Queries* (1st Series, vi. 393) mentions other examples of "emaciated" images. They appear to have been a favourite whimsicality of the Middle Ages.

HEXASTICHON AD BIBLIOPOLAM.

p. li. Scattered sermons of Donne's were published in his lifetime. After the date of the 1633 Poems, his son issued three folio collections of them; a first instalment of *LXXX Sermons*, for which Izaak Walton wrote his *Life* in 1640; a second of fifty in 1649, and a third of twenty-four (twenty-six nominally, but two were carelessly printed in duplicate) in 1660.

TO JOHN DONNE.

p. lii. Another poem by Ben Jonson *To John Donne* is printed in the 1650 edition (p. 387), together with a set of lines *To Lucy, Countess of Bedford, with Mr. Donne's Satyres* (p. 386). All three poems had previously appeared amongst the Epigrams in the 1616 folio of Jonson's works. Donne's Latin commendatory verses to his friend's *Volpone* will be found in vol. ii. p. 71. There are several allusions to Donne in Jonson's *Conversations with Drummond* (ed. Laing, for the Shakespeare Society, 1842). Jonson told Drummond that he meant Donne by Criticus in the lost dialogue version of his *Art of Poesie* (Laing, pp. 6, 29). Mr. Fleay thinks that Donne may also be Ovid in *The Poetaster*, and Cordatus in *Every Man out of his Humour*. See his *Biographical Chronicle of the English Drama*, s.v. Jonson.

SONGS AND SONNETS.

THE majority of the lyrics included in this section appeared in various parts of the 1633 *Poems*. In 1635 were added *Farewell to Love* (p. 76), *A Lecture upon the Shadow* (p. 78), and *A Dialogue between Sir Henry Wotton and Mr. Donne* (p. 79); in 1650 *The Token* (p. 80), and *Self-Love* (p. 81); and in 1669 the first of the two *Break of Day* poems (p. 22). A reference to the notes that follow will show that hardly any of the Songs and Sonnets can be definitely dated. The only exceptions are *A Valediction forbidding Mourning* (p. 51), and the song "*Sweetest Love, I do not go*" (p. 16), which were probably written in the autumn of 1611. Several other songs appear to have been written to music, which has not in most cases been identified. All Donne's Love-poems,—and the majority of the Songs and Sonnets are concerned with love,—seem to me to fall into two divisions. There is one, marked by cynicism, ethical laxity, and a somewhat deliberate profession of inconstancy. This I believe to be his earliest style, and ascribe the poems marked by it to the period before 1596. About that date he became acquainted with Anne More, whom he evidently loved devotedly and sincerely ever after. And therefore from 1596 onwards I place the second division, with its emphasis of the spiritual, and deep insight into the real things of love. About 1615, when he took orders, Donne practically ceased from writing secular poetry altogether. This gives a range for his lyrics of, say twenty-five years, from 1590 to 1615. The earlier portion of this time, up to his marriage in 1601, was, however, probably the most prolific.

p. 1. THE FLEA.

The bad taste of the editor or publisher of the 1635 edition must be responsible for the appearance of this poem at the beginning of the volume. In 1633 it occupied a much less conspicuous position. Another similar one has been ascribed to Donne by Sir John Simeon (*see* Appendix A). Two others may be found in the works of Wm. Drummond of Hawthornden (ed. W. C. Ward, vol. i. p. 173), and a fifth in John Davies of Hereford's *Scourge of Folly* (1611).

p. 3. THE GOOD-MORROW.

l. 4. *The Seven Sleepers' den.* The Seven Sleepers of Ephesus, said by Gregory of Tours to have been seven noble Christian youths, who fled to escape martyrdom during the Decian persecution (A.D. 250) to a cave in Mt. Celion, and remained there asleep for 230 years. Other versions of the legend are given in the Koran and elsewhere.

p. 4. SONG.

The first two stanzas of this song, with the heading *A Raritie*, are printed in the 1653 edition of Francis Beaumont's Poems. They are not in the 1640 edition, where, however, may be found another poem of similar character, beginning—

"Catch me a star that's falling from the sky."

This is also in Mennis and Smith's *Wit Restored* (1658).

The second stanza of Donne's poem was printed in one of the editions of *Wit's Recreations* (cf. the reprint in *Musarum Deliciae*, 1817). The poem, or part of it, also occurs, set to music by an unknown composer in Eg. MS. 2013, f. 58.

Habington has a poem, evidently referring to this of Donne's *Against them who lay Unchastity to the Sex of Women.* It begins—

"They meet but with unwholesome springs,
And summers which infectious are;
They hear but when the mermaid sings,
And only see the falling star:
Who ever dare
Affirm no woman chaste and fair."

l. 1. Compare the *Epithalamium on Lord Somerset*, line 204, and the different use of the same metaphor in these lines from *Lord Strafford's Meditations* (Hannah, *Courtly Poets*, p. 194).

"How each admires
Heaven's twinkling fires,
Whilst from their glorious seat
Their influence gives light and heat;
But O how few there are,
Though danger from the act be far,
Will run to catch a falling star!"

l. 2. *A mandrake root.* The *mandragora*, or mandrake, partly from its name, partly from the shape of its forked root, was looked upon as a link between the animal or human and vegetable worlds. It was supposed to shriek when it was torn up out of the earth.

p. 6. THE UNDERTAKING.

The heading is not in the 1633 edition. It was added in 1635.

l. 2. *the Worthies.* The Nine Worthies were three Gentiles, Hector, Alexander, Julius Caesar; three Jews, Joshua, David, Judas Maccabaeus; three Christians, Arthur, Charlemagne, Godfrey of Bouillon. Cf. the pageant of the Nine Worthies in *Love's Labour's Lost.*

l. 6. *specular stone.* This appears to be an allusion to the famous magic mirrors or "show-stones" of Dr. Dee. Dee was a man of great learning, a mathematician and astrologer, and an original Fellow of Trinity College, Cambridge. He took to alchemy, and was said to have found the philosopher's stone in the ruins of Glastonbury Abbey. In 1581 appeared the first of these mysterious "show-stones," which when gazed upon by a properly

gifted person, presented apparitions. A second, said by Dee to have been given to him by an angel, was produced in 1582. Both of these are in existence; one, a piece of polished cannel coal, is in the possession of Lord Londesborough; the other, a smoky quartz crystal, is in the British Museum. Dee earned an unenviable reputation for the black art, but he appears to have been in large measure the dupe of others. Many of his writings on occult subjects remain, most of them in MS.

p. 7. THE SUN RISING.

In Addl. MS. 25,707, f. 20, this poem is headed *Ad Solem: A Song.*

p. 9. THE INDIFFERENT.

Compare with the subject of this poem that of Elegy xviii.

p. 10. LOVE'S USURY.

l. 15. *quelques choses*, kickshaws, dainties, trifles. In a letter to Sir Henry Goodyere, written 1606—1610 (*Alford*, vi. 301), Donne says, "These, sir, are the salads and onions of Micham, sent to you with as wholesome affection as your other friends send melons and *quelque-choses* from Court and London."

p. 12. THE CANONIZATION.

l. 15. *the plaguy bill*, the weekly bill or list of deaths from the plague.

p. 15. LOVERS' INFINITENESS.

This poem is headed *Mon Tout* in Addl. MS. 25,707, f. 16.

p. 16. SONG.

I have little doubt that this poem, like the *Valediction* on p. 51, and perhaps Elegy xvii., was written at the time

of Donne's departure for France with the Drurys in 1611. The phrase used in the last stanza—

"Let not thy divining heart
Forethink me any ill"—

should be compared with what Walton (1670) says of this journey, "She professed an unwillingness to allow him any absence from her; saying, 'Her divining soul boded her some ill in his absence'; and therefore desired him not to leave her."

p. 20. A FEVER.

This occurs twice in T. C. Dublin MS. G. 2. 21. On f. 143 it is found unsigned amongst a number of Donne's poems, also unsigned: on f. 430 it is ascribed to John Chudleigh.

p. 22. BREAK OF DAY.

This first appeared in 1669, not as a separate poem, but as a first stanza to the following, which had begun in previous editions with, "'Tis true, 'tis day; what though it be." The two are, however, obviously of different metrical structure. In Addl. MS. 25,707, f. 18, the additional stanza has been inserted by a different hand. It occurs also by itself, set to music and with no author's name given, in Orlando Gibbons' *XVI Madrigals and Mottets* (1612). Here it begins, "Ah, dear heart, why do you rise?" It also occurs in John Dowland's *A Pilgrim's Solace* (1612). Here it begins "Sweet, stay awhile, why will you rise," and is followed by a second verse. Probably the initials J. D. led to its being ascribed to Donne.

For the sentiment, compare *Romeo and Juliet*, Act III. Sc. v., the passage in which Gervinus finds the influence of the *Aubade* or dawn-song.

p. 23. [ANOTHER OF THE SAME.]

This is in William Corkine's *Second Book of Airs* (1612).

p. 25. A VALEDICTION OF MY NAME, IN THE WINDOW.

l. 6. *the diamonds of either rock;* i. e. from the East or West Indies, Golconda or Brazil.

l. 8. *through-shine*, translucent.

l. 21. The fashion of wearing death's-heads in rings, by way of *Memento Mori*, is said to have been set by Diana of Poitiers: cf. 2 *Hen. IV.*, II. iv. 254, "Peace, good Doll! do not speak like a death's-head; do not bid me remember mine end"; and Beaumont and Fletcher, *The Chances*, Act I. Sc. v.—

> "As they keep death's-heads in rings,
> To cry 'memento' to me."

l. 33. It is unnecessary to multiply quotations illustrating the belief in the influence of stars upon the character of those born when they are, as astrologers say, in the ascendant: cf. *e. g.* Beatrice's explanation of her mercurial temperament in *Much Ado About Nothing*, II. i. 346—

"*Don Pedro* . . . Out of question, you were born in a merry hour.

Beatrice. No, sure, my lord, my mother cried; but then there was a star danced, and under that was I born."

And *Pericles*, I. i. 8—

> "At whose conception, till Lucina reigned,
> Nature this dowry gave, to glad her presence;
> The senate-house of planets all did sit,
> To knit in her their best perfections."

l. 48. *my Genius.* A Genius is properly a tutelar spirit, but it comes to have very much the sense of "temperament, personality": cf. *Macbeth*, III. i. 55—

> "under him,
> My Genius is rebuked; as, it is said,
> Mark Antony's was by Caesar."

p. 29. TWICKENHAM GARDEN.

This was the residence of the Countess of Bedford.

In a prose letter to her (Alford, vi. 303), Donne speaks of some verses "your Ladyship did me the honour to see in Twickenham garden." Lysons (*Environs of London*, iii. 565) states that a reversion of the lease of Twickenham Park, formerly the home of Francis Bacon, came into the hands of Sir Henry Goodyere and Edward Woodward in 1607, and that both the existing lease and the reversion were transferred in 1608 to George, Lord Carew and George Croke in trust for Lady Bedford, who lived there until 1618. Cf. also the Verse Letter to her (ii. 20)—

> "The mine, the magazine, the common-weal,
> The story of beauty, in Twickenham is, and you"—

and the note upon Mrs. Boulstred (vol. ii. p. 89).

l. 6. *the spider Love.* The spider was believed to be full of poison. Cf. *Rich. II.*, III. ii. 14—

> "But let thy spiders, that suck up thy venom,
> And heavy-gaited toads lie in their way."

p. 30. VALEDICTION TO HIS BOOK.

I suspect that the title of this poem is a mistake of Donne's editor. It does not appear to have been written as an *Envoi;* the "manuscripts" spoken of were not for the press, but only the love-letters which had passed between Donne and his mistress. A similar heading appears, however, in several independent MSS.

l. 3. *eloign*, banish, the French *éloigner.*

l. 6. *Sibyl's glory.* This was the Cumaean Sibyl, who offered King Tarquin successively nine, six and three books of prophecies for the same sum.

l. 7. *her who from Pindar could allure.* "Corinna the Theban, Pindar's instructress in poetry, and successful rival" (Grosart).

l. 8. *her, through whose help Lucan is not lame.* "Probably Argentaria Polla, Lucan's wife and widow" (Grosart).

p. 33. COMMUNITY.

The heading was added in 1635.

p. 34. LOVE'S GROWTH.

l. 23. *spheres.* The modern conception of the solar system was only slowly becoming known in Donne's time. See the letter to Lady Bedford (vol. ii. p. 23)—

> "New philosophy arrests the sun,
> And bids the passive earth about it run."

The theory was first suggested by Copernicus in 1543, and afterwards preached by Galileo (1610—1616). According to the "Ptolemaic" system which preceded it, the Earth was the centre of ten concentric spheres, or revolving rings of space. Seven of these were the orbits of the Sun, Moon, and the five great planets; an eighth held the Fixed Stars; the ninth was known as the Crystalline sphere, the tenth as the *Primum Mobile.* Cf. *Paradise Lost,* iii. 481—

> "They pass the planets seven, and pass the fixed,
> And that crystalline sphere whose balance weighs
> The trepidation talked, and that first moved."

p. 37. CONFINED LOVE.

The heading was added in 1635.

p. 41. LOVE'S ALCHEMY.

l. 7. *th' elixir.* The goals of the alchemist's research were the philosopher's stone, and the red tincture or great elixir. Sometimes the first of these was credited with the property of transmuting baser metals to gold, the second with that of renewing life; at other times the two are treated as practically identical.

p. 43. THE MESSAGE.

The heading was added in 1635.

A writer under the signature Cpl. in *Notes and Queries* (4th Series, ii. 614) speaks of a MS. in which this and some other of Donne's lyrics are included as "Songs which were made to certain airs which were made before." This same heading occurs in Harl. 4955. The songs

included under it are, besides the present one, "Sweetest love, I do not go" (p. 16), and "Come live with me, and be my love" (p. 47). It is also found in T. C. Dublin MS. G. 2. 21, f. 160.

p. 45. A NOCTURNAL UPON ST. LUCY'S DAY.

St. Lucy's Day, December the 13th, was, according to the old style of reckoning, the "shortest day" in the year.

l. 21. *limbec.* This word is a corruption of *alembic*, a term of Arabian alchemy for the "still" or vessel in which chemicals were vaporized.

p. 47. THE BAIT.

The heading was added in 1635.

This poem is one of the several imitations of Marlowe's famous "Come live with me, and be my love," printed successively in *The Passionate Pilgrim* (1599), *England's Helicon* (1600), and *The Compleat Angler* (1653). Donne's poem also appears in *The Compleat Angler* (1653), where it is introduced as follows—

"*Viator.* Yes, Mister, I will speak you a copy of verses that were made by Dr. Donne, and made to show the world that he could make soft and smooth verses, when he thought them fit and worth his labour; and I love them the better because they allude to rivers, and fish, and fishing. They be these."

Another poem was added by Cotton in the second part of the *Compleat Angler*, called *An Invitation to Phillis*, and also beginning, "Come live with me, and be my love." Other verses on the same theme may be found in *England's Helicon* (1600), "If all the world and love was young" (Ignoto, but ascribed by Walton, who quotes this also in the *Compleat Angler*, to Sir Walter Raleigh; cf. Hannah, *Courtly Poets*, p. 11), and "Come live with me, and be my dear" (Ignoto); in Herrick's *Hesperides*, under the title *To Phillis* "Live, live with me, and thou shalt see"; in Pembroke and Rudyard's *Poems* (1660), "Dear, leave thy home, and come with me." There are doubtless others. *The Bait* is ascribed to Sir Henry Wotton in Addl. MS. 19,268, f. 19, but this is a MS. of no great credit. See also note to p. 43.

p. 51. A VALEDICTION FORBIDDING MOURNING.

This poem was printed with several variants in the fourth edition of Walton's *Life of Donne* (1674). It is not in the 1640, nor the 1658, nor the 1670 edition. Walton states that it was given by Donne to his wife when he left her to go to France and Belgium, with Sir Robert Drury in 1611. He continues, "And I beg leave to tell that I have heard some critics, learned both in languages and poetry, say that none of the Greek or Latin poets did ever equal them." It was during this absence that Donne had a sudden vision of his wife at a moment when she was in great danger. See Walton's *Life of Donne*, and cf. notes to pp. 16, 139.

A copy of the *Valediction*, unsigned and with many trifling variants, is to be found in Dr. Grosart's edition of the Farmer-Chetham MS.

l. 11. *trepidation of the spheres.* Cf. *Paradise Lost*, iii. 483, quoted in the note to page 34.

The "trepidation" was the precession of the equinoxes, supposed, according to the Ptolemaic astronomy, to be caused by the movements of the Ninth or Crystalline Sphere.

p. 64. THE PRIMROSE, BEING AT MONTGOMERY CASTLE.

In 1633, the heading is simply *The Primrose.* The rest was added in 1635.

Montgomery Castle was the home of Lady Herbert, mother of Lord Herbert of Cherbury and of George Herbert. All three appear to have been among Donne's intimate friends. See pp. 117, 156; vol. ii. pp. 20, 43, with notes. In 1607 Montgomery Castle was taken from its possessors by James I., and transferred to their kinsman Philip, Earl of Pembroke, who was created Earl of Montgomery. It was bought back by Sir Edward Herbert for £500 in 1613. Donne visited him there in that year (cf. note to the Good Friday poem, p. 172), but probably this poem was written before 1607.

l. 12. *a six, or four.* The normal number of segments in the corolla of a primrose is five; occasionally specimens are found in which it is divided into four or

six. The latter variety was held as a symbol of true love. Cf. W. Browne, *Britannia's Pastorals*, bk. ii. song 3—

"The primrose when with six leaves gotten grace,
Holds as a true-love in their bosoms place."

l. 29. *they fall first into five;* that is, the first even number, two, added to the first odd number, three—one, the unit, of course not counting—makes five.

p. 70. A JET RING SENT.

l. 10. *her thumb.* Thumb-rings were a common ornament for well-to-do citizens. Falstaff, in 1 *Hen. IV.*, II. iv. 364, boasts that he was once so slender that he could have crept into any alderman's thumb-ring. This passage seems to show that they were worn by women also.

71. NEGATIVE LOVE.

In Addl. MS. 25,707, f. 18, this poem is headed *The Nothing.*

p. 75. SONG. SOUL'S JOY.

This poem occurs in all the editions of Donne except 1633, and I have therefore included it here. I have very little doubt that it is his; the central idea—that the lovers' souls are together, though their bodies may be apart—is characteristic of him (cf. *A Valediction forbidding Mourning*, p. 51). So is the contemptuous—

"Fools have no means to meet,
But by their feet."

It is however printed, in an inferior version, with the initial "P," in the Earl of Pembroke and Sir Benjamin Ruddier's *Poems* (1660), and it is also ascribed to the Earl of Pembroke in Lansd. MS. 777, a very good authority. The testimony of the Pembroke and Ruddier volume is not of much value. It was edited by the younger Donne, who admits in the preface that some surreptitious verses may have crept in. As a matter of fact it contains poems by Carew, Dyer and others. It

must be remembered that the younger Donne was also editor of the 1650 edition of his father's poems, and allowed *Soul's Joy* to stand there. For other poems in the Pembroke and Ruddier volume, which have been claimed for Donne, see note to p. 79, and the Appendices.

I have printed in the footnotes the variant readings of Lansd. MS. 777. *Wounds* for *words* in line 17 seems to me to improve the sense.

In George Herbert's *The Temple* (1633) is included *A Parodie*, of which the following is the first verse—

"Soul's joy, when thou art gone,
And I alone,
Which cannot be,
Because Thou dost abide with me,
And I depend on Thee;"

There is also an apparent reference to *Soul's Joy* in a poem by Sir K. Digby, written probably after the death of Lady Digby in 1633 (see Mr. Bright's Roxburghe Club edition of Digby's *Poems*, page 8). The following are the lines in point—

"And I see those books are false which teach
That absence works between two souls no breach,
When they with love
To each other move,
And that they (though distant) may meet, kiss and play;
For our body doth so clog our mind,
That here no means of working it can find
On things absent,
Or judging present,
Till the corporal senses first do lead the way."

There is another protest against the theories of presence in absence as expounded by Donne here and in the *Valediction forbidding Mourning*, to be found in Cartwright's *No Platonic Love*. It begins—

"Tell me no more of minds embracing minds,
And hearts exchanged for hearts;
That spirits spirits meet, as winds do winds,
And mix their subtlest parts;

That two unbodied essences may kiss,
And then, like angels, twist and feel one bliss."

p. 76. FAREWELL TO LOVE.

First printed in the edition of 1635.

l. 12. Presumably *his highness* was made of gilt gingerbread.

p. 78. A LECTURE UPON THE SHADOW.

First printed in the edition of 1635, under the heading *Song*. The present heading was added in 1650.

p. 79. A DIALOGUE BETWEEN SIR HENRY WOTTON AND MR. DONNE.

This poem was first printed in the edition of 1635, on p. 195, among the Verse Letters, from which I have transferred it. It is printed, with the initial "P," in Pembroke and Ruddier's *Poems* (1660); but on the small authority of this collection, see note to *Soul's Joy*, p. 75. In Harl. MS. 3910, f. 22, and in Harl. MS. 4064, f. 252, the first three verses are ascribed to the Earl of Pembroke, and the second three to Sir Benjamin Ruddier. In Addl. MS. 23,229, the first three verses are also given to Pembroke, and the second three headed *The Answer*. In T. C. Dublin MS. G. 2. 21, ff. 424, 426, the first three verses are given to Dr. Corbet, and the second three to Donne and Rudyard jointly. No division of the verses between the two authors is given in any of the editions of Donne. I have attempted to supply one, conjecturally.

On Sir Henry Wotton and his friendship with Donne, see the note to vol. ii. p. 7.

p. 80. THE TOKEN.

First printed in 1650, on p. 264, after the *Funeral Elegies*.

p. 81. SELF-LOVE.

First printed in 1650, p. 391, without any title. It occurs together with Elegy xviii., between Ben Jonson's verses and the *Elegies upon Donne*.

EPITHALAMIONS.

THE three poems included in this section were all first printed in 1633, and appear, with little textual variation, in the later editions. As to the dates, the Princess Elizabeth was married on Feb. 14, 1613, and the Earl of Somerset on Dec. 26, 1613. The *Epithalamion made at Lincoln's Inn* probably dates from Donne's residence there in 1592—1596.

p. 83. AN EPITHALAMION, OR MARRIAGE SONG ON THE LADY ELIZABETH AND COUNT PALATINE BEING MARRIED ON ST. VALENTINE'S DAY.

In 1669, the heading is *An Epitha[la]mion on Frederick Count Palatine of the Rhene, and the Lady Elizabeth, being married on St. Valentine's day.*

Elizabeth, daughter of James I. and Anne of Denmark, was born in 1596, and brought up in ardent Protestant principles by Lord Harrington at Combe Abbey. In 1612 she was betrothed to the Elector Palatine Frederick V. as an incident of the alliance between England and the Protestant Union of Germany. The marriage was delayed by the death of Henry, Prince of Wales, in Nov. 1612, but it took place on the following Feb. 14 with great ceremony. A description of the festivities may be found in Nichols' *Progresses of James I.* After a few years of gaiety Elizabeth fell on troublous days. In 1619 Frederick was chosen King of Bohemia. In the inevitable religious conflict which followed the election of the Emperor Ferdinand, he lost his dominions, and

the rest of his life and the queen's were spent in unsuccessful efforts to recover them. Frederick died in 1632, and in 1661 Elizabeth moved to England, where she died in the following year. Her beauty, her wit, and her misfortunes earned her the title of the "Queen of Hearts," and the generous devotion of the cavaliers and poets of the time. Lord Craven and Sir Henry Wotton were among her special admirers: the former was believed to have been secretly married to her (see note on page xlix); the latter wrote in her honour his best verses, those beginning, "Ye meaner beauties of the night."

l. 7. On the *sparrow* cf. *The Progress of the Soul*, Stanza xx (vol. ii. p. 158).

l. 103. It was a commonElizabethan custom to serenade a bride and bridegroom on the morning after a wedding. Cotgrave states that the song sung on such an occasion was called the *Hunt's up*.

p. 88. ECLOGUE.

Robert Carr, or Ker, was a Scotchman who came over with James I.; he was knighted in 1607, created Viscount Rochester in 1611, and Earl of Somerset in 1613. He fell in love with the Countess of Essex, who obtained a decree of nullity in order to marry him. This marriage was vehemently opposed by Carr's friend, Sir Thomas Overbury, chiefly on political grounds, since the Countess, by birth Frances Howard, was of the Spanish or pro-Catholic party. In revenge she got Overbury thrown into the Tower, and subsequently had him poisoned, probably with Carr's connivance. The crime remained a secret, and the marriage took place on December 26, 1613. Besides Donne's *Epithalamion*, Campion celebrated the occasion with a masque, and Jonson with a set of verses. He had already written his masque of *Hymenaei* for the bride's former wedding. Afterwards Carr fell into disfavour with James: the murder was discovered in 1615; the murderers were prosecuted by Bacon, condemned, reprieved, committed to the Tower until 1622, and then allowed to live in retirement. Their career forms the subject of Marston's *Insatiate Countess*. The following is a postscript to a letter to Sir Robert Drury (Alford, vi. 349): "I cannot

tell you so much, as you tell me, of anything from my Lord of Somerset, since the Epithalamium, for I heard nothing." There is another Sir Robert Carr, afterwards Earl of Ancrum, who was a friend and frequent correspondent of Donne's, and must not be confused with the Earl of Somerset. See a letter to him in vol. ii. p. 97, and the note there.

l. 87. *sued livery.* Land held by feudal tenure lapsed to the lord at the death of a tenant, until it was ascertained if the heir was of age; if so he took possession at once, on payment of a year's profits, known as *primer seisin;* if not, the estate remained in the lord's hands, as his guardian, until he became so, when he could claim *livery*, or *delivery, of wardship*, by suing for a writ of *ouster le main* and paying half a year's profits.

l. 161. *a cypress*, a crape veil.

l. 204. Cf. with the opening of this stanza the Song, "Go and catch a falling star," on p. 4.

l. 215. Cf. Sir T. Browne, *Pseudodoxia Epidemica*, iii. 21, "Why some lamps included in close bodies have burned many hundred years, as that discovered in the sepulchre of Tullia, the sister of Cicero, and that of Olibius many years after, near Padua?" Browne's editor refers to Hutton, *Ozanam's Philosophical Recreations*, vol. i. p. 496.

p. 98. EPITHALAMION MADE AT LINCOLN'S INN.

Donne became a student at Lincoln's Inn on May 6, 1592, and the Epithalamion was probably written within the next two or three years. It is less likely that it belongs to the period 1616-1622, when Dr. Donne was reader to the same learned society.

ELEGIES.

THE Elegies numbered in this edition i. to x. and xv. first appeared in 1633 (cf. Bibliographical Note, p. xxxv); Elegies xi. to xiv. xvi. and xvii. were added in 1635; Elegy xviii. in 1650; Elegies xix. and xx. in 1669. Like the Songs and Sonnets, the Elegies deal mainly with love, and represent Donne's earlier and later attitude of mind on the subject. Most of them are probably earlier than 1600, all earlier than 1614. I have shown reason in the notes that follow for giving approximate dates to Elegy v. (1596?), Elegy ix. (1598-1600), Elegy xi. (before 1598), Elegy xvi. (1609-1610), Elegy xvii. (1611).

Except where otherwise stated, the headings to the Elegies appear only in 1635-1654, not in 1633, or 1669.

p. 102. ELEGY I.

l. 4. *a sere bark.* Cf. *Hamlet*, I. v.—

> "And a most instant tetter bark'd about,
> Most lazar-like, with foul and loathsome crust,
> All my smooth body."

p. 103. ELEGY II.

ll. 41, 42. I have attempted to make sense out of the various readings of the editions and MSS.

l. 50. *a tympany*, an abdominal swelling.

l. 52. The following two lines are inserted after this in 1669—

> "Whom dildoes, bed-staves, and her velvet glass
> Would be as loth to touch as Joseph was."

They occur also in the Farmer-Chetham and other MSS.

p. 107. ELEGY IV.

l. 8. *a cockatrice;* i. e. a basilisk; whereof it was believed that all who caught its eye should die presently; cf. among many possible illustrations, *Rich. III.*, IV. i.—

"A cockatrice hast thou hatched to the world,
Whose unavoided eye is murderous."

p. 110. ELEGY V.

Apparently written before some voyage; possibly that of 1596 or 1597, but possibly also an unrecorded earlier one. Several portraits of Donne are mentioned in Bromley's *Catalogue of Engraved Portraits.* The "picture" of this Elegy may have been the original of one of these, perhaps No. 4.

1. By M. Dro[eshout]; 4to; This is the "winding-sheet" portrait, prefixed to the *Death's Duel* of 1632, and described in the note to page li.

2. By Loggan.

3. By Lombart; 4to. This belongs to the *Letters* of 1651 and 1654, but is occasionally found inserted in the *Poems* of 1633.

4. By Marshall; 8vo; dated "Oct. 18, 1591." This is found with the 1635 and subsequent editions of the *Poems*, and some copies, in quarto, appear to have originally belonged to the 1633 edition.

5. By M. Merian, jun., fol. This is part of the title-page to the *Sermons* of 1640. It is used again, with the date "Aet. 42" (*i. e.* 1615), in the 1658 edition of Walton's *Life.*

In addition to these, Dr. Grosart has engraved, in the large paper copies of his edition, a miniature by Oliver, and an alleged Vandyke.

p. 114. ELEGY VIII.

l. 2. *chafed musk cat's pores.* The civet cat, or *Hyena odorifera;* cf. Sir Thomas Browne, *Pseudodoxia Epidemica*, iii. 4.

l. 10. *Sanserra.* Sancerre, near Bourges, a stronghold

of the Huguenots, was besieged by the Catholics in 1573. The siege lasted nine months.

l. 23. *Proserpine's white beauty-keeping chest.* In the story of *Cupid and Psyche* told in Apuleius' *Golden Ass* (transl. William Adlington, 1566), Venus sends Psyche on a message to Proserpina, saying, "Take this box and go to Hell to Proserpina, and desire her to send me a little of her beauty, as much as will serve me the space of one day." Actually, however, the "mystical secret" of "divine beauty" put by Proserpina in the box proves to be "an infernal and deadly sleep."

p. 117. ELEGY IX.

The heading first appeared in 1633.

In the Stephens MS. this Elegy is headed, *A Paradox of an old Woman.* In Lansd. MS. 740, f. 86, the words "Widow Herbert" are prefixed to it. This is explained by Walton, in his *Life of George Herbert* (1670), where he speaks of a friendship that grew up between Donne and Lady Herbert, mother of the poet, when she was residing with her eldest son, Edward Herbert, at Oxford, in about 1596-1600. He adds, "It was that John Donne, who was after Dr. Donne, and Dean of St. Pauls, London, and he, at his leaving Oxford, writ and left there, in verse, a character of the beauties of her body and mind." Of the first he says—

> "No Spring nor Summer beauty has such grace
> As I have seen in an Autumnal face."

Of the latter he says—

> "In all her words to every hearer fit,
> You may at revels or at councils sit."

The rest of her character may be read in his printed poems, in that elegy which bears the name of the "Autumnal Beauty." For both he and she were then past the meridian of man's life. There is some confusion in Walton's chronology. It appears from Edward, Lord Herbert of Cherbury's *Autobiography*, that he originally went up to Oxford in 1593-4. He did not matriculate, however, according to the University Registers, until May

1595, and Wood gives this date for his entry as a gentleman-commoner at University College. Soon after he was recalled home by his father's death in 1597; he married on Feb. 28, 1598, and then, he says, "not long after my marriage I went again to Oxford, together with my wife and mother, who took a house, and lived for some time there." This brings the date of the Elegy to 1598, or two or three years after, and as Donne was born in 1573, and Magdalen Newport in 1568, they were hardly "past the meridian of man's life." Walton also states that Donne was "near the fourtieth year of his age (which was some years before he entered into sacred orders)." This also cannot be correct. Donne was not 40 until 1613. He was ordained in 1615.

Other poems from Donne to this lady will be found on p. 156, and vol. ii. p. 43. The poem on *The Primrose* (p. 64) was written at her castle near Montgomery. On her life, see the note to p. 156.

l. 29. *Xerxes' strange Lydian love, the platane tree.* Dr. Grosart refers to Pliny, *Nat. Hist.*, xii. 1-3; xvi. 44.

In the 1635-1669 editions, there comes between the present Elegies x. and xi. the poem "Language, thou art too narrow and too weak," which will be now found among the Epicedes and Obsequies (vol. ii. p. 93).

p. 120. ELEGY XI.

First printed in 1635, with the heading *The Bracelet.* The heading in the text appeared in 1650.

The following note is taken from *Ben Jonson's Conversations with William Drummond* (ed. D. Laing, Shakespeare Society, 1842)—

"He esteemeth John Done the first poet in the world for some things: his verses of the Lost Chain he hath by heart; and that passage of the Calme, *That dust and feathers do not stir, all was so quiet.* Affirmeth Done to have written all his best pieces ere he was 25 years old."

l. 59. *some dread conjurer.* The loss of a chain and its recovery by the aid of a conjurer is an incident in *The Puritan.*

l. 77. An allusion to the mediaeval ninefold classification of angels invented by Pseudo-Dionysius, *De Coelesti*

Hierarchia. The three orders are Seraphim, Cherubim, and Thrones; Dominations, Virtues, Powers; Principalities, Archangels, Angels.

p. 125. ELEGY XII.

First printed in 1635.

ll. 57-76. These lines are not found in the printed copies. They were added by Dr. Grosart in his edition from the British Museum MSS. (Addl. 10,309, f. 46, Harl. 3910, f. 18, Harl. 4064, f. 249). Lansd. MS. 740, f. 105, in which the poem also occurs, is without them, but on the whole there appears to be no reason to doubt their authenticity.

p. 128. ELEGY XIII.

This Elegy appeared in an imperfect form in 1635-1650. Some sixty lines, indicated in the footnotes to this edition, were added in 1669. In T. C. Dublin MS. G. 2. 21, f. 460, this Elegy is ascribed to Sir Francis Wriothesley.

p. 132. ELEGY XIV.

First printed in 1635.

l. 13. *Mantuan.* I suppose the allusion to be to the "flammisque armata Chimaera" of Virgil, *Aeneid*, vi. 289, and not to the Carmelite Baptista Spagnoli, the "good old Mantuan" of *Love's Labour's Lost*, IV. ii. 97. Both poets were born at Mantua.

l. 14. *Mastix*, Scourge: cf. the title of Dekker's play, the *Satiromastix*, and of Prynne's pamphlet, the *Histriomastix*.

p. 133. ELEGY XV.

First printed in 1635. The date appears, from the allusions in lines 21-27, to be about 1609-10.

l. 21. *the plaguing bill:* cf. p. 12. The weekly bill of deaths by the plague reached 40, during parts of every year from 1606 to 1610.

l. 23. *the Virginian plot.* Expeditions were sent out to re-colonize Virginia on Jan. 1, 1607, and again in 1609.

Ward. This pirate is mentioned in Capt. John Smith's *Travels and Observations* (1629, ed. Arber, p. 914) as "a poor English sailor," who "lived like a Bashaw in

Barbary," some time after 1603. Daborne has a play, *A Christian turned Turk, or the Tragical Lives and Deaths of the two famous Pirates, Ward and Dansiker* (1612), which is taken from an account of these two pirates by Andrew Barker (1609). It appears from Barker that Ward was notorious during 1607-9. His head-quarters were at Tunis. He is alluded to as "that ocean terror" in Randolph's *Epithalamium to Mr. F. H.* (Works, ed. Hazlitt, p. 571.)

l. 25. *the Britain Burse*, or the "New Exchange," opened as a rival to the Royal Exchange, on April 11, 1609. For some time it had very little success.

l. 27. *Aldgate*. The rebuilding was completed in 1609.

Moor-field, fields to the north of the City; laid out in walks in 1606.

p. 136. ELEGY XVI.

This poem was included in the collection of verses called *Underwoods*, which first appeared in the second folio edition (1641) of Ben Jonson's works. It is No. 58 in Cunningham's edition. I see no reason, however, to take it from Donne. It appeared in two editions, 1633 and 1635, during Jonson's life; the *Underwoods* is posthumous, and of no great authority; and both style and sentiment are characteristic of Donne. Many points in the Elegy, for instance, may be paralleled from Elegy xi., l. 91, *sqq.*, from *Woman's Constancy* (p. 5), and from *The Curse* (p. 42). It is signed J. D. in William Drummond's Hawthornden MS. 15.

p. 139. ELEGY XVII.

This appeared in 1635-1669 among the Epicedes and Obsequies. In 1669 it is simply headed Elegy. It belongs more properly to the present section. It may perhaps be referred to 1611, with the lyrical poem to his wife headed, *A Valediction forbidding Mourning* (p. 51), and the Song "Sweetest Love" (p. 16). See the notes to those poems, and compare the close of the present Elegy with what Walton says about Mrs. Donne's "divining soul."

p. 141. ELEGY XVIII.

First printed in the Appendix to the edition of 1650.

p. 144. ELEGY XIX.

First printed with the heading among Donne's *Poems* in 1669. But it had previously appeared in "*Wit and Drollery*. By Sir J. M., J. S., Sir W. D., J. D. and the most refined Wits of the Age, 1661." I have only given in the text and foot-notes the more important of the many variant readings of the 1661 version.

Mr. W. C. Hazlitt states in his *Handbook* that pages 95-98 of the 1669 *Poems*, containing Elegy xix., all but the first two lines, and Elegy xx., all but the last ten lines, were suppressed.

p. 148. ELEGY XX.

First printed with the heading in 1669.

DIVINE POEMS.

THE larger number of these poems appeared in 1633. The *Holy Sonnets*, i., iii., v., and viii., the lines *Upon the Translation of the Psalms* (p. 188), the *Ode* (p. 190), the lines *To Mr. Tilman*, and the *Hymn to God, my God* (p. 211), were added in 1635; the poems to George Herbert (p. 214) and the translation from Gazaeus (p. 216) in 1650. The Sonnet to Lady Herbert (p. 156) is printed from Walton's *Life of George Herbert* (1670). This is the latest group of Donne's poems. Some at least of the Sonnets were probably written before 1607, and from them he appears to have occasionally written religious poems up to the last year of his life. It is possible to more or less definitely date a good many of them; viz. the *Annunciation and Passion* (p. 170) in 1609, the *Litany* (p. 174) in 1610, the *Good Friday* (p. 172) in 1613, the translation of the *Lamentations* (p. 194) in 1617 (?), the *Hymn to Christ* (p. 193) in 1619, the lines *Upon the Translation of the Psalms* (p. 188) after 1621, the *Hymn to God the Father* (p. 213) in 1627, and the *Hymn to God, my God* (p. 211) in 1631.

p. 151. TO THE E[ARL] OF D[ONCASTER].

This poem is found in all the seventeenth-century editions amongst the *Verse Letters*, headed "To E. of D." The full title is taken from the Stephens MS. I have transferred it to the present section. It evidently refers to the "La Corona" Sonnets which follow, although only six of them appear to have been finished when it was written.

The heading is not quite correct, for there was no Earl of Doncaster. James Hay was a Scotch gentleman who came to England with James, and was high in favour at court. He was knighted, and created successively Lord Hay in the Scotch peerage (1606), Lord Hay of Sawley (1615), Viscount Doncaster (1618), and Earl of Carlisle (1622). He was a courtier, at once shrewd and extravagant, rather than a statesman, but he was employed on several important missions, amongst them one to France in 1616, and another to Germany to support the Elector Palatine in 1619. On the latter of these occasions Donne accompanied him. (See notes to the *Hymn to Christ*, p. 193.) Hay married, firstly, Honora, daughter of Lord Denny (1607); secondly, Lucy Percy, Strafford's Lady Carlisle (1617).

l. 2. Cf. *Antony and Cleopatra*, II. vii. 29: "Your serpent of Egypt is bred now of your mud by the operation of your sun: so is your crocodile."

p. 156. TO THE LADY MAGDALEN HERBERT.

Lady Herbert was by birth Magdalen Newport, and married Sir Richard Herbert of Montgomery Castle. Her husband died early, in 1597, and she devoted herself to the care of her children, amongst whom Edward Lord Herbert of Cherbury, George Herbert, and Sir Henry Herbert, Master of the Revels, attained distinction. On her friendship with Donne, see note to Elegy ix. A letter of Donne's preserved at Loseley ends as follows, "From Sir John Danvers' house at Chelsey (of which house and my lord Carlils at Hanworth I make up my Tusculum), 12. Julii. 1625." In 1608 she took, as her second husband, Sir John Danvers. In 1627, Donne preached her funeral sermon, which was afterwards published with some Greek and Latin verses by her son George.

This sonnet is not in any of the seventeenth-century editions of Donne, but it is given in Walton's *Life of George Herbert* (1670), with this accompanying letter:

"MADAM,

"Your favours to me are every where; I use them, and have them. I enjoy them at London, and leave them there, and yet find them at Mitcham. Such

riddles as these become things unexpressible; and such is your goodness. I was almost sorry to find your servant here this day, because I was loth to have any witness of my not coming home last night, and indeed of my coming this morning: but my not coming was excusable, because earnest business detained me, and my coming this day is by the example of your S. Mary Magdalen, who rose early upon Sunday to seek that which she loved most, and so did I. And, from her and myself, I return such thanks as are due to one to whom we owe all the good opinion that they whom we need most have of us. By this messenger, and on this good day, I commit the enclosed holy hymns and sonnets (which for the matter, not the workmanship, have yet escaped the fire) to your judgment, and to your protection too, if you think them worthy of it, and I have appointed this enclosed sonnet to usher them to your happy hand.

"Your unworthiest servant,
"Unless your accepting him
"Have mended him,
"Jo. Donne.

"*Mitcham, July* 11, 1607."

Walton adds: "These hymns are now lost to us, but doubtless they were such as they two now sing in heaven." This would seem to imply that the "Holy Sonnets" which follow were not those sent to Lady Herbert, but some later ones. But Walton may be referring to some lost hymns, as distinguished from the sonnets; and in any case, this poem will serve as a preface to the rest of Donne's religious verse. In Harl. 4955, the divine sonnets (*Holy Sonnets* and *La Corona*) are said to have been "made 20 years since." The MS. includes a poem dated 1629.

l. 2. *Bethina*, Bethany: *Magdalo*, the castle of Migdol, from which the name Magdalene may have been derived.

l. 8. It is not a question whether there was more than one Magdalen, but rather whether Mary Magdalene, "out of whom Jesus cast seven devils," is identical with Mary of Bethany, the sinner who anointed his feet and

wiped them with the hair of her head in the house of Simon the leper. They are treated as one in Vaughan's poem, *St. Mary Magdalene.*

p. 157. HOLY SONNETS.

Of these Holy Sonnets, i., iii., v., viii., and xi. were first printed in 1635, the rest in 1633.

p. 162. SONNET X.

l. 1. This sonnet is probably earlier than the palinode in the *Elegy on Mrs. Boulstred* (vol. ii. p. 89)—

> "Death, I recant, and say, 'Unsaid by me,
> Whate'er hath slipp'd, that might diminish thee.'"

Some have called thee so. Cf. the address to "eloquent, just, and mighty Death," at the close of Sir Walter Raleigh's *History of the World.* This however is probably later than Donne's sonnet.

p. 169. RESURRECTION.

l. 14. *tincture.* Cf. the note to *elixir* (page 41); and the following stanza from George Herbert's poem *The Elixir*—

> "All may of thee partake:
> Nothing can be so mean
> Which with this tincture, for Thy sake,
> Will not grow bright and clean."

A variant reading is "His tincture."

p. 170. THE ANNUNCIATION AND PASSION.

The Stephens MS. has for title, "Upon the Annunciation and Passion falling upon one day 1608." The date of the poem will therefore be March 25, 160$\frac{8}{9}$. Sir John Beaumont has a poem "Upon the two great feasts of the Annunciation and Resurrection falling on the same day, March 25, 1627," and George Herbert one in Latin, *In Natales et Pascha concurrentes.* I observe that Dr. Grosart translates *Natales* by "Annunciation," and

Pascha by "Passion," and states that Donne's poem and George Herbert's "probably were both written on the same occasion." See his editions *both* of Donne and Herbert.

p. 172. GOOD-FRIDAY, 1613, RIDING WESTWARD.

In Addl. MS. 25,707, f. 36, this poem is headed—"Mr. J. Dun, going from Sir H[enry] G[oodyere]: on Good-Friday sent him back this Meditation on the way." In Harl. MS. 4955, f. 110, it is "Riding to Sir Edward Herbert in Wales." Sir Henry Goodyere's house was at Polesworth in Warwickshire.

p. 174. A LITANY.

Dr. Grosart tries to make out that this Litany was one of Donne's earliest poems. As a matter of fact its date can be more or less precisely fixed by Donne's correspondence. In a letter to Sir Henry Goodyere (Alford, vi. 311) he speaks of it as follows—

"Since my imprisonment in my bed, I have made a meditation in verse, which I call a Litany; the word you know imports no other than supplication, but all churches have one form of supplication, by that name. Amongst ancient annals, I mean some eight hundred years, I have met two Litanies in Latin verse, which gave me not the reason of my meditations, for in good faith I thought not upon them then, but they give me a defence, if any man, to a layman, and a private, impute it as a fault, to take such divine and public names, to his own little thoughts. The first of them was made by Ratpertus, a monk of Suevia; and the other by S. Notker, of whom I will give you this note by the way, that he is a private saint, for a few parishes; they were both but monks, and the Litanies poor and barbarous enough; yet Pope Nicholas V. valued their devotion so much, that he canonized both their poems, and commanded them for public service in their churches: mine is for lesser chapels, which are my friends, and though a copy of it were due to you, now, yet I am so unable to serve myself with writing it for you at this time (being some thirty staves of nine lines), that I must entreat you to take a promise

that you shall have the first, for a testimony of that duty which I owe to your love, and to myself, who am bound to cherish it by my best offices. That by which it will deserve best acceptation, is that neither the Roman church need call it defective, because it abhors not the particular mention of the blessed triumphers in heaven; nor the Reformed can discreetly accuse it, of attributing more than a rectified devotion ought to do."

The letter can be dated by the mention of a book of his, apparently the *Pseudo-Martyr*, as still in MS. It was printed in 1610.

p. 188. UPON THE TRANSLATION OF THE PSALMS BY SIR PHILIP SIDNEY AND THE COUNTESS OF PEMBROKE, HIS SISTER.

First printed in 1635. These Psalms, of which i.—xliii. are by Sir Philip Sidney, the rest by Lady Pembroke, remained in MS. until 1823, when they were published from a copy in the autograph of John Davies of Hereford. They are also to be found in Bodl. Rawl. Poet. MS. 25, Brit. Mus., Addl. MSS. 12,047 and 12,048, and a MS. in Trin. Coll. Camb. It appears from l. 53 that Donne's verses were written after Lady Pembroke's death in 1621.

p. 190. ODE.

First printed in 1635. In Rawl. Poet. MS. 31, f. 13, it is said to have been written to George Herbert.

p. 191. TO MR. TILMAN, AFTER HE HAD TAKEN ORDERS.

First printed in 1635.

p. 193. A HYMN TO CHRIST, AT THE AUTHOR'S LAST GOING INTO GERMANY.

This going into Germany was on a mission with the Earl of Doncaster, after the election of the Palsgrave as King of Bohemia, in 1619.

p. 194. THE LAMENTATIONS OF JEREMY, FOR THE MOST PART ACCORDING TO TREMELLIUS.

This poem probably dates from the death of Donne's wife in 1617. Walton (1658) speaks of the great grief into which he fell. "Thus, as the Israelites sat mourning by the waters of Babylon, when they remembered Sion, so he gave some ease to his oppressed heart by thus venting his sorrows: thus he began the day and ended the night, ended the restless night and began the weary day in lamentations." He adds: "His first motion from his house to preach where his beloved wife lay buried, in St. Clement's Church, near Temple Bar, London; and his text was a part of the prophet Jeremy's Lamentation, 'Lo, I am the man that have seen affliction.'"

p. 211. HYMN TO GOD, MY GOD, IN MY SICKNESS.

First printed in 1635.

Walton (*Life*, ed. 1670) states that this hymn was written on Donne's death-bed. He quotes stanzas 1 and 6, and the first two and a half lines of stanza 2, with the date March 23, $163\frac{0}{1}$. A copy amongst Sir Julius Caesar's papers (Addl. MS. 34,324, f. 316) is endorsed "D. Dun, Dean of Paul's, his verses in his great sickness in December 1623."

Tremellius: Emanuel Tremellius (1510-1580) published a Latin translation of the Bible at Frankfort, in 1575-1579.

p. 213. A HYMN TO GOD THE FATHER.

This hymn is quoted by Walton, not in the 1640, but in the 1670 edition of the *Life*. Walton says: "Even on his former sickbed [in 1623] he wrote this heavenly hymn, expressing the great joy that then possessed his soul, in the assurance of God's favour to him when he composed it."

He adds: "I have the rather mentioned this hymn, for that he caused it to be set to a most grave and solemn tune, and to be often sung to the organ by the choristers of St. Paul's Church in his own hearing; especially at

the evening service, and at his return from his customary devotions in that place did occasionally say to a friend: 'The words of this hymn have restored to me the same thoughts of joy that possessed my soul in my sickness when I composed it. And, O the power of church music! that harmony added to this hymn has raised the affections of my heart and quickened my graces of zeal and gratitude; and I observe that I always return from paying this public duty of prayer and praise to God, with an unexpressible tranquillity of mind, and a willingness to leave the world.'"

This poem appears in Brit. Mus. Eg. MS. 2013, f. 13, set to music by John Hillton, and beginning, "Wilt thou forgive the sins where I begun." I do not know whether this was the setting used at St. Paul's. The date of the MS. is probably before 1644.

The "former sickbed" mentioned by Walton is doubtless that of the fifty-fourth year of his age, 1623, upon which he also composed his *Book of Devotions*.

p. 214. To George Herbert.

First printed in 1650.

Walton (*Life*, 1670) has a passage on the friendship between Donne and George Herbert. He says—

"Betwixt this George Herbert and Dr. Donne, there was a long and dear friendship, made up by such a sympathy of inclinations that they coveted and joyed to be in each other's company; and this happy friendship was still maintained by many sacred endearments, of which that which followeth may be some testimony." He then goes on to quote the first two and a half lines of Donne's Latin poem, and the whole of the English one; together with portions of answering poems by George Herbert, which are printed in full in the 1650 edition of Donne. I add them here—

In Sacram Anchoram Piscatoris G. Herbert.

Quod crux nequibat fixa, clavique addita—
Tenere Christum scilicet, ne ascenderet—

Tuive Christum devocans facundia
Ultra loquendi tempus ; addit Anchora :
Nec hoc abunde est tibi, nisi certae anchorae
Addas Sigillum ; nempe symbolum suae
Tibi debet unda et terra certitudinis.
Quondam fessus Amor, loquens amato,
Tot et tanta loquens amica, scripsit :
Tandem et fessa manus dedit Sigillum.

Suavis erat, qui scripta, dolens, lacerando recludi,
Sanctius in regno magni credebat Amoris,
In quo fas nihil est rumpi, donare Sigillum!

Munde, fluas fugiasque licet, nos nostraque fixi :
Deridet motus sancta catena tuos.

This is followed by an English version.

Although the Cross could not Christ here detain,
Though nail'd unto it, but He ascends again,
Nor yet thy eloquence here keep Him still,
But only while thou speakest, this Anchor will.
Nor canst thou be content, unless thou to
This certain Anchor add a Seal ; and so
The water and the earth both unto thee
Do owe the symbol of their certainty.

When Love, being weary, made an end
Of kind expressions to his friend,
He writ ; when 's hand could write no more,
He gave the Seal, and so left o'er.

How sweet a friend was he, who, being grieved
His letters were broke rudely up, believed
'Twas more secure in great Love's commonweal
Where nothing should be broke, to add a Seal!

Let the world reel, we and all ours stand sure ;
This holy cable 's of all storms secure.

The following is from Walton's *Life of George Herbert* (1670)—"I shall therefore add only one testimony to what is also mentioned in the *Life of Dr. Donne*, namely,

that a little before his death he caused many seals to be made, and in them to be engraven the figure of Christ crucified on an anchor—which is the emblem of hope —and of which Dr. Donne would often say *Crux mihi anchora.* These seals he sent to most of those friends on which he put a value ; and at Mr. Herbert's death these verses were found wrapped up with that seal which was by the Doctor given to him:

When my dear friend could write no more,
He gave this Seal, and so gave o'er.
When winds and waves rose highest, I am sure,
This Anchor keeps my faith, that, me secure.

Some of these seals, including that given to Walton himself, have been handed down to our day. See *Notes and Queries* (2nd Series, viii. 170, 216; 6th Series, x. 426, 473).

The Latin version of George Herbert's verses is also found with the *Jacula Prudentum* (1651), a volume consisting mostly of "Outlandish Proverbs" collected by Herbert, and reprinted from the 1640 edition of *Wit's Recreations.* It is also in Herbert's *Poems.* Doubtless the English version is his also.

p. 216. TRANSLATED OUT OF GAZAEUS, "VOTA AMICO FACTA," FOL. 160.

First printed in 1650.

Enée de Gaza, at the end of the fifth century, wrote a dialogue on Immortality and the Resurrection, called *Theophrastus.* An edition was published at Zurich in 1559-60.

END OF VOLUME I.

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